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THE ILE ST. LOUIS

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

EACH succeeding year, as the invasion of our compatriots augments, the French capital is changing its physiognomy. Paris is fast becoming Americanized. There are now certain quarters such as Passy and the Etoile, in fact, the whole Western section, where I feel as if I were in the neighborhood of Central Park. The signs on the avenue de l'Opéra and the rue de Rivoli bear more American than French names and an old Parisian tells me that he can now hardly recognize the Grand Boulevards.

If you wish to find the Paris of olden times, the Paris of Balzac, the Paris of the Revolution, the Paris of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, you must frequent the populous quarters, at present abandoned by the gentry, and seek out the glorious mansions of the past now transformed into work-houses and factories. There are many of them, and all through the quartier Saint Merri and near the Pantheon, you will constantly come upon ancestral dwellings now the homes of hundreds of *petits métiers parisiens*.

But there yet remains a spot in the metropolis which, on account of its privileged situation, the ravages of time and progress have left untouched. It is the "Ile St. Louis," the tiny island back of Notre Dame. Discreet little corner, silent little province in the heart of the mighty city, it still bears its haughty mien and continues its reticent existence like those aged persons we have sometimes met, who linger so long that Death seems to have forgotten them, and whose rare conversations interest and astonish us.

When we decided on Paris as a permanent place of residence, we chose our home on St. Louis Isle. As time went by, we became fonder and fonder of its history, more and more interested in its past, until at length we have come to regard it as belonging, in a measure, to us. And if today we wish to show you about the island, it is with something of the pride of a landholder who escorts his guests around his estate.

Here each house has its distinct personality, its own style of architecture and, above all, that sympathetic and attractive air possessed so often by things that have lived long and could relate much. A glance at the high colorless walls, the dingy little streets, and even the sunlit, tree-bordered quays suffices to transport me into the past. Everything seems filled with a kind of melancholy poesy; to breathe forth the perfume of history. As I pass each corner I should not be surprised to see a Sedan chair stop before one of those huge iron grills, and a charming powdered lady step out. Or farther on, from under the massive porte-cochère of that Louis XIV mansion, is not a gilded coach with pompous and insolent out-riders going to issue forth and clatter over the cobbles?

Unfortunately the only vestige of these "good old times" is the water-carrier, for in the interior of the island there are certain houses so old that their landlord dares not touch their masonry to install modern conveniences. So every morning the *porteur d'eau* of tradition, his pails suspended from a wooden shoulder-piece, mounts the stairs and supplies each apartment with sufficient water to last the day.

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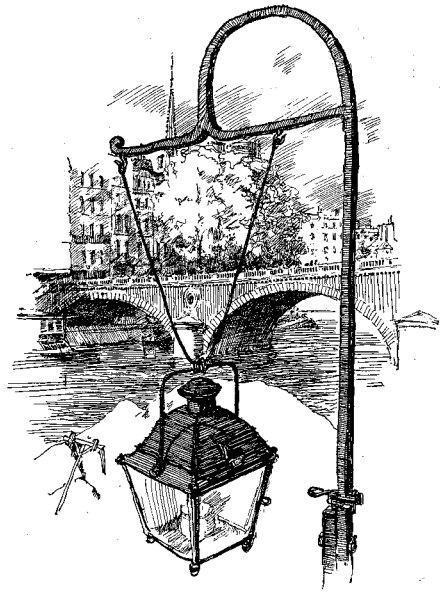

One of the oldest oil suspension street lamps in Paris.

But here we are at the extremity of the island.

At the point where the Quai d'Anjou and the rue St. Louis-en-l'Ile meet, the "Hôtel Lambert" rises majestically behind its high stone walls which screen a charming garden from public view. Built in 1640 for President Nicholas Lambert, it is, perhaps, one of the best examples of seventeenth-century architecture now standing in Paris.

Its exterior decoration was entrusted to Lepautre, and the interior was admirably ornamented by a legion of famous painters. A story goes that President Lambert, an extremely cunning man, simultaneously engaged Lebrun and Lesueur to do some mural decorating. He then cleverly animated the jealousy of the two rivals, who did their best to exceed each other, and in consequence the works done by the masters while in the Hôtel Lambert are now considered their *chefs-d'œuvres*. Lebrun painted "Les Travaux d'Hercule," Lesueur "Some Episodes in the history of Love," consigned to a small chamber called "Le Cabinet de l'Amour." At the same time he executed his remarkable "Phaeton and Ganymede" that hangs in the Louvre gallery.

In the next century the house came into the possession of the Marquise du Châtelet, "la divine Emilie" of Voltaire, and the author of the "Encyclopædia" passed much of his time there. There are certain manuscripts of his still extant, dated from that place of residence.

Later on the La Haye family became the owners of the Hôtel Lambert (for throughout all centuries it has preserved the name of its founder). They generously gave part of the treasures it contained to Louis XVI for his collection in the Louvre. After that the place became the successive property of the Count de Montolivet, the Dowager Duchess of Orléans, and finally fell into the hands of the Czartoryski family, who still own it. Thus you see that during nearly three centuries the highest French society has frequented that sombre little corner of our island.

Just across the street stands the Hôtel de Bretonvilliers, which, if less richly decorated than its neighbor, rejoices in a more favorable situation, being well exposed to the sun and shaded by many fine trees. "This house," says a contemporary writer, "has a grand and sage allure that enables one to distinguish it at a very great distance, and gives a splendid idea of the grandeur of Paris, to persons arriving from the Charenton side."

The water-carrier.

Following the Quai d'Anjou for a short distance we come upon a dark, stately looking mansion still known by its old name, the Hôtel de Lauzun. It is here that Mademoiselle de Montpensier, *la grande*

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Mademoiselle, cousin of Louis XIV and grand-daughter of Henry IV, lived, suffered and finally died of a broken heart.

History tells us that if at forty years of her to think of marrying the King of Spain or, perhaps, the Prince of Wales, future Charles II of England. None but a royal suitor need seek her hand.

Rue de Bretonvilliers.

age she was still a maiden, it was because she had found no suitor of sufficiently noble blood with whom she might be allied. She was a *Grande Dame* of history, the heroine of the Fronde, whose birth permitted

What was it, then, that at this late day inspired her infatuation for Lauzun, a simple captain of the Guards, a man many years her junior and "one of the most insolent and capricious individuals at court"?

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Her diary tells us that up until the time of their meeting the flame of love had never burned within her breast, and that Lauzun charmed her by "The distinction of his conduct in comparison with other peoples'; by the elevation of his soul above those of others; by his agreeable conversation and a million other singularities."

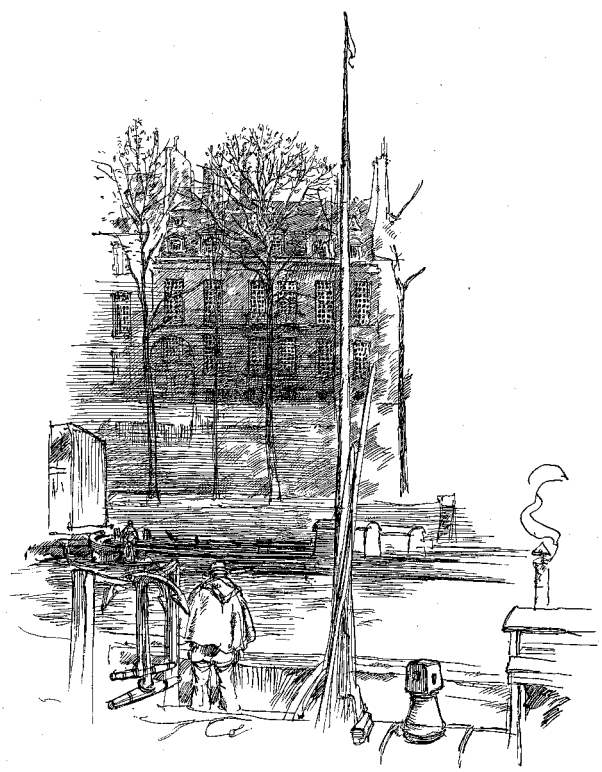
Dandy of the court, he was not long guessing the secret of this proud demoiselle, who essayed every possible ruse to draw forth a proposal from her chosen admirer. But the rascal, knowing he could not rise to her station, resolved to see how far he could humble her pride, and unlike the situations in the fairy stories, in this case it was the princess who sought the hand of her vassal. Nor was he any too willing. He pretended to misunderstand her intentions, coquetted with her, tormented her until the very day she went to the king to ask his consent to their immediate marriage.

Louis XIV, taken unawares, saw nothing to prevent the union, and preparations for the event were immediately set afoot. But the scandal caused when it was noised abroad that a daughter of the house of Bourbon was enamored of a simple guardsman, and that the king approved of the match, threatened to render the monarch unpopular, and counselled by the various members of his family, he withdrew his consent three days later, on the very eve of the ceremony.

Furious to see his royal prey thus escape him, Lauzun, in his anger, let slip some imprudent phrases, and he was shortly dispatched on a mission to the North. While on his way thence he was captured and imprisoned by royal command.

Mademoiselle was inconsolable, and for fourteen long years she lived, loved and waited, finally succeeding in buying her lover's deliverance. But at what a price! Almost all her property was forfeited to accumulate the tremendous sum the king asked for ransom, and even then she was only permitted a secret marriage with the man of her choice.

Lauzun and his white-haired bride took refuge in their island home, and shortly we see the real character of the man coming to the surface. Debauched and embittered, this *beau chevalier* seems to have left his polished manners within the prison gates, and he brutally accused his wife of being the cause of his misfortunes, captivity and exile. Other and more humiliating scenes followed and soon the great house rang with cries of dissension.



Hôtel de Lauzun.

The *grande demoiselle* bore it all with mild submission, her *flamme d'amour* as yet too strong to be quenched by mere ill-treatment. Lauzun triumphed in her abasement, and one day in the presence of a brilliant assembly, commanded his royal help-mate: "Henriette de Bourbon, make haste, remove my boots!" Then, at length, the princess rose above the woman and drove the scoundrel from her presence never to lay eyes on him again.

How she passed the remaining years of her life still

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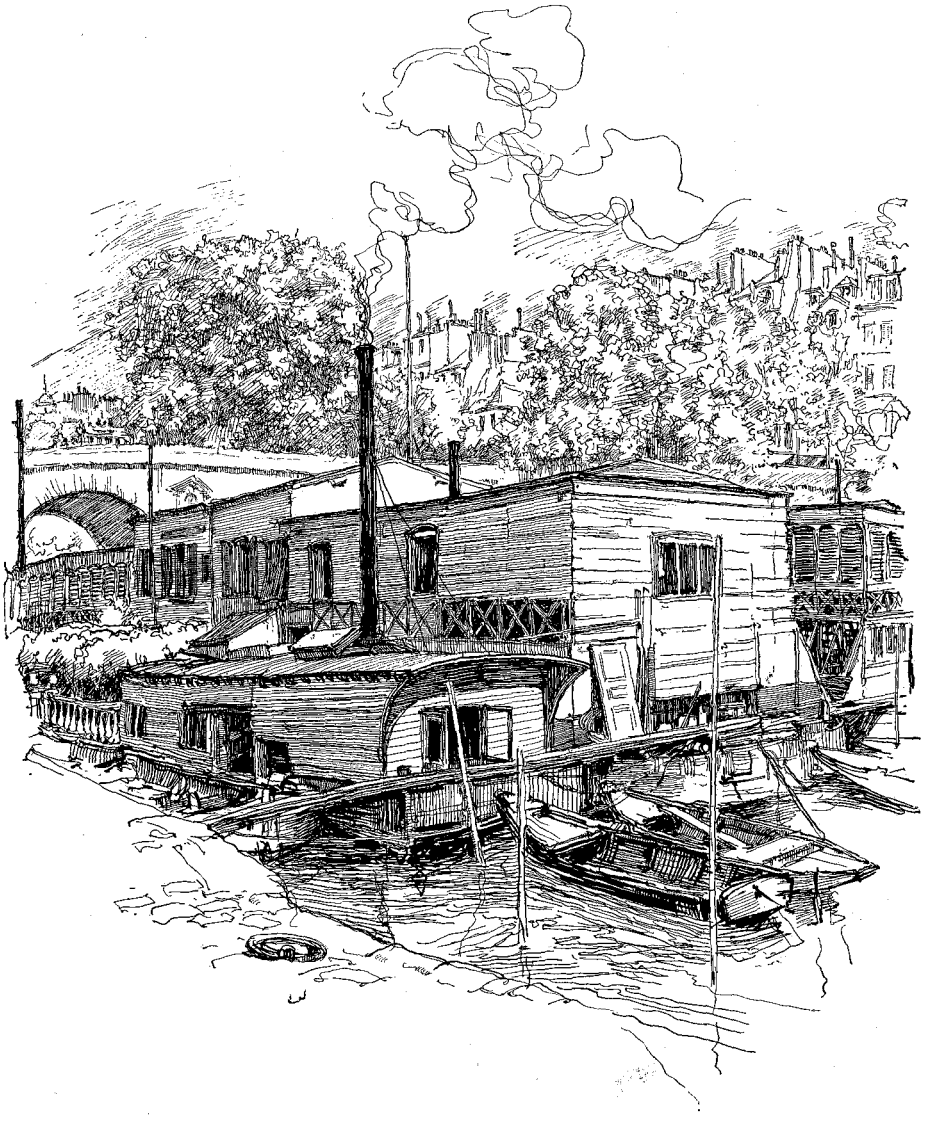

Wash-boats.

remains a mystery. All I know is that soon after her death, Lauzun, then a man considerably over sixty, married Mademoiselle de Dufort, a charming girl of sixteen, and whether or not he conducted his new bride to his house on the Quai d'Anjou is a question I have never cared to look into.

When he himself passed away his gorgeous dwelling came into the hands of the Marquis de Richelieu, nephew of the famous cardinal. Richelieu sold it to Ogin, who, in his turn, disposed of it to a wealthy nobleman, and finally at the beginning of Louis XVI's reign, we find the Baron de Pimodan, brigadier of the king's armies, its owner.

When the Revolution broke out he was living there with all his family, and, in spite of his Liberal sentiments, the Committee of Public Welfare ordered him to be arrested. A pretty legend relates that the old nobleman, having given his word to his detainers, had his great coach harnessed and at the appointed hour drove in state to his prison in the Luxembourg.

His nephew, the Marquis de Viollaye,

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deeming it unnecessary to run the risk of decapitation, hid in his uncle's cellar and soon discovered that the place was full of subterranean and even submarine passages, which, to his great delight, enabled him to escape in safety.

Following the close of the Revolution the Hôtel de Lauzun became the successive property of many wealthy unknowns, until at length, in 1842, the Baron Jerome Pichon became its possessor. At first he rented it to Roger de Beauvoir, author of "Les Enfers de Paris," who gave such a splendid fête in the historic mansion that certain old ladies of my acquaintance say that nothing like it had ever been seen in Paris.

Then Pichon himself wished to live there, but the place being already divided into apartments, he could not expel the tenants, and was therefore obliged to occupy only parts of the dwelling, while Charles Beaudelaire the poet rented all the second floor.

"When I first visited the translator of Edgar Allan Poe," says Banville in his Memoirs, "he lived on the Ile St. Louis in the old and celebrated Hôtel de Lauzun, superb and sad habitation, whose decorative paintings have been transferred to the Louvre. Beaudelaire had chosen rather scanty, high-walled lodgings, composed of several small rooms without any particular character, from whose windows one could see the wide, green river. The noble dwelling contains many princely apartments, notably the one of Boissard the painter, who

Mattress makers under the Pont Marie.

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East Point of the Ile St. Louis.

then possessed, and justly gloated over, a piano wholly decorated by Watteau's hand, a treasure purchased for the sum of 1,200 francs ($240) which to-day could only be bought by a Rothschild."

It was here that the circle of celebrated men known as the *Mangeurs d'haschish* (hashish eaters), met and absorbed their oriental mixture. Their bewildering dreams and strange hallucinations were the talk of the time, and even now are so well known that it is useless to go into detail.

But let us continue our promenade.

On leaving the Hôtel de Lauzun it is refreshing to find one's self on the quay again, with a gentle breeze blowing through the Italian poplar trees, whose silvery-leaved branches rise far above the high stone parapet that borders the street and hides their trunks. I remember my surprise when, on

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first looking over the wall to see if their roots were in the water, my eye was arrested by a strange-looking house-boat of abnormal size. A second glance showed that there was not one, but a whole line of them, stretching between the Pont Louis-Phillippe and the Pont Sully. A broad veranda surrounded each construction, and blooming geranium plants as well as climbing vines were placed most attractively in various niches and along the walls. A kind of wooden gang-plank was stretched from the narrow bank to the entrance and a sign over the door announced, *Bateaux Lavoirs* (Wash-boats).

It is here, then, that the Parisian's washing is brought to be laundered, for as yet the installation of galvanized tubs in private houses and apartments is unknown.

Some of the boats are extremely old, if I am to believe the sign borne by one of them which says: "*Bateau Lavoir du Pont St. Paul, 1623*"; but on hearing that most of them have accepted modern improvements, I was somewhat reassured and decided to pay them a visit. I was surprised to find the whole composed of several constructions, grouped together and attached to one another. Four parallel corridors divide the boat into as many compartments, which in turn are subdivided into individual chambers by rows of columns from which are suspended roller-curtains. It therefore follows that there are two aisles of wash rooms that look onto the river and two that are on the interior. Those on the outside are protected from the wind and rain by a window pane placed horizontally above their opening, while those within are sheltered by the common roof. Each separate compartment is supplied with a washboard which is placed in the opening and a trifle above the water's edge. Here the laundress soaps, beats, and rubs her clothes. Then bending slightly forward, she is able to rinse them in the current.

Each boat has a steam-motor of sufficient force to turn a beating machine and a wringer, and at the same time it serves to pump out the water that often filters in from below.

There was a time when it would not have been prudent to venture among these washwomen, whose language is almost as audacious as that of their sisters *aux halles*. Perhaps my visit was ill-timed or else things have changed, and the laundress of tradition no longer exists, for I was permitted to go my way without receiving splashes of any description. Certain it is, however, that their conversation does not lack animation, and biting truths are revealed about absent members who, by the way, are always in the wrong.

During my visit I saw several strange-looking beings circulating in the corridors, stopping now and then to chat with a laundress. Among others was an old sailor who had contraband matches to sell; a travelling salesman with handkerchiefs, two for three cents, and still another vender who offered fur boas at forty-nine cents each, with the muff to match for as much more. Hearing the price, my curiosity got the better of me and I examined the articles for sale. How do they do it? I wondered. How can it be possible to furnish the merchandise at that price? Where does it come from? By what means is it obtained? are questions I have asked myself time and again, but have never been able to resolve.

Most of the men managed to find a customer or two and departed, more or less enchanted by their sales.

Silence reigned in the corridors for at least three minutes, and then a heavy step was heard at the entrance. All the women looked up, their eager eyes betraying their expectancy. Presently an old woman with piercing eyes and a fantastic bonnet appeared and hobbled down the passage way. Each laundress loudly claimed her entire attention, and it was only when she took a deck of cards from her pocket and each one in turn drew from the pack, that I understood her vocation. She was a fortune-teller.

"*À toi la rousse*" she cried, and then the seance commenced. Each person in turn had her future predicted, either by the cards or by letters pricked with a pin, and all seemed deeply impressed by the prophesies.

The old hag gave them their money's worth, I assure you, and even at two sous *le petit jeu* and three *le grand* I am convinced she had tucked away many a comfortable little sum. As I was leaving I heard her saying to a poor half-crippled creature, "Dear child, I see a dark-eyed handsome young man coming in your direction." And the girl lifted toward her two

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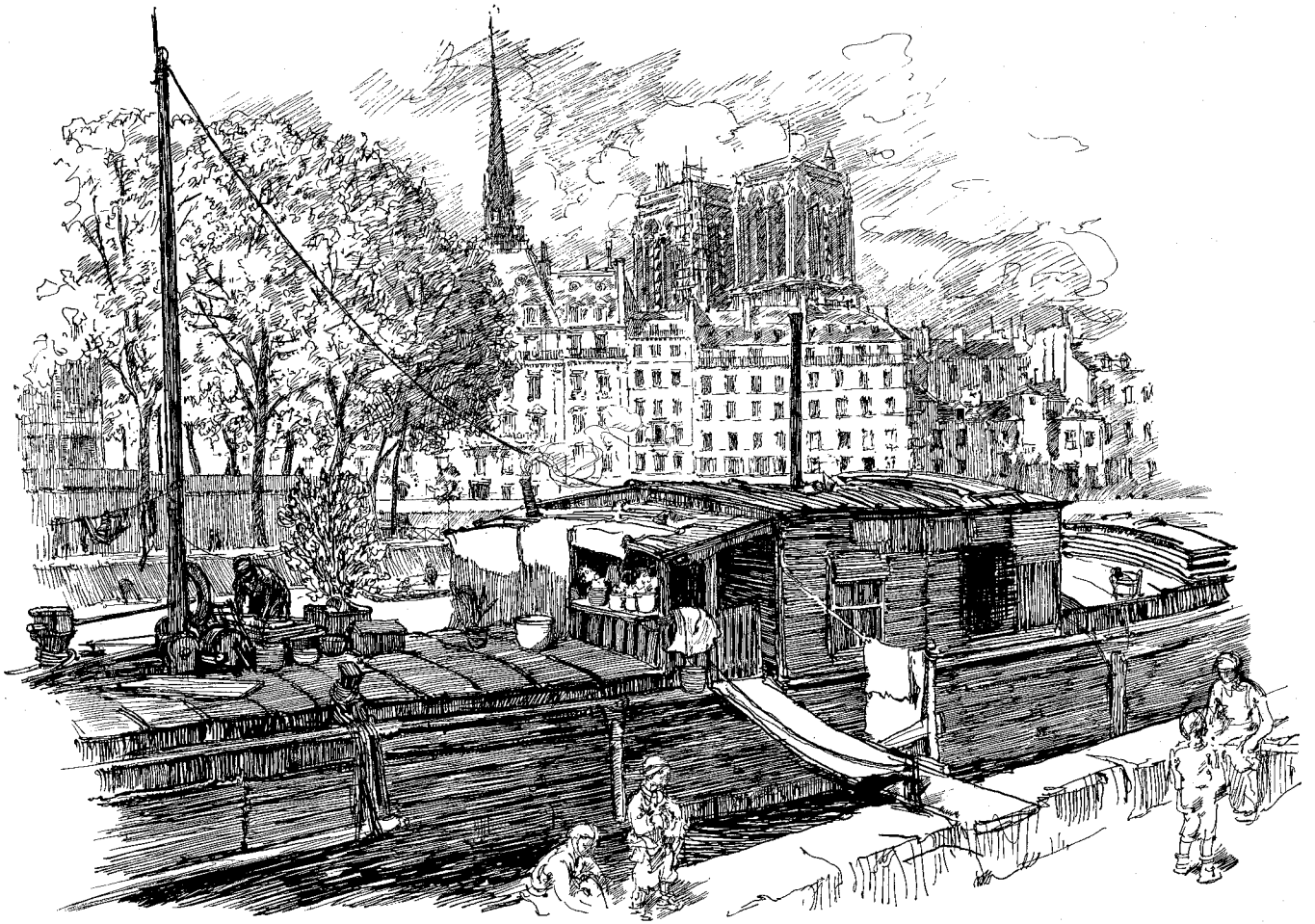

Drawn by Charles Huard.

West Point of the Ile St. Louis.

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wonderful blue eyes wherein sparkled the joy of so beautiful a dream.

Marchande d'illusions, marchande d'espoir, I doubt if she would have found much commerce among the many sturdy fishermen who from every boat-landing, from every bridge, from every wall in the entire quarter cast their lines, which are attached to long bamboo poles.

What is it that fascinates them? From my window I have watched for hours at a time, but never as yet have I seen a single fish drawn from the water. At first, I took these placid creatures for philosophers who came to the river's bank to let their thoughts drift along with their lines in the current. But on closer examination I discovered what was to me an unknown science (perhaps it is an art), in the measured movements, attentive eyes, and rigid features of these dauntless sportsmen, who watch for a bite much as a wild beast lies in wait for his prey.

One day, when pressed for time, I accosted one of them, asking if he were aware how soon the next boat passed. From the way in which he turned toward me and uttered "Ssh!" I understood what strange and boundless passion guides these tranquil Parisian fishermen.

Wet or dry, when the frost is white on the window panes, or when the asphalt melts under foot, risking pneumonia and sunstrokes, I see them every day of my life, men and sometimes women, hanging over the walls or gathered along the banks.

Our old concierge, who, from her lodge in our house, saw the Siege of Paris and the Commune in 1870, told me that when the Hôtel de Ville was aflame, and shot fell thick and fast along the quays, four or five of these intrepid anglers continued their occupation, baiting their lines and patiently waiting for the fish to bite, as though nothing were the matter.

It was on the shores of the Seine, next to our island, that the first cold baths were established and their origin is most curious.

In 1781 a certain Turquin had the idea of placing in a boat several bath-tubs, held on a level with the river by means of a wooden floor. Pierced by tiny holes permitting the current to enter and thus constantly change the water, each tub was enclosed in a kind of cabin and was sufficiently large to hold as many as three persons at a time. This establishment known as the "Chinese Baths" had such a great success that Turquin soon opened another on a larger scale, where each person had a separate cabin and all plunged into a common pool.

It is such a building in the form of a hollow square that appears every June and is anchored at the foot of the Pont Louis-Philippe. There it stays all during the summer months, well patronized by men and boys who for six sous obtain a cabin, a towel and a lesson in swimming, if they care to take it.

It is between the *Bain du Terrain*, as it is now called, and the opposite shore that the water sports of Paris take place. Swimmers and oarsmen from all over the world come there every season and delight the amateurs of aquatic entertainment. On the days when the "*Joutes Lyonnaises*" (tilters from Lyons) are advertised, a grand stand is raised on the shore, seats are placed on the canal boats that are anchored so as to block the current, and a military band is procured, not so much to amuse the public as to make a noise and prevent those in the tilting match from hearing the uncomplimentary cries of the crowd, if things don't go to suit its taste.

Toward the end of September a tug boat comes and tows away the *Bain du Terrain* to its winter quarters. Shortly after its departure a black-looking canal boat makes its appearance on the opposite shore. In a week's time four others have joined it, and this group forms what is known as the Parisian apple market (*Marché aux pommes*). Often, when crossing the bridge early on frosty October mornings, I have seen great wagons drive down to the water's edge and there receive basket after basket of ruddy winter apples.

The wholesale market takes place from six A.M. until noon, and after that one can see all the maids in the quarter hurrying in that direction so as to have first choice when buying their daily supply.

Sometimes, in passing, my desire to taste a lucious Pippin has been so strong as to lead me to descend the cobbled driveway that leads from the sidewalk to the landing, and visit the *marchands de pommes*. They all know me now, and every season they have some new and amusing tale to tell, some new variety to show me, or some question to ask.

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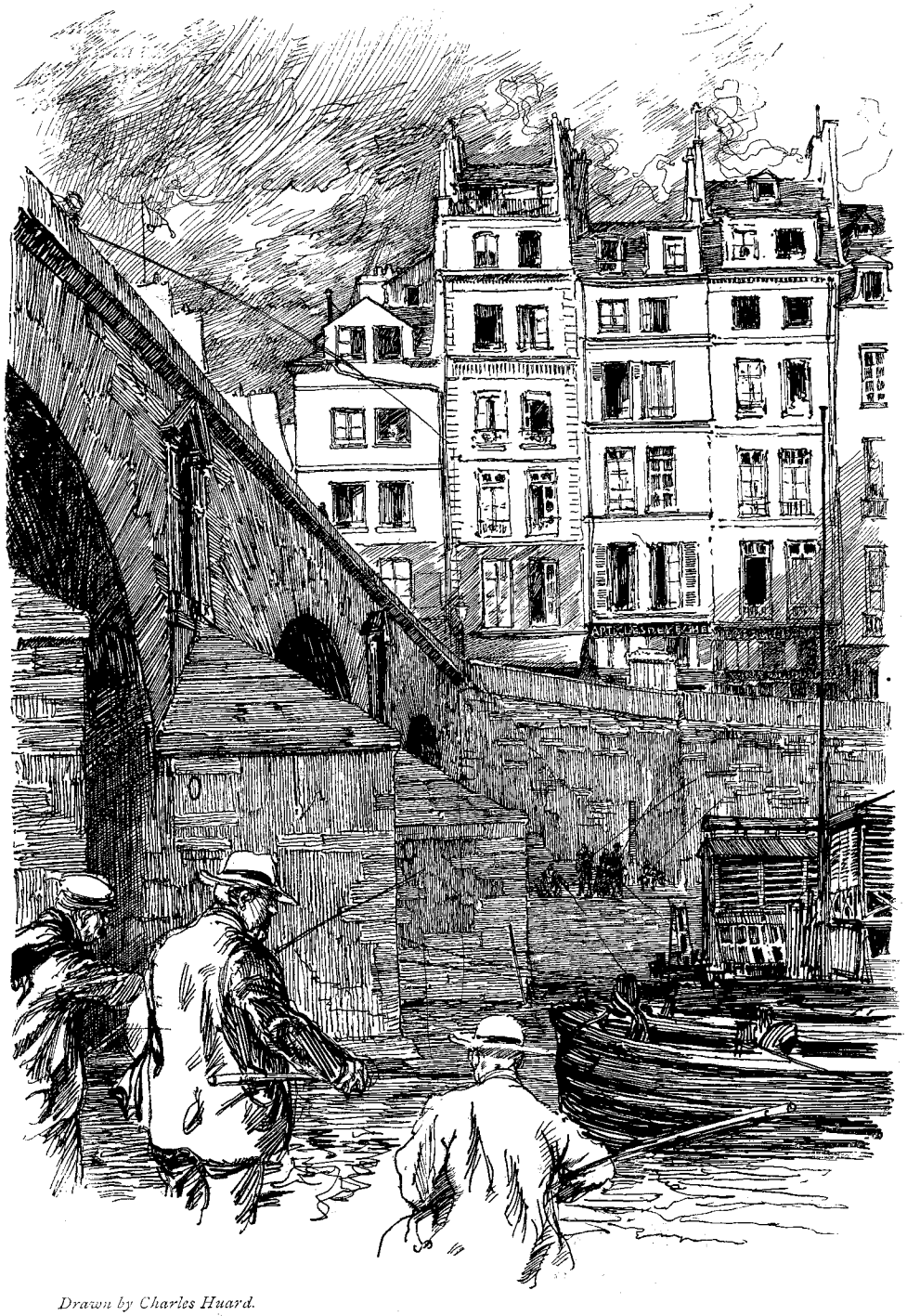

Drawn by Charles Huard.

Pont Marie and Quai Bourbon

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What a strange life they lead, huddled three and sometimes four in the stuffy cabin of their dingy boat, while below in the hold their apples are carefully allotted all the space they need. When weather conditions permit, the minute cooking stove is brought out on deck and the cooking is done in the open air. And in what wierd-looking pots and saucepans! But even though the poker serves to stir the soup, a savory odor rises from the steaming kettle, and its contents are eagerly devoured by a robust and ravenous family whose bright eyes and glowing cheeks betoken perfect health.

Toward the beginning of spring, when the first green buds begin to appear on the trees, the view from the apple boats is extremely charming. We therefore asked permission to come aboard to make an etching. Our request was readily granted, and the progress of our work was watched with interest by all the merchants, but more especially by the ten-year-old son of the boat's owner. As the drawing gradually developed on the copper, the child became more and more attentive, and finally, when the etching was nearing completion, he drew still closer and asked:

"Are you making it to sell, Monsieur?"

"Perhaps."

"Will it be very expensive?"

"Oh, that depends. Why?"

"Because I would like to buy one. Do you think it will be more than I have in my bank?"

So saying, he disappeared, and when, in a few moments, he returned, it was to thrust a knotted handkerchief into my hands.

Venders before the Church of St. Louis en l'Ile.

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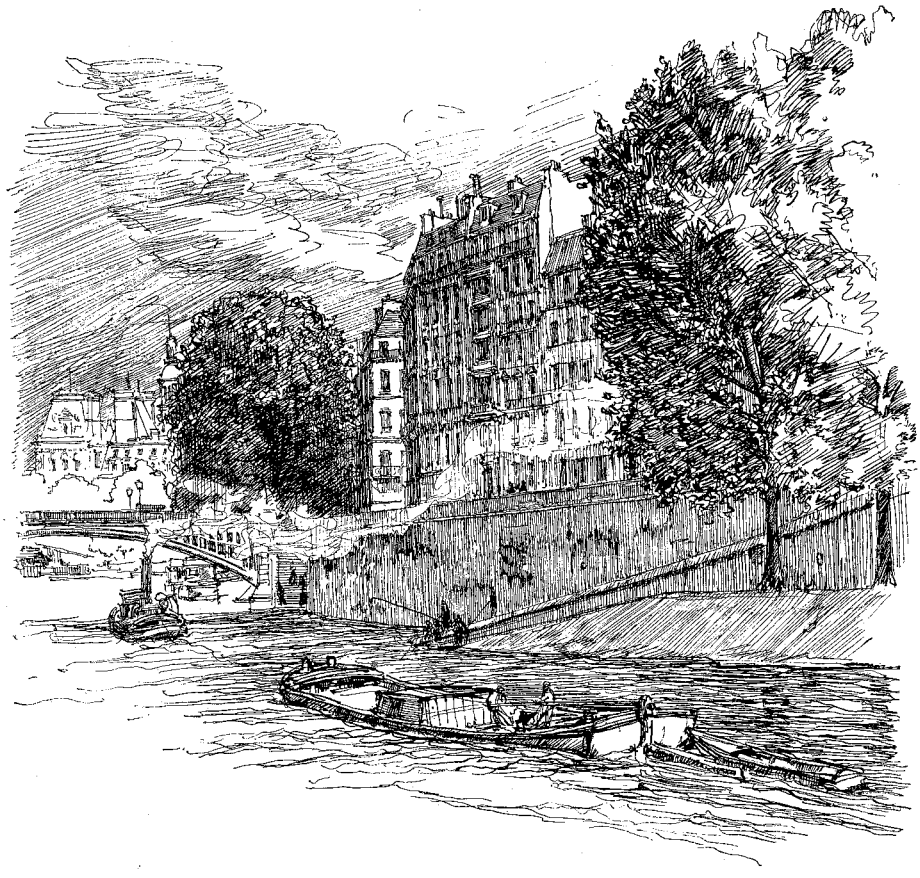

Quai d'Orléans.

"Take it. Ther're twenty-four sous inside. All I've been able to economize so far."

Need I add that the little hoard was returned to its owner, and that when the proofs were pulled, Master Paul Dechamps was perhaps the first person to receive one, duly addressed and forwarded to the lock where his boat was stationed on its homeward voyage. And I have carefully preserved, among my many souvenirs, the grateful letter written on a sheet of paper bought for the occasion, all decorated with flowers in each corner. The following year, when he returned, Paul escorted me to the cabin where, framed and hanging in the place of honor, next to the "Bonne Vierge," was our little sketch of the Ile St. Louis.

Standing on the west point of the island the view that spreads out before one is extremely picturesque and interesting. On the right rises the Hôtel de Ville and the barracks so well known during the Commune. Farther along on the same side is the Théatre Sarah Bernhardt, faced by the Châtelet, and in the distance the gray slate roofing of the Louvre may be seen.

On the left bank is the Quai aux Fleurs, brilliant with its display of flowers and renowned because of the house where Abelard and Héloïse abided. Then the great frowning Palais de Justice lifts its haughty towers above the river's banks. After that comes a little green spot, the park at the extremity of the Ile de la Cité, and finally, the Quai Voltaire, just distinguishable in the hazy atmosphere. Often, when standing on this spot at midnight, the roar of the great metropolis having subsided, I have counted as many as fifteen different clocks that strike the hour, one after the other, from the towers of the many public buildings in the quarter.

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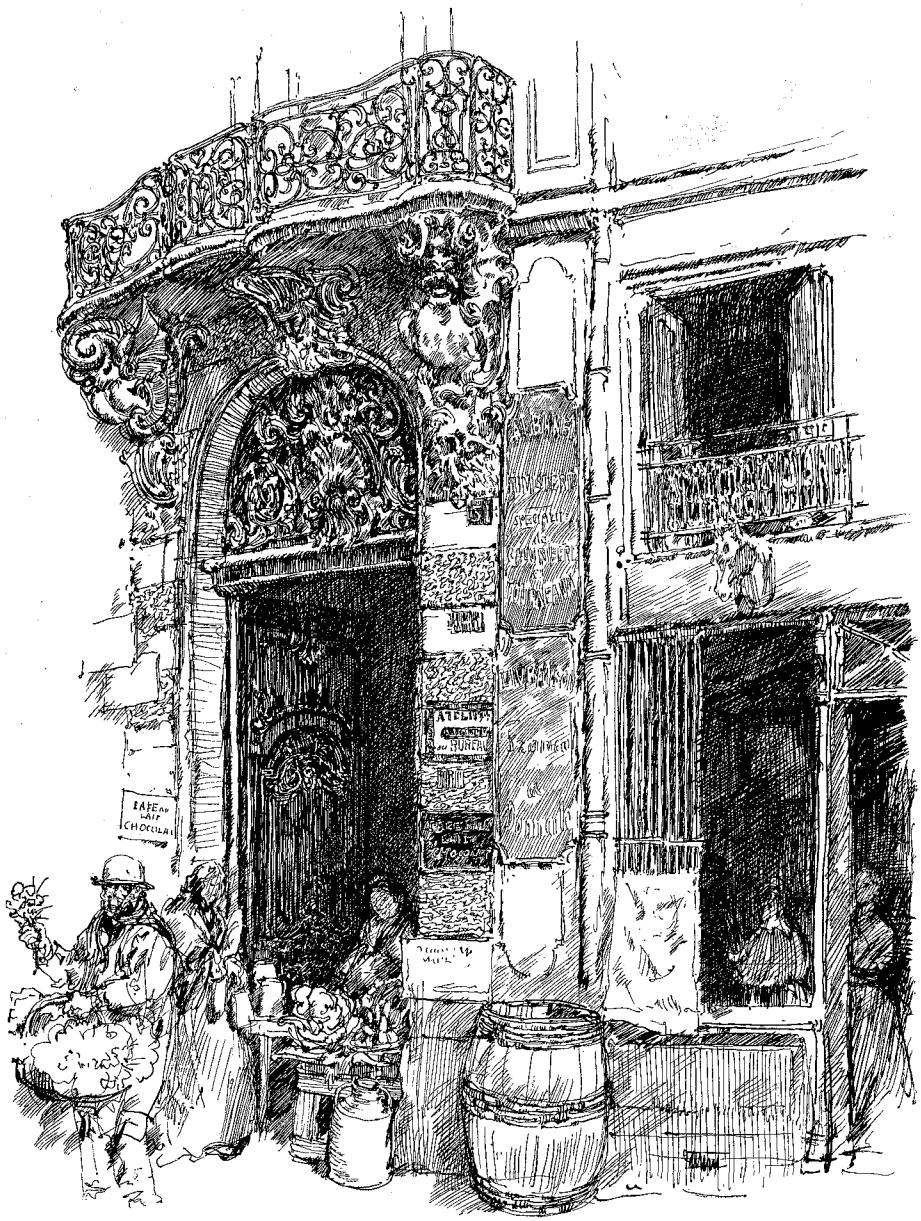

Doorway of the Hôtel Chenizot, rue St. Louis en l'Ile.

Turning to follow the Quai de Bourbon, the scenes along the banks of the Seine become more animated. This is the *grand bras* of the river where all the commerce is carried on, and the light *bateaux mouches* often run the risk of being borne down upon by the huge barges that are loaded with wood, stone, petroleum and other heavy cargoes. The tiny floats chained to the shore and used as passenger landings for the *bateaux parisiens* that ply between Auteuil and Charenton would be almost ridiculous if they were not so artistically decorated by brilliant posters and gay signs of all descriptions. Their guardians keep them in immaculate condition, and surely they are as characteristic of Paris as the sky-scrapers are of New York.

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Beneath the clump of trees at the foot of the Quai d'Orléans, a driveway descends toward the water. It is here that one must come, either at sunset or during a gathering storm, to get the finest view of Notre Dame de Paris. It is at such moments that the great Gothic monster grows larger and larger in the deepening shadow. Higher and higher it soars in the obscurity, smaller and smaller seem to grow the surrounding buildings, as though cowering before so awe-inspiring a phenomenon. Now it changes into a phantom ship afloat in the semi-darkness. The slender spire resembles a main-mast whose point is lost in the clouds, while against the great black hull break the waves of a tenebrous and silent sea. Before one rolls the river dark and sulky; the boats that glide by leave a strange crimson wake, and horses brought to bathe at the embankment shiver as though in terror, and, snorting, dash ashore like the hippocamps of old.

It all lasts but a moment. With the last ray of the departing sun, night drops her mantle like a curtain at the end of a play.

The principal artery of the island is the vertical rue St. Louis-en-l'Ile, an animated, narrow, commercial street that greatly resembles the grand'rue of a provincial city. One may reach it by following any of the dingy passages that open onto either quay, and some of which, up until 1870, bore the most curious names. At the corner of what is at present the rue Le Regrattier, high up in a niche, stands a queer stone statue of a headless woman and an old white sign, now almost obliterated, announces "*La rue de la Femme sans Teste.*"

The parish church stands in the midst of hundreds of little dwellings that press close about its immense nave. Its great open-work tower, its forged iron clock that overhangs the street like the signs of long ago, its time-blackened walls harmonize in a happy manner with the general physiognomy of the street.

All the little Parisian industries can be found here. Displays of fruits, vegetables, fish, cheese, and wares of all kinds are made on counters that open directly onto the narrow sidewalk, and one can study at leisure the amusing cries of the street venders. Anonymous persons elsewhere, they are well known by name here on the island, and they are acclaimed with shouts of joy by the whole community when they appear at the commencement of each season, pushing their little carts before them.

"*Il arrive, il arrive le maquereau.*" (Mackerel.)

"*Harengs qui glacent, harengs nouveaux.*" (Fresh herring.)

"*La reine Claude au sucre, la reine Claude.*" (Plums.)

There are cries in all keys and of all descriptions. Certain among them are soft and tender, foretelling the spring time. "*A la tendresse la verduresse*" sings an old woman in a quaking voice, and no matter where I may hear them in the future these four words and three notes will always recall Paris; Paris with the thousand little ripples on the Seine, the tender green shoots just visible on the dark branches of the Italian poplars, the clear blue sky and delightful air that fills one with joy and brings a smile to one's lips.

To be sure, there are other characteristic calls, some very grave and solemn, usually sung by deep voices—"*Tonneaux, tonneaux,*" while others are sharp and strident —"*Vitrier, vitrier,*" or "*Raccommodeur de faïences et porcelaines.*" Certain among them are regular songs, and a most curious thing to remark is the fact that a bass scissors-grinder or a tenor barrel-seller is as rare as a white blackbird.

One Sunday morning in November, while walking in the rue St. Louis, an unfamiliar cry greeted my ears. "*La loterie, la loterie,*" sang a gruff masculine voice, and presently from around the corner of the rue Budé appeared an old vender carrying a long bamboo pole from which were suspended two chickens and a turkey, all plumed and ready to cook. "*La loterie, la loterie,* two sous for the turkey and one for the chicken." He was quickly surrounded by a score of people and from upper windows men and women shouted: "Take a chance for me, take one for me." There was a chinking of coppers, followed by little shrieks of laughter from girls and children who plunged their hands into the sack for numbers, and finally, "No more" reached my ears.

The crowd gathered closer, there was a moment of breathless silence and "thirty-eight" rang out from the centre of the group.

"Who is it? Where is he? What's your number?" and various other questions

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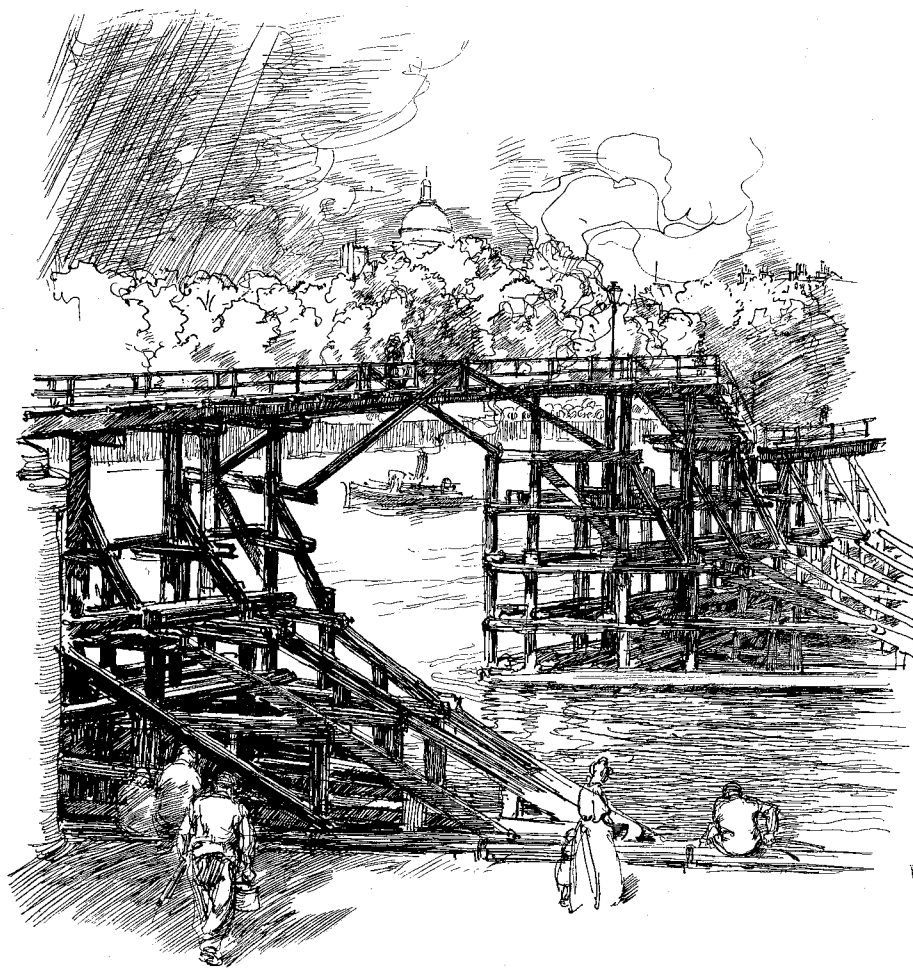

Pont de l'Estacade.

passed from mouth to mouth. Finally an old woman with a white bonnet and wooden sabots elbowed her way to the front, produced the lucky number and bore away in triumph the turkey that cost her two sous.

Unlicensed lotteries being strictly forbidden in France, the whole public raffle lasted but a few seconds, and here, in the heart of the great capital, I had witnessed perhaps the only scene of its kind in the whole country.

The rue St. Louis is not only filled to overflowing with street merchants, but also with little shops of all descriptions, where one can procure almost any article. In fact, I have often found there certain things that the great commercial houses of Paris have been unable to furnish me. Behind the dark counters sit old, gray-haired men and women, who have passed their entire lives there, refusing to move with time and progress.

Sometimes, during the summer months, they leave their stuffy dwellings and wander toward a tiny park, at the eastern extremity of the island. Here, beneath the trees that surround a memorial monument to Barye, they sit and gaze on the panorama before them.

It has hardly changed; save for one more bridge the view of the river is the same as it was fifty years ago. The old wooden stockade that unites the island with the Quai Henri IV still holds its own, and who knows, those are perhaps the same fishermen that have been angling there for the last half century.

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A SHEEP-HERDER OF THE SOUTH-WEST

By N. C. Wyeth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"TWO GRAY HILLS," a remote Navajo Indian trading-post in New Mexico, looks for all the world like a play-village of tiny squared mud-cakes, built on a vast, undulating play-ground of sandhills, with a long, low strip of blue-paper mountains slid in behind it. And not until you get within calling distance of the "Post" can you fully determine its identity. In reality it *is* mud, with a few small windows pierced in three of its sides resembling port-holes, and a dirt roof, growing a veritable garden of grass and weeds, out of which peeps the top of a gray stone chimney. To the right of the main building stand two low adobe barns, and to the left a long, flat sheep-shed, fraying off into a spindly corral.

As I came upon "Two Gray Hills" one warm October afternoon, after two days of slow, thirsty travel across the desert from Farmington, Sel Ritchie, trader, received me with the hearty hospitality so characteristic of these remote merchants of the desert; and after I explained to him my great interest in the Indians and anxiety to see something of their life, he instantly invited me to make his "Post" my head-quarters.

What a remarkable vantage-point it was! Surrounding us and extending endlessly to the east lay the great gray desert, the sky-line broken by freakish shapes of earth and rock and the tumbled ruins of ancient Pueblo dwellings that bore strange tales of superstition and encounter; and hidden below the gray levels, in the canyons and arroyos, were mysterious caves, poisonous springs, and enchanted pools, the site and scene of many Indian festivities and ceremonies.

And to the west of the "Post," not half a day's ride, stretched the Pine Ridge, an imposing range of jagged mountains, the home of many cold, sparkling brooks, grassy uplands, shady groves of cotton-woods, fragrant pine forests, and great spreading groups of nut-laden piñon trees.

Hidden amidst this abundance are sequestered many Navajo settlements of dome-shaped huts, built of mud and logs; thatch-roofed sheep-barns, large corrals of gnarled roots and brush; and like gems laid deep in slumbrous colors, one would often come upon blanket weavers seated before ponderous looms, upon which would be stretched blankets of brilliant scarlet and black, or blue and white; and mingled with the chatter of the weavers or the calls of the children one could always hear the distant musical tinkle of the sheep-bells, as the many herds wandered above and below on the steep slopes of the mountain-sides.

This remote tinkle of bells was from the first fascinating and alluring to me; so one morning, while roaming around the mountains, I decided to hunt out one of the roving bands and its keeper. For three hours I climbed over ledges, crawled through thickets, crossed innumerable mountain streams, toward that always far-away tinkle; but not until the noon-day sun threw its shortest shadows did I discover that my quest was an echo; that I had climbed the wrong side of the ravine!

It was too late that day to resume the search, but on the morrow, after a delightful night's sleep under the venerable roof of a mighty pine grove, I found my will-o'-the-wisp.

From my night's resting-place, in the cool morning shadows at the base of the long steep slope, I could distinctly hear the silvery ring of that elusive bell, from far above where the morning sun shone and where the dews sparkled. How I wished I could be invisibly and silently placed amid that mountain pastoral, without disturbing the unconscious peacefulness of it all; could absorb that vision of poetry without intruding my commonplace self to disconcert the herder, to frighten the sheep, and arouse the watchful dog!

As I feared, my entrance upon the scene spoiled it all. But, thanks to my almost noiseless approach, I was able first to get at least a glimpse of the life with all its charm.

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Before a small fire, its thin, blue skein of smoke floating upward on the light morning air, kneeled a Navajo boy; he was about twelve years old, his bobbed hair hung down to his shoulders in a dense mass, which was held back from his eyes with a deep crimson "bandy" of silk tied around his head. He wore a faded blue blouse, belted in very low on the hips with a frayed sash. Tight trousers, split from the knee down on the outside, a little the worse for wear, and a pair of smoke-tanned moccasins completed his costume. Beside him, in a heap, lay his blanket of many colors, and upon it his bow and quiver of arrows. On a long, slender spit he was roasting a piece of meat, which was eagerly watched by a big, shaggy dog seated close at his side. Behind this group and running at a slant up the mouuntain-side were the sheep, busily feeding. The bell, even at so close range, sounded soft and muffled, and I wondered that the sound could carry as far as I knew it did.

But this fragment of unconscious beauty lasted but a brief moment. My presence was discovered. The dog barked and bounded toward me, the boy jumped to his feet and gathered his blanket about him, the sheep ceased their quiet feeding and disappeared into the thickets. The dog's threatening behavior occupied my attention for a few moments; meanwhile the boy, my prize, had fled; and when the dog discovered that he was left alone with me, he turned and scampered likewise.

For a long time I sat there and listened to the diminishing sound of the bell, until finally, far up on the heights, I heard the slow, uneven chime telling me that peace and quietude reigned once more. I hadn't courage to molest them again, so retraced my tracks down the mountain, took my horse at one of the settlements at its base, and reached "Two Gray Hills" that evening. Of course I related my experience to Ritchie, and it apparently struck him as being wholly to be expected. He related similar experiences of his own, and practically discouraged me from ever trying to become in the least familiar with the Indians.

One morning, not long after, I was in the corral trying to rope an old, scraggly, moth-eaten looking burro. I had caged my droll target, and resolved to practice a new throw upon it until I at least understood the method. I had made about half a dozen very crude and unsuccessful attempts, and was preparing my rope for the next one, when my captive made a run for the gate. The bar I knew was too high for the stiff-legged burro to jump—but lo and behold! he made a sort of running slide and rolled *under* it. I saw his trick quick enough to make a ragged, awkward cast, and as luck would have it, my loop made fast to a kicking hind leg just as he rolled under the bar. This sudden success came as a surprise, but the surprise that immediately followed had it "beaten a mile"—his trip-hammer kicks jerked the end of the rope out of my hand, and away he galloped, stiff-legged and awkward like a calf, with my new hemp and horse-hair rope dangling and snapping after him. I watched him with disgust until he disappeared in a cloud of dust, my chief thought being a hope that no one had witnessed this "tenderfoot" predicament; but no sooner had it flashed through my mind than I heard behind me a shrill, boyish laugh, and, turning, whom should I see, looking through one of the larger openings, but my sheep-herder from the mountains! I felt humiliated. I tried to intercept his continued laughter with an explanation, but he wouldn't listen, and suddenly left me and disappeared in the big door of the "store."

Disgusted, I made a détour of the "Post" buildings, thinking perhaps that I might locate the burro on the near-by sandhills; but he had fled from sight, so I, too, strolled into the store, determined to face out my discomfiture. There were a number of Indians inside, and when I entered they greeted me with broad, knowing grins and started talking about me among themselves. I felt like a spanked child. The boy stood over behind the big chunk-stove, his black eyes sparkling with delight. I smiled at him, and he grinned back, disclosing two rows of handsome teeth that looked like pearls against the mahogany-copper colored skin of his face, and his hair looked blacker than ever. His shining eyes followed every movement I made, and I perceived that he was intently looking at my watch-fob, a miniature stirrup of silver.

The older Indians, as they finished the bargaining, departed one by one, and finally there remained only the trader, the boy, and myself. Now was my chance! I asked Ritchie to explain to the boy who I was and

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in some way break the ice toward an acquaintance. At this request Ritchie laughed and the boy grinned. "He kin talk Americano as good as you and me kin; go ahead an' hit up a pow-wow with him," said Ritchie, and added, "His name is Begay."

At this glad news I turned to Begay and burst into a flow of explanations and questions. The boy stood mute, looking at me blankly, and after a long pause he answered in a soft half-whisper: "No savvy." I tried in every way to induce him to talk, but these were the only words he would utter. His continued silence and occasional solemn glances at Ritchie almost convinced me that the "trader" was playing a little joke on his guest; but I was reassured that the boy had attended the government school at Fort Defiance for two years, and could talk freely if he wanted to.

Further efforts proved useless, but Begay continued to follow me around, always placing himself within sight of the silver stirrup dangling from my watch-pocket. At last I hit upon a plan. I would give him the stirrup. To see his face light up, to watch his big black eyes dance with pleasure, was worth fifty watch-fobs! With a grunt of satisfaction, he snatched the treasure from my hand, and concealing it in his blouse dashed out of the store.

It was only after a long search that I found him seated on the ground behind the wood-pile, gazing at the trinket with all his eyes, placing his finger in the tiny stirrup, holding it up by the strap with the other hand, and turning it in the sun to see it shine and glisten. His face this time met mine with a gracious smile; little by little I urged him to talk; and before the afternoon wore away we became fast friends.

That night Ritchie told me that the boy was about to trail a thousand sheep twenty-five miles across the desert to "Nip" Arments, a sheep buyer and cattle dealer, just off the reservation; and had come, in anticipation of his trip, to make arrangements to corral and feed the sheep for one night, as he expected to make "Two Gray Hills" his first stopping place.

Such an undertaking for so young a boy seemed to me incredible, but I was told that he had accomplished the same thing for the two previous years, and once with *two* thousand sheep. And, furthermore, he always went on foot, which to me made the achievement even more remarkable. Ritchie could not understand my desire to accompany the lad on such a wearisome and monotonous journey, but, according to my wishes, he promised to "fix it up" so that I could go.

Three evenings later, a thin drift of dust appeared directly in the light of the setting sun, and by eight o'clock a thousand bleating sheep were driven into the cedar corral for the night. Many loosened bales of alfalfa were thrown in for them to eat, and the long, shallow troughs were filled with water. The boy was accompanied by his father to this point, who stopped only long enough to see the sheep safely corralled, and with a few parting words to Begay disappeared into the night toward his distant cornfields in the bottom-lands, where his squaws had already started the harvesting.

We started two hours before sun-up. The bars of the corral were lifted out, the dog wormed his way amongst the still sleeping herd, and suddenly the dim, gray mass poured out of the gate, turned a sharp angle to the left and streamed off into the darkness. A few quick, mysterious words from the boy sent the dog hurtling after. Begay, his blanket girded about his loins with an old cartridge-belt, a small haversack of buckskin hung over one shoulder, and a curious stick from which dangled a number of empty tomato-cans, suspended by thongs, left us without a word in the direction of the vanished herd; and with a hurried "so long" to Ritchie I followed him.

The long, hard journey had begun. Dust arose from the herd in clouds; I could not see it, but could feel it sift against my face, and I could taste the peculiar, sweet flavor of alkali. Frequent calls from the boy to his dog, punctuated by the occasional clatter of the tin cans on the stick was all that broke the silence beyond the soft, quivering rustle made by thousands of feet as they plodded through the sand.

The level horizon of the desert lay before us, toward which we slowly trudged through endless stretches of loose sand, around the bases of towering buttes and down into and out of many dry arroyos. It was in these places that I saw Begay put the mysterious stick with its jingling cans into effective use. To drive the sheep over the banks and down into the dry river beds was an easy matter, but to force them up the sharp aclivity on the opposite side required consid-

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erable strategy. As the herd approached the embankment, it would invariably turn either to the right or left and run along the base of it, vainly searching for easier footing. At a word from Begay, the well-trained dog would dash to the front of the bunch, frantically jumping and barking, nipping the legs of the leaders, and eventually turning the entire herd in the opposite direction. Then the boy from his position between the sheep and the open stretch of the arroyo, waving his blanket and hissing loudly, would hurl his stick and jingling cans in front of the sheep fast escaping through the unguarded side. The cans would jangle and crash on the stones and hard gravel, and the panic-stricken animals, frightened at the noise, would scramble up the bank. Begay would recover his "tanglang," as he called it, and we would laboriously crawl up after them.

The trip had been one of very few words; those that passed between us could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Twice, with solemn gesture, he pointed out distant landmarks, and explained, in short, quick accent, "Toh," meaning water; and another time he fondly pulled the silver stirrup from inside his blouse, and, holding it up, smiled and questioned, "To qui?" meaning "how much?" I did not comprehend exactly what he meant, although I could interpret the words. Finally I answered, fully an hour later, "Peso," meaning one dollar. At this he smiled a broad, pleased smile, and from then on he would take out the ornament again and again, and holding it in the sunlight would watch it glisten, casting laughing sidelong glances at me.

Except in these few moments of slight diversion, Begay's attention was fixed steadfastly on his sheep, his eyes always watchful of the condition of the trail ahead. Toward the end of the afternoon he urged the sheep on at a faster pace, and frequently looked at the position of the sun.

His anxiety evidently grew greater as it neared the horizon, and once I questioned him about the distance to water, but he was silent and seemed not to be conscious of my presence.

The slow, steady walking since four o'clock that morning, with not even a halt for noon lunch, through heavy sands, up steep slopes, and over rough mounds of shale-rock and loose gravel, began to tell on me. My thighs at times became cramped and stiff, and for miles I would walk stooped in order to proceed at all. And now, as the herd increased its speed to almost double, I was gradually left behind. Begay appeared as fresh as in the early morning. He walked with perfect ease and grace, his long, slender legs measuring off the distance in rhythmic steps, his body bent slightly forward, one arm clasping his blanket and "tanglang," and the other swinging free like a pendulum.

I managed to stagger along for an hour more with the herd well in the lead; the sun had disappeared behind a deep purple horizon, and the afterglow flooded the desert with a radiant, liquid light. All the earth glowed as though lighted from within, the very sands at my feet looked a stained orange, and the few clumps of dry, dusty sage-brush fairly burned in the weird light; while far ahead, just over the margin of a low hill, a great, red, golden cloud of dust told the tale of the fast-moving herd.

Twenty minutes of weary, anxious plodding brought me to the summit; the light was growing dim, but I could vaguely see, 'way down the gentle slope, a fringe of cedar clumps, and from beyond them I could hear the faint murmur of the sheep, like distant strains of many bagpipes. I knew they were nearing water; and I felt so relieved at the thought that it was comparatively near that I lay down in my tracks, and in perfect contentment watched the stars as they appeared one by one.

I don't know how long it was before I was suddenly conscious of a distant call; the sound drew nearer until I recognized the boyish voice of Begay. He had returned to find me, and as we slowly made our way in the dark, he told me in his own quaint way the reason of his anxiety and hurry: "Sheep no drink for long time—dark come quick—afraid for no find trail to water in deep hole—sheep run and fall on rock—get kill." And with a long impressive pause, "Me no want kill sheep—Savvy?"

I understood, but I understood far better when we cautiously picked our way down one of the most precipitous trails I ever saw. How he managed to get those thousand restless, thirsty sheep down into that canyon, fully two hundred feet deep, unscathed, as they proved to be, is far beyond my imagination. It was incredible!

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We ourselves *crawled* down, and frequently I lighted matches to see where to place my foot next, sick, dizzy, to see the edge of the trail not a foot away disappearing into a chasm of blackness. Now and then a loose piece of shale would slide off into space, and it seemed minutes before the dry click sounded as it struck the bottom.

Once at the base, Begay led me to a large log "hogan," similar to the dome-shaped huts I had seen in the mountains. We crawled through the low door, and soon had a cheery fire of crackling cedar logs burning in the centre of the floor, the smoke rising and disappearing out of the large vent in the roof. This shelter had been built for the use of any one who found it necessary to spend the night in the canyon. On one side were piled two or three dozen ragged and worn sheep skins for bedding, and alongside, piled in a heap on the ground, were a number of blackened and dented tin dishes. In the centre lay a great pile of wood-ashes, telling the tale of many camp-fires, and over the low door hung a tattered piece of buckskin. We made a pot of strong, black coffee from the muddy water, from which a stench of sheep now rose, and with a large can of veal-loaf and some pilot bread we ate ravenously until barely enough was left for breakfast. With the last mouthful swallowed, the boy dragged four or five skins to the fire, and wrapping himself in his blanket threw himself upon them, and immediately fell into a sound sleep. The night promised to be a sharp, frosty one, so I dragged a huge cedar root on to the dying embers, and preparing in my turn a bed of skins was soon dead to the world.

It seemed hardly an hour's time before I was aroused by the bark of the dog and the bleating sheep. I crawled out of the hut wrapped in my blanket; it was still dusk, but the sky was rapidly brightening. A sharp, cutting wind swept through the canyon, and I could hear Begay down at the water-hole cracking the ice with a stick. The high rock walls that hemmed us in loomed gigantic and black in the gloom; they resembled the ruins of mighty castles, fringed at the top with the silhouettes of tufted cedar. The steadily increasing gray light sifted down upon us, disclosing enormous rounded bowlders, jagged pinnacles of rock, mysterious caves, gnarled and twisted cedars through which the winds moaned and sighed, drifting the loose sands in tiny eddies into caves and crevices or piling it in fantastic mounds on the open stretches. Directly behind the hut, and protected by a projecting ledge, nestled the corral enclosing the sheep, and beyond, at the foot of a long, gentle incline, lay the precious pool of water.

A light breakfast eaten and the sheep watered, we started the second and last lap of our journey. Unlike the descending trail of the previous night, the way out of the canyon was comparatively easy, except that we had to be very cautious and evade the many soft and treacherous sand-drifts. I asked Begay what time he expected we would reach our destination; he replied by pointing to the sun and following its orbit till its position indicated three o'clock.

It was about that time when we descended into the bottom-lands of the "Rio Las Animas," where lay "Nip" Arment's thriving trading-post.

The sheep moved slowly, and the dog, his services unneeded, lagged behind. We were seen long before we reached the "Post," and upon our arrival a dozen Indians aided Begay to count and corral the sheep. I stood apparently unnoticed, until, as all were walking toward the "store," Begay flourished the silver stirrup; a brief explanation followed and all eyes were turned on me.

A moment after "Nip" Arment appeared upon the scene, and with a hearty welcome led me to his house. The home was lavish in comforts; many Navajo rugs adorned the floors, numberless trophies of the hunt and rare relics from the desert hung on the walls; but I missed my new friend. That night I talked long and late with the trader, and once in bed I fell into a sound, sound sleep. I did not wake before noon; but then I dressed hurriedly and rushed out in search of Begay. A group of Indians were playing cards behind the "store" in the warm sun, and I asked them where to find him. One of them, a tall, sinister fellow, slowly and solemnly arose, and coming over to where I was standing, placed one hand on my shoulder and pointed with a long, dark finger at two disappearing specks on the western horizon. They were Begay and his dog.

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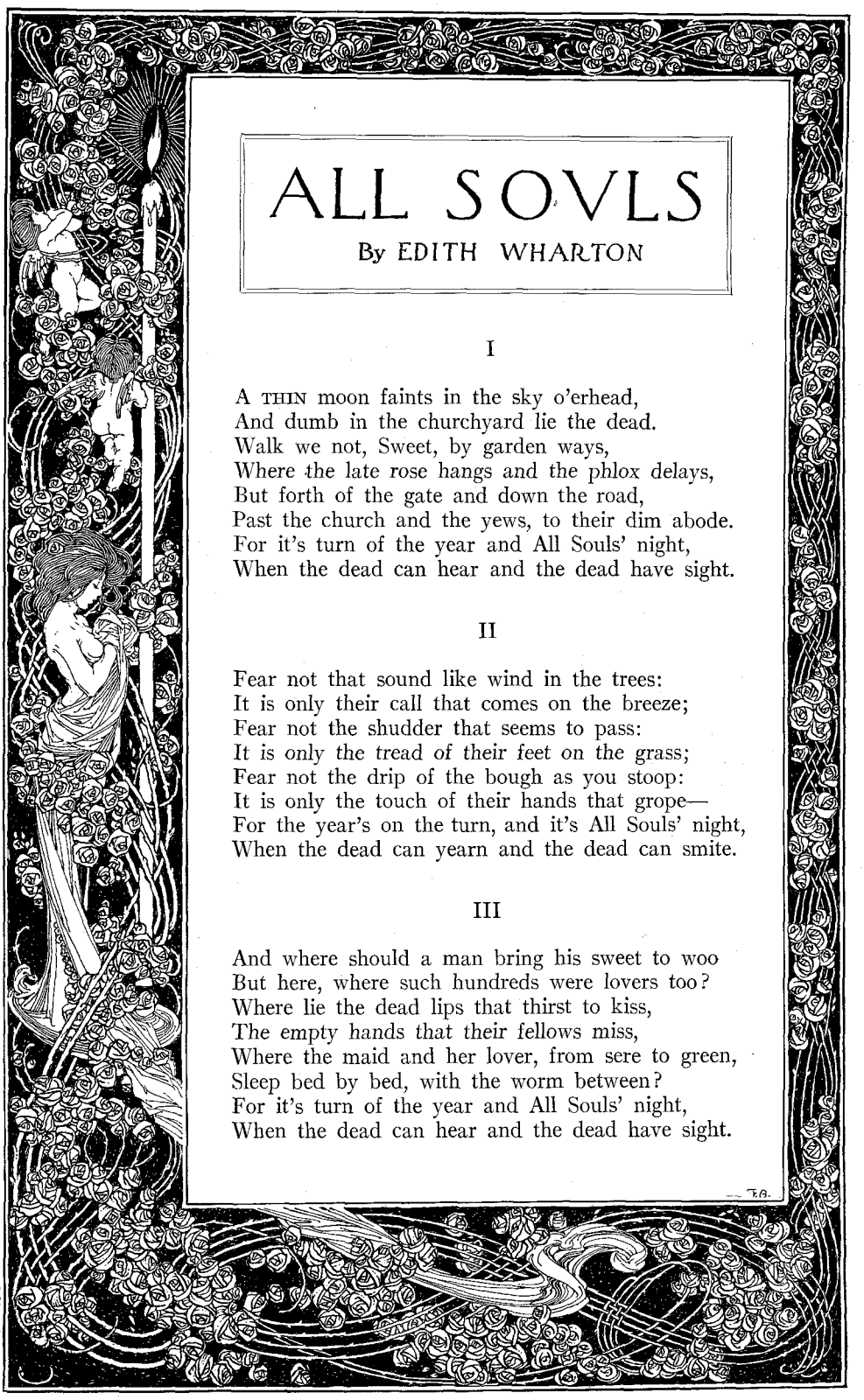

ALL SOVLS

By EDITH WHARTON

I

A THIN moon faints in the sky o'erhead,
And dumb in the churchyard lie the dead.
Walk we not, Sweet, by garden ways,
Where the late rose hangs and the phlox delays,
But forth of the gate and down the road,
Past the church and the yews, to their dim abode.
For it's turn of the year and All Souls' night,
When the dead can hear and the dead have sight.

II

Fear not that sound like wind in the trees:
It is only their call that comes on the breeze;
Fear not the shudder that seems to pass:
It is only the tread of their feet on the grass;
Fear not the drip of the bough as you stoop:
It is only the touch of their hands that grope—
For the year's on the turn, and it's All Souls' night,
When the dead can yearn and the dead can smite.

III

And where should a man bring his sweet to woo
But here, where such hundreds were lovers too?
Where lie the dead lips that thirst to kiss,
The empty hands that their fellows miss,
Where the maid and her lover, from sere to green,
Sleep bed by bed, with the worm between?
For it's turn of the year and All Souls' night,
When the dead can hear and the dead have sight.

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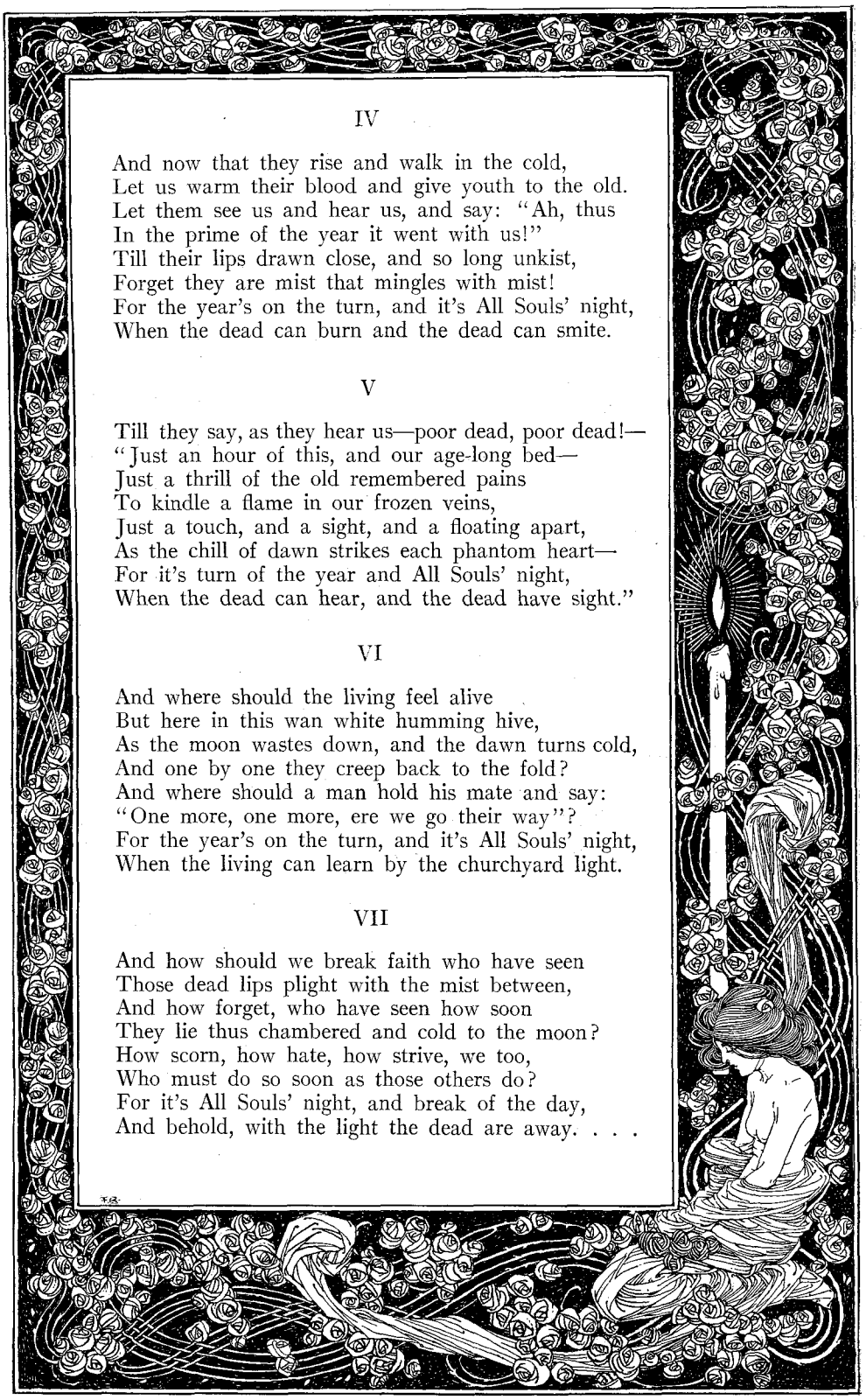

IV

And now that they rise and walk in the cold,
Let us warm their blood and give youth to the old.
Let them see us and hear us, and say: "Ah, thus
In the prime of the year it went with us!"
Till their lips drawn close, and so long unkist,
Forget they are mist that mingles with mist!
For the year's on the turn, and it's All Souls' night,
When the dead can burn and the dead can smite.

V

Till they say, as they hear us—poor dead, poor dead!—
"Just an hour of this, and our age-long bed—
Just a thrill of the old remembered pains
To kindle a flame in our frozen veins,
Just a touch, and a sight, and a floating apart,
As the chill of dawn strikes each phantom heart—
For it's turn of the year and All Souls' night,
When the dead can hear, and the dead have sight."

VI

And where should the living feel alive
But here in this wan white humming hive,
As the moon wastes down, and the dawn turns cold,
And one by one they creep back to the fold?
And where should a man hold his mate and say:
"One more, one more, ere we go their way"?
For the year's on the turn, and it's All Souls' night,
When the living can learn by the churchyard light.

VII

And how should we break faith who have seen
Those dead lips plight with the mist between,
And how forget, who have seen how soon
They lie thus chambered and cold to the moon?
How scorn, how hate, how strive, we too,
Who must do so soon as those others do?
For it's All Souls' night, and break of the day,
And behold, with the light the dead are away. . . .

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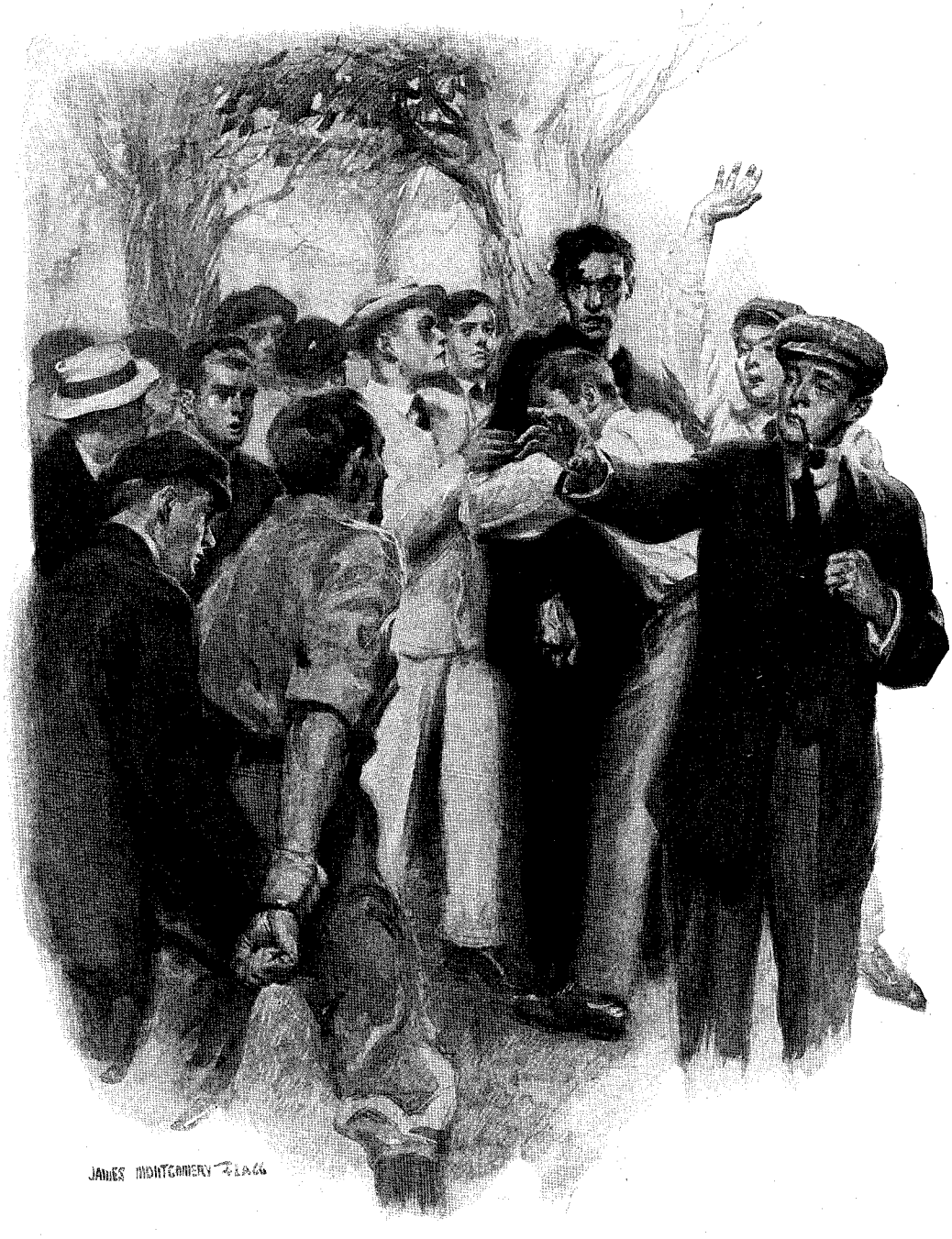

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Wolffert . . . was cursing me with all the eloquence of a rich vocabulary.—Page 30.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

MY FIRST FAILURE

I SHALL feel at liberty to tell my story in my own way; rambling along at my own gait; now going from point to point; now tearing ahead; now stopping to rest or to ruminate, and even straying from the path whenever I think a digression will be for my own enjoyment.

I shall begin with my college career, a period to which I look back now with a pleasure wholly incommensurate with what I achieved in it; which I find due to the friends I made and to the memories I garnered there in a time when I possessed the unprized treasures of youth: spirits, hope, and abounding conceit. As these memories, with the courage (to use a mild term) that a college background gives, are about all that I got out of my life there, I shall dwell on them only enough to introduce one or two friends who played later a very considerable part in my life.

My family was an old and distinguished one; that is, it could be traced back about two hundred years, and several of my ancestors had accomplished enough to be known in the history of the State—a fact of which I was so proud that I was quite satisfied at college to rest on their achievements, and felt no need to add to its distinction by any labors of my own.

We had formerly been well off; we had, indeed, at one time prior to the Revolutionary War, owned large estates—a time to which I was so fond of referring when I first went to college that one of my acquaintances named Peck, an envious fellow, observed one day that I thought I had inherited all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. My childhood was spent on an old plantation, so far removed from anything that I have since known that it might almost have been in another planet.

It happened that I was the only child of my parents who survived, the others having been carried off in early childhood by a scourge of scarlet fever, to which, as I look back, I now know was due my mother's sadness of expression when my father was not present. I was thus subjected to the perils and great misfortune of being an only child, among them that of thinking the sun rises and sets for his especial benefit. I must say that both my father and mother tried to do their part faithfully to counteract this danger, and they not only believed firmly in, but acted consistently on, the Solomonic doctrine that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. My father, I must say, was more lenient, and I think gladly evaded the obligation as interpreted by my mother, declaring that Solomon, like a good many other persons, was much wiser in speech than in practice. He was fond of quoting the custom of the ancient Scythians, who trained their youth to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. And in this last particular he was inexorable.

Among my chief intimates as a small boy was a little darkey named "Jeams." Jeams was the grandson of one of our old servants—Uncle Ralph Woodson. Jeams, who was a few years my senior, was a sharp-witted boy, as black as a piece of old mahogany, and had a head so hard that he could butt a plank off a fence. Naturally he and I became cronies, and he picked up information on various subjects so readily that I found him equally agreeable and useful.

My father was admirably adapted to the conditions that had created such a character, but as unsuited to the new conditions that succeeded the collapse of the old life as a shorn lamb would be to the untempered wind of winter. He was a Whig and an aristocrat of the strongest type, and though in practice he was the kindest and most liberal of men, he always maintained that a gentleman was the choicest fruit of civilization; a standard,

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I may say, in which the personal element counted with him far more than family connection. When the war came, though he was opposed to "Locofocoism," as he termed it, he enlisted as a private as soon as the State seceded, and fought through the war, rising to be a major and surrendering at Appomattox. When the war closed, he shut himself up on his estate, accepting the situation without moroseness, and consoling himself with a philosophy much more misanthropic in expression than in practice.

My father's slender patrimony had been swept away by the war, but, being a scholar himself, and having a high idea of classical learning and a good estimate of my abilities —in which latter view I entirely agreed with him—he managed by much stinting to send me to college out of the fragments of his establishment. I admired greatly certain principles which were stamped in him as firmly as a fossil is embedded in the solid rock; but I fear I had a certain contempt for what appeared to me his inadequacy to the new state of things, and I secretly plumed myself on my superiority to him in all practical affairs. Without the least appreciation of the sacrifices he was making to send me to college, I was an idle dog and plunged into the amusements of the gay set —that set whose powers begin below their foreheads—in which I became a member and aspired to be a leader.

My first episode at college brought me some *éclat.*

II

THE JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN

I ARRIVED rather late and the term had already begun, so that all the desirable rooms had been taken. I was told that I would either have to room out of college or take quarters with a young man by the name of Wolffert—like myself, a freshman. I naturally chose the latter. On reaching my quarters, I found my new comrade to be an affable, gentlemanly fellow, and very nice looking. Indeed, his brow, with curling brown hair above it; dark eyes, deep and luminous; a nose the least bit too large and inclining to be aquiline; a well-cut mouth with mobile, sensitive lips, and a finely chiselled jaw, gave him an unusual face, if not one of distinction. He was evidently bent on making himself agreeable to me, and as I was lonely, we had passed a pleasant evening, when he mentioned casually a fact which sent my heart down into my boots. He was a Jew. This, then, accounted for the ridge of his well-carved nose, and the curl of his soft brown hair. I tried to be as frank and easy as I had been before, but it was a failure. He saw my surprise as I saw his disappointment—a coolness took the place of the warmth that had been growing up between us for several hours, and we passed a stiff evening.

Next day, I found a former acquaintance who offered to take me into his apartment, and that afternoon, having watched for my opportunity, I took advantage of my roommate's absence and moved out, leaving a short note saying that I had discovered an old friend who was very desirous that I should share his quarters. When I next met Wolffert, he was so stiff, that although I felt sorry for him and was ready to be as civil as I might, our acquaintance thereafter became merely nominal. I saw, indeed, little of him during the next months, for he soon forged far ahead of me. I used to see him for a while standing in his doorway looking wistfully out at the groups of students gathered under the trees, or walking alone like Isaac in the fields, and until I formed my own set, I would have gone and joined him or have asked him to join us but for his rebuff. I knew that he was lonely; for I soon discovered that the cold shoulder was being given to him by most of the students. I could not, however, but feel that it served him right for the "airs" he put on with me. That he made a brilliant exhibition in his classes and was easily the cleverest man in the class did not affect our attitude toward him; perhaps, it only aggravated the case. Why should he be able to make easily a demonstration at the blackboard that the cleverest of us only bungled through? One day, however, we learned that the Jew had a room-mate. Bets were freely taken that he would not stick, but he stuck—for it was John Marvel. Not that any of us knew what John Marvel was; for even I, who, except Wolffert, came to know him best, did not know until many years later what a nugget of unwrought gold that homely, shy, awkward John Marvel was!

It appeared that Wolffert had a harder time than any of us dreamed of.

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He had come to the institution against the advice of his father, and for a singular reason: that he thought it the most liberal institution of learning in the country! Little he knew of the narrowness of youth! His mind was so receptive that all that passed through it was instantly appropriated. Like a plant, he drew sustenance from the atmosphere about him and transmuted what was impalpable to us to forms of beauty. He was even then a man of independent thought; a dreamer who peopled the world with ideals, and saw beneath the stony surface of the commonplace the ideals and principles that were to reconstruct and resurrect the world. An admirer of the Law in its ideal conception, he reprobated, with the fury of the Baptist, the generation that had belittled and cramped it to an instrument of torture of the human mind, and looked to the millenial coming of universal brotherhood and freedom.

His father was a leading man in his city; one who, by his native ability and the dynamic force that seems to be a characteristic of the race, had risen from poverty to the position of chief merchant and capitalist of the town. He had been elected mayor in a time of stress; but his popularity among the citizens generally had cost him, as I learned, something among his own people. The breadth of his views had not been approved by them.

The abilities that in the father had taken this direction of the mingling of the practical and the theoretical had, in the son, taken the form I have stated. He was an idealist: a poet and a dreamer.

The boy from the first had discovered powers that had given his father the keenest delight, not unmingled with a little misgiving. As he grew up among the best class of boys in his town, and became conscious that he was not one of them, his inquiring and aspiring mind began early to seek the reasons for the difference. Why should he be held a little apart from them? He was a Jew. Yes, but why should a Jew be held apart? They talked about their families. Why, his family could trace back for two thousand and more years to princes and kings. They had a different religion. But he saw other boys with different religions going and playing together. They were Christians, and believed in Christ, while the Jews, etc. This puzzled him till he found that some of them—a few—did not hold the same views of Christ with the others. Then he began to study for himself, boy as he was, the history of Christ, and out of it came questions that his father could not answer and was angry that he should put to him. He went to a young Rabbi who told him that Christ was a good man, but mistaken in His claims.

So, the boy drifted a little apart from his own people, and more and more he studied the questions that arose in his mind, and more and more he suffered; but more and more he grew strong.

The father, too proud of his son's independence to coerce him by an order which might have been a law to him, had, nevertheless, thrown him on his own resources and cut him down to the lowest figure on which he could live, confident that his own opinions would be justified and his son return home.

Wolffert's first experience very nearly justified this conviction. The fact that a Jew had come and taken one of the old apartments spread through the college with amazing rapidity and created a sensation. Not that there had not been Jews there before, for there had been a number there at one time or another. But they were members of families of distinction, who had been known for generations as bearing their part in all the appointments of life, and had consorted with other folk on an absolute equality; so that there was little or nothing to distinguish them as Israelites except their name. If they were Israelites, it was an accident and played no larger part in their views than if they had been Scotch or French. But here was a man who proclaimed himself a Jew; who proposed that it should be known, and evidently meant to assert his rights and peculiarities on all occasions. The result was that he was subjected to a species of persecution which only the young Anglo-Saxon, the most brutal of all animals, could have devised.

As college filled rapidly, it soon became necessary to double up, that is, put two men in one apartment. The first student assigned to live with Wolffert was Peck, a sedate and cool young man—like myself, from the country, and like myself, very short of funds. Peck would not have minded rooming with a Jew, or, for that matter, with the Devil, if he had thought he could

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get anything out of him; for he had few prejudices and when it came to calculation, he was the multiplication table. But Peck had his way to make, and he coolly decided that a Jew was likely to make him bear his full part of the expenses—which he never had any mind to do. So he looked around, and within forty-eight hours moved to a place out of college where he got reduced board on the ground of belonging to some peculiar set of religionists, of which I am convinced he had never heard till he learned of the landlady's idiosyncrasy.

I had incurred Peck's lasting enmity—though I did not know it at the time—by a witticism at his expense. We had never taken to each other from the first, and one evening, when someone was talking about Wolffert, Peck joined in and said that that institution was no place for any Jew. I said, "Listen to Peck sniff. Peck, how did you get in?" This raised a laugh. Peck, I am sure, had never read "Martin Chuzzlewit"; but I am equally sure he read it afterward, for he never forgave me.

Then came my turn and desertion which I have described. And then, after that interval of loneliness, appeared John Marvel.

Wolffert, who was one of the most social men I ever knew, was sitting in his room meditating on the strange fate that had made him an outcast among the men whom he had come there to study and know. This was my interpretation of his thoughts: he would probably have said he was thinking of the strange prejudices of the human race—prejudices to which he had been in some sort a victim all his life, as his race had been all through the ages. He was steeped in loneliness, and as, in the mellow October afternoon, the sound of good-fellowship floated in at his window from the lawn outside, he grew more and more dejected. One evening it culminated. He even thought of writing to his father that he would come home and go into his office and accept the position that meant wealth and luxury and power. Just then there was a step outside, and someone stopped and after a moment, knocked at the door. Wolffert rose and opened it and stood facing a new student—a florid, round-faced, round-bodied, bow-legged, blue-eyed, awkward lad of about his own age.

"Is this number —?" demanded the newcomer, peering curiously at the dingy door and half shyly looking up at the occupant.

"It is. Why?" Wolffert spoke abruptly.

"Well, I have been assigned to this apartment by the Proctor. I am a new student and have just come. My name is Marvel—John Marvel." Wolffert put his arms across the doorway and stood in the middle of it.

"Well, I want to tell you before you come in that I am a Jew. You are welcome not to come, but if you come I want you to stay." Perhaps, the other's astonishment contained a query, for he went on hotly:

"I have had two men come here already and both of them left after one day. The first said he got cheaper board, which was a legitimate excuse—if true—the other said he had found an old friend who wanted him. I am convinced that he lied and that the only reason he left was that I am a Jew. And now you can come in or not, as you please, but if you come you must stay." He was looking down in John Marvel's eyes with a gaze that had the concentrated bitterness of generations in it, and the latter met it with a gravity that deepened into pity.

"I will come in and I will stay; Jesus was a Jew," said the man on the lower step.

"I do not know him," said the other bitterly.

"But you will. I know Him."

Wolffert's arms fell and John Marvel entered and stayed.

That evening the two men went to the supper hall together. Their table was near mine and they were the observed of all observers. The one curious thing was that John Marvel was studying for the ministry. It lent zest to the jokes that were made on this incongruous pairing, and jests, more or less insipid, were made on the Law and the Prophets; the lying down together of the lion and the lamb, etc.

It was a curious mating—the light-haired, moon-faced, slow-witted Saxon, and the dark, keen Jew with his intellectual face and his deep-burning eyes in which glowed the misery and mystery of the ages.

John Marvel soon became well known; for he was one of the slowest men in the college. With his amusing awkwardness, he would have become a butt except for his imperturbable good-humor. As it was, he was for a time a sort of object of ridicule to many of us—myself among the number—and we had many laughs at him. He would disappear on Saturday night and

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not turn up again till Monday morning, dusty and disheveled. And many jests were made at his expense. One said that Marvel was practising preaching in the mountains with a view to becoming a second Demosthenes; another suggested that, if so, the mountains would probably get up and run into the sea.

When, however, it was discovered later that he had a Sunday-school in the mountains, and walked twelve miles out and twelve miles back, most of the gibers, except the inveterate humorists like myself, were silent.

This fact came out by chance. Marvel disappeared from college one day and remained away for two or three weeks. Wolffert either could not or would not give any account of him. When Marvel returned, he looked worn and ill, as if he had been starving, and almost immediately he was taken ill and went to the infirmary with a case of fever. Here he was so ill that the doctors quarantined him and no one saw him except the nurse—old Mrs. Denny, a wrinkled and bald-headed, old, fat woman, something between a lightwood knot and an angel—and Wolffert.

Wolffert moved down and took up his quarters in the infirmary—it was suggested, with a view to converting Marvel to Judaism—and here he stayed. The nursing never appeared to make any difference in Wolffert's preparation for his classes; for when he came back he still stood easily first. But poor Marvel never caught up again, and was even more hopelessly lost in the befogged region at the bottom of the class than ever before. When called on to recite, his brow would pucker and he would perspire and stammer until the class would be in ill-suppressed convulsions, all the more enjoyable because of Leo Wolffert's agonizing over his wretchedness. Then Marvel, excused by the professor, would sit down and mop his brow and beam quite as if he had made a wonderful performance (which, indeed, he had), while Wolffert's thin face would grow whiter, his nostrils quiver, and his deep eyes burn like coals.

One day a spare, rusty man with a frowzy beard, and a lank, stooping woman strolled into the college grounds and after wandering around aimlessly for a time, asked for Mr. Marvel. Each of them carried a basket. They were directed to his room and remained with him some time, and when they left, he walked some distance with them.

It was at first rumored and then generally reported that they were Marvel's father and mother. It became known later that they were a couple of poor mountaineers named Shiflett, whose child John Marvel had nursed when it had the fever. They had just learned of his illness and had come down to bring him some chickens and other things which they thought he might need.

This incident, with the knowledge of Marvel's devotion, made some impression on us, and gained for Marvel, and incidentally for Wolffert, some sort of respect.

III

THE FIGHT

All this time I was about as far aloof from Marvel and Wolffert as I was from any one in the college.

I rather liked Marvel, partly because he appeared to like me and I helped him in his Latin, and partly because Peck sniffed at him, and Peck, I cordially disliked for his cold-blooded selfishness and his plodding way.

I was strong and active and fairly good-looking, though by no means so handsome as I fancied myself when I passed the large plate-glass windows in the stores; I was conceited, but not arrogant except to my family and those I esteemed my inferiors; was a good poker-player; was open-handed enough, for it cost me nothing; and was inclined to be kind by nature.

I had, moreover, several accomplishments which led to a certain measure of popularity. I had a retentive memory, and could get up a recitation with little trouble; though I forgot about as quickly as I learned. I could pick a little on a banjo; could spout fluently what sounded like a good speech if one did not listen to me; could write, what some one has said, looked at a distance like poetry and, thanks to my father, could both fence and read Latin. These accomplishments served to bring me into the best set in college and, in time, to undo me. For there is nothing more dangerous to a young man than an exceptional social accomplishment. A tenor voice is

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almost as perilous as a taste for drink; and to play the guitar, about as seductive as to play poker.

I was soon to know Wolffert better. He and Marvel, after their work became known, had been admitted rather more within the circle, though they were still kept near the perimeter. And thus, as the spring came on, when we all assembled on pleasant afternoons under the big trees that shaded the green slopes above the athletic field, even Wolffert and Marvel were apt to join us. I would long ago have made friends with Wolffert, as some others had done since he distinguished himself; for I had been ashamed of my poltroonery in leaving him; but, though he was affable enough with others, he always treated me with such marked reserve that I had finally abandoned my charitable effort to be on easy terms with him.

One spring afternoon we were all loafing under the trees, many of us stretched out on the grass. I had just saved a game of baseball by driving a ball that brought in three men from the bases, and I was surrounded by quite a group. Marvel, who was as strong as an ox, was second-baseman on the other nine and had missed the ball as the centre-fielder threw it wildly. Something was said—I do not recall what—and I raised a laugh at Marvel's expense, in which he joined heartily. Then a discussion began on the merits in which Wolffert joined. I started it, but as Wolffert appeared excited, I drew out and left it to my friends.

Presently, at something Wolffert said, I turned to a friend, Sam Pleasants, and said in a half-aside, with a sneer: "He did not see it; Sam, *you*—" I nodded my head, meaning, "You explain it."

Suddenly, Wolffert rose to his feet and, without a word of warning, poured out on me such a torrent of abuse as I never heard before or since. His least epithet was a deadly insult. It was out of a clear sky, and for a moment my breath was quite taken away. I sprang to my feet and, with a roar of rage, made a rush for him. But he was ready, and with a step to one side, planted a straight blow on my jaw that, catching me unprepared, sent me full length on my back. I was up in a second and made another rush for him, only to be caught in the same way and sent down again.

When I rose the second time, I was cooler. I knew then that I was in for it. Those blows were a boxer's. They came straight from the shoulder and were as quick as lightning, with every ounce of the giver's weight behind them. By this time, however, the crowd had interfered. This was no place for a fight, they said. The professors would come on us. Several were holding me and as many more had Wolffert; among them, John Marvel, who could have lifted him in his strong arms and held him as a baby. Marvel was pleading with him with tears in his eyes. Wolffert was cool enough now, but he took no heed of his friend's entreaties. Standing quite still, with the blaze in his eyes all the more vivid because of the pallor of his face, he was looking over his friend's head and was cursing me with all the eloquence of a rich vocabulary. So far as he was concerned, there might not have been another man but myself within a mile.

In a moment an agreement was made by which we were to adjourn to a retired spot and fight it out. Something that he said led some one to suggest that we settle it with pistols. It was Peck's voice. Wolffert sprang at it. "I will, if I can get any gentleman to represent me," he said with a bitter sneer, casting his flashing, scornful eyes around on the crowd. "I have only one friend and I will not ask him to do it."

"I will represent you," said Peck, who had his own reasons for the offer.

"All right. When and where?" said I.

"Now, and in the railway-cut beyond the wood," said Wolffert.

We retired to two rooms in a neighboring dormitory to arrange matters. Peck and another volunteer represented Wolffert, and Sam Pleasants and Harry Houston were my seconds. I had expected that some attempt at reconciliation would be made; but there was no suggestion of it. I never saw such cold-blooded young ruffians as all our seconds were, and when Peck came to close the final cartel he had an air between that of a butcher and an undertaker. He looked at me exactly as a butcher does at a fatted calf. He positively licked his chops. I did not want to shoot Wolffert, but I could cheerfully have murdered Peck. While, however, the arrangements were being made by our friends, I had had a chance for some re-

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flection and I had used it. I knew that Wolffert did not like me. He had no reason to do so, for I had not only left him, but had been cold and distant with him. Still, I had always treated him civilly, and had spoken of him respectfully, which was more than Peck had always done. Yet, here, without the least provocation, he had insulted me grossly. I knew there must be some misunderstanding, and I determined on my "own hook" to find out what it was. Fortune favored me. Just then Wolffert opened the door. He had gone to his own room for a few moments and, on his return, mistook the number and opened the wrong door. Seeing his error, he drew back with an apology, and was just closing the door when I called him.

"Wolffert! Come in here a moment. I want to speak to you alone."

He re-entered and closed the door; standing stiff and silent.

"Wolffert, there has been some mistake, and I want to know what it is." He made not the least sign that he heard, except a flash, deep in his eyes, like a streak of lightning in a far-off cloud.

"I am ready to fight you in any way you wish," I went on. "But I want to know what the trouble is. Why did you insult me out of a clear sky. What had I done?"

"Everything."

"What! Specify. What was it?"

"You have made my life Hell—all of you!" His face worked, and he made a wild sweep with his arm and brought it back to his side with clenched fist.

"But I?"

"You were the head. You have all done it. You have treated me as an outcast—a Jew! You have given me credit for nothing, because I was a Jew. I could have stood the personal contempt and insult, and I have tried to stand it; but I will put up with it no longer. It is appointed once for a man to die, and I can die in no better cause than for my people."

He was gasping with suppressed emotion, and I was beginning to gasp also—but for a different reason. He went on:

"You thought I was a coward because I was a Jew, and because I wanted peace—treated me as a poltroon because I was a Jew. And I made up my mind to stop it. So this evening my chance came. That is all."

"But what have I done?"

"Nothing more than you have always done; treated the Jew with contempt. But they were all there, and I chose you as the leader when you said that about the Jew."

"I said nothing about a Jew. Here, wait! Did you think I insulted you as a Jew this afternoon?" I had risen and walked over in front of him.

"Yes." He bowed.

"Well, I did not."

"You did—you said I was a 'damned Jew.'"

"What! I never said a word like it—yes, I did—I said to Sam Pleasants, that you did not see the play, and said, 'Sam, you tell him.' Wait. Let me think a moment. Wolffert, I owe you an apology, and will make it. I know there are some who will think I do it because I am afraid to fight. But I do not care. I am not, and I will fight Peck if he says so. If you will come with me, I will make you a public apology, and then if you want to fight still, I will meet you."

He suddenly threw his right arm up across his face, and, turning his back on me, leaned on it against the door, his whole person shaken with sobs.

I walked up close to him and laid my hand on his shoulder, helplessly.

"Calm yourself," I began, but could think of nothing else to say.

He shook for a moment and then, turning, with his left arm still across his face, he held out his right hand, and I took it.

"I do not want you to do that. All I want is decent treatment—ordinary civility," he faltered between his sobs. Then he turned back and leant against the door, for he could scarcely stand. And so standing, he made the most forcible, the most eloquent, and the most burning defence of his people I have ever heard.

When he was through I was ready. I had reached my decision.

"I will go with you," I said, "not on your account, but on my own, and make my statement before the whole crowd. They are still on the hill. Then, if any one wants to fight, he can get it. I will fight Peck."

He repeated that he did not want me to do this, and he would not go; which was as well, for I might not have been able to say so much in his presence. So I went

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alone with my seconds, whom I immediately sought.

I found the latter working over a cartel at a table in the next room, and I walked in. They looked as solemn as owls, but I broke them up in a moment.

"You can stop this infernal foolishness. I have apologized to Wolffert. I have treated him like a pig, and so have you. And I have told him so, and now I am going out to tell the other fellows."

Their astonishment was unbounded and, at least, one of the group was sincerely disappointed. I saw Peck's face fall at my words and then he elevated his nose and gave a little sniff.

"Well, it did not come from *our* side," he said in a half undertone with a sneer.

I suddenly exploded. His cold face was so evil.

"No, it did not. I made it freely and frankly, and I am going to make it publicly. But if you are disappointed, I want to tell you that you can have a little affair on your own account. And in order that there may be no want of pretext, I wish to tell you that I believe you have been telling lies on me, and I consider you a damned, sneaking hypocrite."

There was a commotion, of course, and the others all jumped in between us. And when it was over, I walked out. Three minutes later I was on the hill among the crowd, which now numbered several hundred, for they were all waiting to learn the result; and, standing on a bench, I told them what I had said to Wolffert and how I felt I owed him a public apology, not for one insult, but for a hundred. There was a silence for a second, and then such a cheer broke out as I never got any other time in my life! Cheers for Wolffert. Cheers for Marvel, and even cheers for me. And then a freckled youth with a big mouth and a blue, merry eye broke the tension by saying:

"All bets are off and we sha'n't have a holiday to-morrow at all." The reprobates had been betting on which of us would fall, and had been banking on a possible holiday.

Quite a crowd went to Wolffert's room to make atonement for any possible slight they had put on him; but he was nowhere to be found. But that night, he and Marvel sat at our table and always sat there afterward.

IV

DELILAH

My career at college promised at one time after that to be almost creditable, but it ended in nothing. I was not a good student, because, I flattered myself, I was too good a fellow. I loved pleasure too much to apply myself to work, and was too self-indulgent to deny myself anything. I despised the plodding ways of cold-blooded creatures like Peck even more than I did the dulness of John Marvel. Why should I delve at Latin and Greek and Mathematics when I had all the poets and novelists. I was sure that when the time came I could read up and easily overtake and surpass the tortoise-like monotony of Peck's plodding. I now and then had an uneasy realization that Peck was developing, and that John Marvel, to whom I used to read Latin, had somehow come to understand the language better than I. However, this was only an occasional awakening, and the idea was too unpleasant for me to harbor it long. Meantime, I would enjoy myself and prepare to bear off the more shining honors of the orator and society-medalist.

At the very end I did, indeed, arouse myself, for I had a new incentive. I fell in love. Toward the mid-session holiday the place always filled up with pretty girls. Usually they came just after "the exams"; but occasionally some of them came a little in advance: those who were bent on conquest. At such times, only cold anchorites like Marvel, or calculating machines like Peck, stuck to their books. Among the fair visitants this year was one whose reputation for beauty had already preceded her: Miss Lilian Poole. She was the daughter of a banker in the capital of the State, and by all accounts was a tearing belle. She had created a sensation at the Mardi Gras the year before, and one who could do that must be a beauty. She was reported more beautiful than Isabelle Henderson, the noted beauty of the Crescent city. Certainly, she was not lacking in either looks or intelligence; for those who had caught a glimpse of her, the afternoon she arrived, declared her a Goddess. I immediately determined that I would become her cavalier for the occasion. And I so announced to the dozen or more

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fellows who composed our set. They laughed at me.

"Why, you do not know her."

"But I shall know her."

"You are not on speaking terms with Professor Sterner"—the Professor of Mathematics at whose house she was stopping. The Professor and I had had a falling out not long before. He had called on me for a recitation, one morning after a dance, and I had said, "I am not prepared, sir."

"You never are prepared," he said, which the class appeared to think amusing. He glanced over the room.

"Mr. Peck."

Peck, also, had been at the dance the night before, though he said he had a headache, and caused much amusement by his gambols and antics, which were like those of a cow; I therefore expected him to say, "unprepared" also. But not so.

"I was unwell last night, sir."

"Ah! Well, I am glad, at least, that you have some sort of a legitimate excuse."

I flamed out and rose to my feet.

"Are you alluding to me, sir?"

"Take your seat, sir. I deny your right to question me."

"I will not take my seat. I do not propose to sit still and be insulted. I demand an answer to my question."

"Take your seat, I say. I will report you to the Faculty," he shouted.

"Then you will have to do so very quickly; for I shall report you immediately." And with that, I stalked out of the room. The Faculty met that afternoon and I laid my complaint before them, and as the students, knowing the inside facts, took my side, the Faculty held that the Professor committed the first breach and reprimanded us both. I was well satisfied after I had met and cut the Professor publicly.

I now acknowledged the untowardness of the situation; but when the boys laughed, I pooh-poohed it.

"I do not speak to old Sterner, but I will speak to her the first time I meet her."

"I will bet you do not," cried Sam Pleasants.

"Supper for the crowd," chimed in several. They were always as ready to bet as their long-haired ancestors were in the German forests, where they bet themselves away, and kept their faith, to the amazement of a Roman gentleman, who wrote, "*istam vocant fidem.*"

We were all in a room, the windows of which looked across the lawn toward the pillared portico of Professor Sterner's house, and some of the boys were gazing over toward the mansion that sheltered the subject of our thoughts. And as it happened, at that moment, the door opened and out stepped the young lady herself, in a smart walking costume, topped by a large hat with a great, drooping, beguiling, white ostrich feather. An exclamation drew us all to the window.

"There she is now!" Without doubt, that was she.

"Jove! What a stunner!"

"She is alone. There is your chance."

"Yes, this is the first time you have seen her; now stop jawing and play ball."

"Or pay up."

"Yes, supper for the crowd: porterhouse steak; chicken, and waffles to end with."

So they nagged me, one and all.

"Done," I said, "I will do it now."

"You have never seen her before?"

"Never." I was arranging my tie and brushing my hair.

"You swear it?"

But I hurried out of the door and slammed it behind me.

I turned down the walk that led across the campus to the point whither Miss Poole was directing her steps, and I took a gait that I judged should meet her at the intersection of the walks. I was doing some hard thinking, for I knew the window behind me was crowded with faces.

As I approached her, I cut my eye at her, and a glance nearly overthrew my resolution. She was, indeed, a charming picture as she advanced, though I caught little more than a general impression of a slim, straight figure, a pink face, surmounted by a profusion of light hair, under a big hat with white feathers, and a pair of bluish eyes. I glanced away, but not before she had caught my eye. Just then a whistle sounded behind me, and my nerve returned. I suddenly quickened my pace, and held out my hand.

"Why, how do you do?" I exclaimed with well-feigned surprise and pleasure, plumping myself directly in front of her. She paused; looked at me, hesitated, and then drew back slightly.

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"I think—, I—. You have made a mistake, I think."

"Why, do you not remember Henry Glave? Is this not Miss Belle Henderson?" I asked in a mystified way.

"No, I am not Miss Henderson."

"Oh! I beg your pardon—I thought—" I began. Then, as I moved back a little, I added, "Then you must be Miss Lilian Poole; for there cannot be more than two like you on earth. I beg your pardon."

I backed away.

"I am," she said. Her mounting color showed that she was at least not angry, and she gave proof of it.

"Can you tell me? Is not that the way to Dr. Davis's house?"

"Yes—I will show you which it is." My manner had become most respectful.

"Oh! Don't trouble yourself, I beg you."

"It is not the least trouble," I said sincerely, and it was the only truth I had told. I walked back a few steps, hat in hand, pointing eagerly to the house. And as I left, I said, "I hope you will pardon my stupid mistake."

"Oh! I do not think it stupid. She is a beauty."

"*I* think so." I bowed low. I saw the color rise again as I turned away, much pleased with myself, and yet a good deal ashamed, too.

When I returned to "the lair," as we termed Sam Pleasants's room, the boys seized me. They were like howling dervishes. But I had grown serious. I was very much ashamed of myself. And I did the only decent thing I could—I lied, or as good as lied.

"I will give the supper if you will stop this yelling. Do you suppose I would make a bet about a girl I did not know?"

This took the spirit out of the thing, and only one of them knew the truth. Marvel, who was present, looked at me seriously, and that night said to me half sadly,

"You ought not to have done that."

"What? I know it. It was an ungentlemanly thing."

"I do not mean that. You ought not to have told a story afterward."

How he knew it I never knew.

But I had gotten caught in my own mesh. I had walked into the little parlor without any invitation, and I was soon hopelessly entangled in the web at which I had hitherto scoffed. I fell violently in love.

I soon overcame the little difficulty that stood in my way. And, indeed, I think Miss Lilian Poole rather helped me out about this. I did not allow grass to grow under my feet, or any impression I had made to become effaced. I quickly became acquainted with my Diana-like young lady; that is, to speak more exactly, I got myself presented to her, for my complete acquaintance with her was of later date, when I had spent all the little patrimony I had. I saw immediately that she knew the story of the wager, though she did not at that time refer to it, and so far as I could tell, she did not resent it. She, at least, gave no sign of it. I asked her to allow me to escort her to a German, but she had an engagement.

"Who is it?" I inquired rather enviously.

She had a curious expression in her eyes—which, by the way, were a cool blue or gray, I never could be sure which, and at times looked rather like steel.

She hesitated a moment and her little mouth drew in somewhat closely.

"Mr. Peck." Her voice was a singular instrument. It had so great a compass and possessed some notes that affected me strangely; but it also could be without the least expression. So it was now when she said, "Mr. Peck," but she colored slightly, as I burst out laughing.

"Peck! Pecksniff? Did you ever see him dance? I should as soon have thought of your dancing with a clothes-horse."

She appeared somewhat troubled.

"Does he dance so badly as that? He told me he danced."

"So he does—like this." I gave an imitation of Peck's gyrations, in which I was so earnest that I knocked over a table and broke a fine lamp, to my great consternation.

"Well, you are realistic," observed Miss Poole, calmly, who struck me as not so much concerned at my misfortune as I might have expected. When, however, she saw how really troubled I was, she was more sympathetic.

"Perhaps, if we go out, they will not know who did it," she observed.

"Well, no, I could not do that," I said, thinking of Peck, and then as her expression did not change, I fired a shot that I

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meant to tell. "Peck would do that sort of a thing. *I* shall tell them."

To this she made no reply. She only looked inscrutably pretty. But it often came back to me afterward how calmly and quite as a matter of course she suggested my concealing the accident, and I wondered if she thought I was a liar.

She had a countenance that I once thought one of the most beautiful in the world; but which changed rarely. Its only variations were from an infantile beauty to a statuesque firmness.

Yet that girl, with her rather set expression and infantile face, her wide open eyes and pink prettiness, was as deep as a well, and an artesian well at that.

I soon distanced all rivals. Peck was quickly disposed of; though, with his nagging persistence, he still held on. This bored me exceedingly and her too, if I could judge by her ridicule of him and her sarcasm which he somehow appeared too stupid to see. He succumbed, however, to my mimicry of his dancing; for I was a good mimic, and Peck, in a very high collar, and with very short trousers on his dumpy legs, was really a fair mark. Miss Poole was by no means indifferent to public opinion, and a shaft of satire could penetrate her mail of complacency. So when she returned later to the classic shades of the university, as she did a number of times for Germans and other social functions, I made a good deal of hay. A phrase of Peck's, apropos of this, stuck in my memory. Some one—it was, I think, Leo Wolffert—said that I appeared to be making hay, and Peck said, "Yes, I would be eating it some day." I often wondered afterward how he stumbled on the witticism.

Those visits of my tall young dulcinea cost me dear in the sequel. While the other fellows were boning I was lounging in the drawing-room or in the shade of the big trees in some secluded nook, writing her very warm poems of the character which Horace says is hated both of Gods and men. Several of these poems were published in the college magazine. The constant allusions to her physical charms caused Peck to say that I evidently considered Miss Poole to be "composed wholly of eyes and hair." His observation that a man was a fool to write silly verses to a girl he loved, because it gave her a wrong idea of her charms, I, at the time, set down to sheer envy, for Peck could not turn a rhyme; but since I have discovered that it has a foundation of truth.

V

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

MEANTIME, my studies—if any part of my occupation could be so termed—suffered undeniably. My appearance at the classroom door with a cigarette, which I flung away just in time not to carry it into the room, together with my chronic excuse of being "unprepared," moved the driest of my professors to the witticism that I "divided my time between a smoke and a flame." It was only as the finals drew near that I began to appreciate that I would have the least trouble in "making my tickets," as the phrase went. Sam Pleasants, Leo Wolffert and my other friends had begun to be anxious for me for some time before—and both Wolffert and John Marvel had come to me and suggested my working, at least, a little: Wolffert with delicacy and warmth; John Marvel with that awkward bluntness with which he always went at anything. I felt perfectly easy in my mind then and treated their entreaties scornfully.

"Why, I did well enough at the Intermediates," I said.

"Yes, but," said John Marvel, "Delilah was not here then——"

I was conscious of being a little angered; but John Marvel looked so innocent and so hopelessly friendly that I passed it by with a laugh and paid Miss Poole more attention than ever.

The Debater's Medal had for a long time been, in the general estimation, as good as accorded me; for I was a fluent, and I personally thought, eloquent speaker, and had some reading. But when Wolffert entered the debate, his speeches so far outshone mine that I knew at once that I was beat. Wolffert, who had begun to speak without any design of entering the contest for the Medal, would generously have retired, but I would not hear of that. I called Peck to account for a speech which I had heard of his making: that "the contest was between a Jew and a jug"; but he denied making it, so I lost even that satisfaction.

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I worked for the Magazine Medal; but my "poems"—"To Cynthia" and "To Felicia," and my fanciful sketches, though they were thought fine by our set, did not, in the estimation of the judges, equal the serious and solemn essays on Julius Cæsar and Alexander Hamilton, to which the prize was awarded. At least, the author of those essays had worked over them like a dog, and in the maturer light of experience, I think he earned the prizes.

I worked hard—at least, at the last, for my law degree, and every one was sure I would win—as sure as that Peck would lose; but Peck scraped through while mine was held up—because the night before the degrees were posted I insisted on proving to the professor who had my fate in his hands, and whom I casually ran into, that a "gentleman drunk was a gentleman sober," the idea having been suggested to my muddled brain by my having just put to bed Peck. I finally got the degree, but not until I had been through many tribulations, one of which was the sudden frost in Miss Poole's manner to me. That girl was like autumn weather. She could be as warm as summer one minute, and the next the thermometer would drop below the freezing point. I remember I was her escort the evening of the Final Ball. She looked like Juno with the flowers I had gone out in the country to get for her from an old garden that I knew. Her face was very high bred and her pose majestic. I was immensely proud of her and of myself as her escort—and as Peck stalked in with a new and ill-fitting suit of "store-clothes" on, I fancy I put on my toppiest air. But Peck had a shaft and he came there to shoot it. As he passed near us, he said in a loud voice to some one, "The B. L. list is posted."

"Are you through?" demanded the other.

"Yep."

"Anybody failed 't we expected to get through?"

"'T depends on who you expected to get through. Glave's not on it."

His shaft came home. I grew cold for a minute and then recovered myself. I saw my partner's face change. I raised my head and danced on apparently gayer than ever, though my heart was lead. And she played her part well, too. But a few minutes later when Peck strutted up, a decided cock to his bullet head, I heard her, as I turned away, congratulate him on his success.

I slipped out and went over to the bulletin-board where the degree-men were posted, and sure enough, I was not among them. A curious crowd was still standing about and they stopped talking as I came up, so I knew they had been talking about me. I must say that all showed concern, and sympathy was written on every face. It was, at least, sweet to know that they all considered it a cursed shame, and set my failure down to hostility on the part of one of the professors. I was determined that no one should know how hard hit I was, and I carried my head high till the ball was out, and was so lofty with Miss Poole that she was mystified into being very receptive. I do not know what might have happened that night if it had not been for old John Marvel. I learned afterward that I was pretty wild. He found me when I was wildly denouncing the law professor who had failed to put me through in some minor course, and was vowing that I would smash in his door and force my diploma from him. I might have been crazy enough to attempt it had not old John gotten hold of me. He and Wolffert put me to bed and stayed with me till I was sober. And sober enough I was next day.

As I have said, I received my diploma finally; but I lost all the prestige and pleasure of receiving it along with my class, and I passed through some of the bitterest hours that a young man can know.

Among my friends at college—I might say among my warmest friends—was my old crony "Jeams," or, as he spoke of himself to those whom he did not regard as his social equals, or whom he wanted to amuse himself with, "Mister Woodson"; a little later changed to "Professor Woodson," as more dignified and consonant with the managing class of the institution. When I left for college, after a brief interval, he followed me, and first appeared as a waiter at the college boarding-house where I boarded, having used my name as a reference, though at home he had never been nearer the dining-room than the stable. Here he was promptly turned out, and thereupon became a hanger-on of mine and a "Factotum" for me and my friends.

He was now a tall, slim fellow, with broad shoulders and the muscles of Atlas, almost

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but not quite black, and with a laugh that would have wiled Cerberus. He had the shrewdness of a wild animal, and was as imitative as a monkey, and this faculty had inspired and enabled him to pick up all sorts of acquirements, ranging from reading and writing to sleight-of-hand tricks, for which he showed a remarkable aptitude. Moreover, he had a plenty of physical courage, and only needed to be backed by some one, on whom he relied, to do anything.

I was naturally attached to him and put up with his rascalities, though they often taxed me sorely, while he, on his part, was so sincerely attached to me, that I believe he would have committed any crime at my bidding.

He considered my old clothes his property, and what was far more inconvenient, considered himself the judge of the exact condition and moment when they should pass from my possession to his.

He was a handsome rascal, and took at times such pride in his appearance, that as he was about my size, I had often to exercise a close watch on my meagre wardrobe. He had not only good, but really distinguished manners, and, like many of his race, prided himself on his manners. Thus on an occasion when he passed Peck at college, and touched his hat to him, a civility which Peck ignored, Wolffert said to him, "Jeams, Mr. Peck don't appear to recognize you."

"Oh! yes," said Jeams, "he recognizes me, but he don't recognize what's due from one gent'man to another."

"Are you going to keep on touching your hat to him?" asked Wolffert.

"Oh! yes, suh," said Jeams, "I takes keer o' my manners, and lets him take keer o' hisn'."

Such was "Jeams," my "body servant," as he styled himself, on occasions when he had an eye to some article of my apparel or stood in especial need of a donation.

He hated Peck with as much violence as his easy-going nature was capable of, and had no liking for Wolffert. The fact that the latter was a Jew and yet my friend, staggered him though he put up with him for my sake, and on the night of my fight with Wolffert, I think he would, had he had a chance, have murdered him, as I am sure he would have murdered the professor who threw me on my degree. He got much fuller than I got that night, and his real grief and shame were among the heaviest burdens I had to bear.

Miss Poole returned home the next afternoon after the delivery of the diplomas, and I heard that Peck went off on the same train with her.

I expected some sympathy from the girl for whom my devotion had cost me so much; but she was as cool and sedate over my failure as if it had been Peck's.

All she said was, "Why did not you win the honors?"

"Because I did not work enough for them."

"Why did not you work more?"

I came near saying, "Because I was fooling around you"; but I simply said, "Because I was so certain of winning them."

"You showed rather bad judgment." That was all the sympathy I received from her.

The old law professor when he took leave of me said,—and I remember said it gravely—"Mr. Glave, you have the burden of too many gifts to carry."

I was pleased by the speech and showed it. He looked at me keenly from under his bushy eyebrows. "I commend to you the fable of the hare and the tortoise. We shall hear of Peck."

I wondered how he knew I was thinking of Peck with his common face, hard eyes, and stumpy legs.

"You shall hear of me, too," I declared with some haughtiness.

He only smiled politely and made no answer.

Nettled, I asked arrogantly, "Don't you think I have more sense—more intellect than Peck?"

"More intellect—yes—much more.—More sense? No. Remember the fable. 'There are ways that you know not and paths that you have not tried.'"

"Oh! that fable—it is as old as——"

"Humanity," he said. "'To scorn delights and live laborious days.' You will never do that—Peck will."

I left him, angry and uncomfortable.

I had rather looked forward to going to the West to a near cousin of my father's, who, if report were true, had made a fortune as a lawyer and an investor in a West-

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ern city. He and my father had been boys together, but my cousin had gone West and when the war came, he had taken the other side. My father, however, always retained his respect for him and spoke of him with affection. He had been to my home during my early college-life and had appeared to take quite a fancy to me.

"When he gets through," he had said to my father, "send him out to me. That is the place for brains and ambition, and I will see what is in him for you."

Now that I had failed, I could not write to him; but as he had made a memorandum of my graduation year, and as he had written my father several times, I rather expected he would open the way for me. But no letter came. So I was content to go to the capital of the State.

VI

THE METEOR

I AM convinced now that as parents are the most unselfish creatures, children are the veriest brutes on earth. I was too self-absorbed to think of my kind father, who had sacrificed everything to give me opportunities which I had thrown under the feet of Lilian Poole and who now consoled and encouraged me without a word of censure.

He appeared as much pleased with my single success as if I had brought him home the honors which I had been boasting I would show him. He gave me only two or three bits of advice before I left home. "Be careful with other people's money and keep out of debt," he said. "Also, have no dealings with a rascal, no matter how tightly you think you can tie him up." And his final counsel was, "Marry a lady and do not marry a fool."

I wondered if he were thinking of Lilian Poole.

However, I had not the least doubt in my mind about winning success both with her and with that even more jealous Mistress—The Law. In fact, I quite meant to revolutionize things by the meteoric character of my career.

I started out well. I took a good office fronting on the street in one of the best office-buildings. Peck had a little dark hole on the other side of the hall. He made a half proposal to share my office with me, but I could not stand that. I, however, told him that he was welcome to use my office and books as much as he pleased and he soon made himself so much at home in my office that I think he rather fell into the habit of thinking my clients his own.

Before I knew many people I worked hard; read law and a great deal of other literature. But this did not last long, for I was social and made acquaintances easily. Moreover, I soon began to get cases; though they were too small to satisfy me—quite below my abilities, I thought. So, unless they promised me a chance of speaking before a jury, I turned them over to Peck, who would bone at them and work like a horse, though I often had to hunt up the law for him, a labor I never knew him to acknowledge.

Meantime, I was getting on swimmingly. I was taken into the best social set in the city, and was soon quite a favorite among them. I was made a member of all the germans as well as of the best club in town; was welcomed in the poker-game of "the best fellows" in town, and was invited out so much that I really had no time to do much else than enjoy my social success. But the chief of the many infallible proofs I had was my restoration to Lilian Poole's favor. Since I was become a sort of toast with those whose opinion she valued highly, she was more cordial to me than ever, and I was ready enough to let by-gones be by-gones and dangle around the handsomest girl in the State, daughter of a man who was president of a big bank and director of a half dozen corporations. I was with her a great deal. In fact, before my second winter was out, my name was coupled with hers by all of our set and many not in our set. And about three evenings every week I was to be found basking in her somewhat steady smile, either at some dance or other social entertainment; strolling with her in the dusk on our way home from the fashionable promenade of —— Street—which, for some reason, she always liked, though I would often have preferred some quieter walk—or lounging on her plush-covered sofa in her back drawing-room. I should have liked it better had Peck taken the hint that most of my other friends had taken and kept away from her house on those evenings

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which by a tacit consent of nearly everyone were left for my visits. But Peck, who now professed a great friendship for me, must take to coming on precisely the evenings I had selected for my calls. He never wore a collar that fitted him, and his boots were never blacked. Miss Lilian used to laugh at him and call him "the burr"—indeed, so much that I more than once told her, that while I was not an admirer of Peck myself, I thought the fact that he was really in love with her ought to secure him immunity from her sarcasm. We had quite a stiff quarrel over the matter, and I told her what our old law professor had said of Peck.

I had rather thought that possibly, Mr. Poole, knowing of the growing relation of intimacy between myself and his daughter would throw a little of his law business my way; but he never did. He did, in fact, once consult me at his own house about some extensive interests that he owned and represented together in a street-railway in a Western city; but though I took the trouble to hunt up the matter and send him a brief on the point carefully prepared, he did not employ me and evidently considered that I had acted only as a friend. I heard long afterward that he said I had too many interests to suit him; that he wanted a lawyer to give him all his intellect, and not squander it on politics, literature, sport, and he did not know what besides. This was a dig at my rising aspirations in each of these fields. For I used to write now regularly for the newspapers, and had one or two articles accepted by a leading monthly magazine—a success on which even Peck congratulated me, though he said that as for him, he preferred the law to any other entertainment. My newspaper work attracted sufficient attention to inspire me with the idea of running for Congress and I began to set my traps and lay my triggers for that.

Success appeared to wait for me, and my beginning was "meteoric."

Meteoric beginnings are fatal. The meteor soon fades into outer darkness—the outer darkness of the infinite abyss. I took it for success and presumed accordingly, and finally I came down. I played my game too carelessly. I began to speculate—just a little at first; but more largely after a while. There I appeared to find my proper field; for I made money almost immediately, and I spent it freely, and, after I had made a few thousands, I was regarded with respect by my little circle.

I began to make money so much more easily by this means than I had ever done by the law that I no longer thought it worth while to stay in my office, as I had done at first, but spent my time in front of a blackboard in a broker's office. Thus, though I worked up well the cases I had, and was fairly successful with them, I found my clients in time, drifting away to other men not half as clever as I was, who had no other aim than to be lawyers. Peck got some of my clients. Indeed, one of my clients in warning me against speculating, which, he said, ruined more young men than faro and drink together, told me he had learned of my habit through Peck. He was always in his office or mine. I had made some reputation, however, as a speaker, and as I had taken an active part in politics and had many friends, I stood a good chance for the commonwealth's attorneyship; but I had determined to fly higher: I wanted to go to Congress.

I kept a pair of horses now, since I was so successful, and used to hunt in the season with other gay pleasure-lovers, or spend my afternoons riding with Miss Poole, who used to look well on horseback. We often passed Peck plodding along alone, stolid and solemn, "taking his constitutional," he said. I remember once as we passed him I recalled what the old professor had said of him, and I added that I would not be as dull as Peck for a fortune. "Do you know," said Miss Poole, suddenly, "I do not think him so dull; he has improved." Peck sat me out a few nights after this, and next day I nearly insulted him; but he was too dull to see it.

I knew my young lady was ambitious; so I determined to please her, and, chucking up the fight for the attorneyship, I told her I was going to Congress, and began to work for it. I was promised the support of so many politicians that I felt absolutely sure of the nomination.

Peck told me flatly that I did not stand the ghost of a show; and began to figure. Peck was always figuring. He advised me to stand for the attorneyship, and said I could get it if I really tried. I knew better, however, and I knew Peck, too, so I started in. To make a fight I wanted

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money, and it happened that a little trip I had taken in the summer, when I was making a sort of a splurge, together with an unlooked for and wholly inexplicable adverse turn in the market had taken all my cash. So, to make it up, I went into the biggest deal I ever tried. What was the use of fooling about a few score dollars a point when I could easily make it a thousand? I would no longer play at the shilling-table. I had a "dead-open-and-shut thing" of it. I had gotten inside information of a huge railroad deal quietly planned and was let in as a great favor by influential friends, who were close friends of men who were manipulating the market and especially the P. D. and B. D. I knew they were staking their fortunes on it. I was so sure about it that I even advised Peck, for whom I had some gratitude on account of his advice about the attorneyship, to let me put him in for a little. But he declined. He said he had other use for his money and had made it a rule not to speculate. I told him he was a fool, and I borrowed all I could and went in.

It was the most perfectly managed affair I ever saw. We—our friends—carried the stock up to a point that was undreamed of, and money was too valuable to pay debts with, even had my creditors wanted it, which they did not, now that I had recouped and was again on the crest of the wave. I was rich and was doubling up in a pyramid, when one of those things happened that does not occur once in ten million times and cannot be guarded against! We were just prepared to dump the whole business, when our chief backer, as he was on his way in his carriage to close the deal, was struck by lightning! I was struck by the same bolt. In twenty minutes I was in debt twenty thousand dollars. Telegrams and notices for margin began to pour in on me again within the hour. None of them bothered me so much, however, as a bank notice that I had overchecked an account in which I had a sum of a few hundred dollars belonging to a client of mine—an old widowed lady, Mrs. Upshur, who had brought it to me to invest for her, and who trusted me. She had been robbed by her last agent and this was really all that was left her. I remembered how she had insisted on my keeping it for her against the final attack of the wolf, she had said. "But suppose I should spend it," I had said jesting. "I'm not afraid of your spending it, but of myself—I want so many things. If I couldn't trust you, I'd give up." And now it was gone. It came to me that if I should die at that moment she would think I had robbed her, and would have a right to think so. I swear that at the thought I staggered, and since then I have always known how a thief must sometimes feel. It decided me, however. I made up my mind that second that I would never again buy another share of stock on a margin as long as I lived, and I wrote telegrams ordering every broker I had to sell me out and send me my accounts. I figured that I wanted just one hundred dollars more than I had. I walked across the hall into Peck's little dark office. He was poring over a brief. I said, "Peck, I am broke."

"What? I am sorry to hear it—but I am not surprised." He was perfectly cool, but did look sorry.

"Peck," I went on, "I saw you pricing a watch the other day. Here is one I gave three hundred dollars for. I showed him a fine chronometer repeater I had bought in my flush time.

"I can't give over a hundred dollars for a watch," he said.

"How much will you give me for this?"

"You mean with the chain?"

"Yes"—I had not meant with the chain, but I thought of old Mrs. Upshur.

"I can't give over a hundred."

"Take it," and I handed it to him and he gave me a hundred-dollar bill, which I took with the interest and handed, myself, to my old lady, whom I advised to let Peck invest for her on a mortgage. This he did, and I heard afterward netted her six per cent.

That evening I went to see Lilian Poole. I had made up my mind quickly what to do. That stroke of lightning had showed me everything just as it was, in its ghastliest detail. If she accepted me, I would begin to work in earnest, and if she would wait, as soon as I could pay my debts, I would be ready; if not, then—! However, I walked right in and made a clean breast of it, and I told her up and down that if she would marry me I would win. I shall never forget the picture as she stood by the heavy marble mantel in her father's rich drawing-room, tall and uncompromising

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and very handsome. She might have been marble herself like the mantel, she was so cold, and I, suddenly aroused by the shock, was on fire with resolve and fierce hunger for sympathy. She did not hesitate a moment; and I walked out. She had given me a deep wound. I saw the sun rise in the streets.

Within two weeks I had made all my arrangements; had closed up my affairs; given up everything in the world I had; executed my notes to my creditors and told them they were not worth a cent unless I lived, in which case they would be worth principal and interest; sold my law books to Peck for a price which made his eyes glisten, had given him my office for the unexpired term and was gone to the West.

The night before I left I called to see the young lady again—a piece of weakness. But I hated to give up.

She looked unusually handsome.

I believe if she had said a word or had looked sweet at me I might have stayed, and I know I should have remained in love with her. But she did neither. When I told her I was going away, she said, "Where?" That was every word—in just such a tone as if she had met me on the corner, and I had said I was going to walk. She was standing by the mantel with her shapely arm resting lightly on the marble. I said, "God only knows, but somewhere far enough away."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never."

"Oh, yes you will," she said coolly, arranging a bracelet, so coolly that it stung me like a serpent and brought me on my feet.

"I'll be—! No, I will not," I said. "Good-by."

"Good-by." She gave me her hand and it was as cool as her voice.

"Good-by." And mine was as cold as if I were dead. I swear, I believe sometimes I did die right there before her and that a new man took my place within me.

As I walked out of her gate, I met Peck going in, and I did not care. I did not even hate him. I remember that his collar was up to his ears. I heard afterward that she accepted him that same week.

I started West that night.

(To be continued.)

THE USE OF ENGLISH IN SINGING

By Francis Rogers

THE announcement that the management of the Metropolitan Opera House will soon begin the production of operas in English is welcome news to those who believe that the present practice of giving operas in languages unintelligible to nine-tenths of the public is highly detrimental to the cause of vocal music in this country. Until we shall cease to treat music as an exotic art, holding it at arm's length, we, as a nation, shall continue to be unmusical (even though we may merit the name of music lovers), and creatively of no account at all in the eyes of the great musical world. The case of England illustrates strikingly this point. No other nation has supported so loyally for more than two centuries music in all its branches, but she has always sent to the continent of Europe for her inspiration, her masters, and her composers. As a result, in the field of musical creation, England is practically non-existent. Her first, last, and only great composer, Henry Purcell, died in 1695! She has produced no singers, instrumentalists, or conductors of international reputation. Let us hope that America is to have a less barren record.

The statement that all great art must spring from an original creative impulse seems hardly to need proof. Imitative or borrowed art may be wonderfully clever and great in its kind, but it is inconceivable that it ever could find a resting-place in the hearts of men—and that is where all great art has its ultimate home. Borrowed art, if it survive at all the fashion of the day which produces it, does so only in the musty

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pages of histories and encyclopædias. With this thought in mind, it would be interesting to take up the question of musical development in America in its various branches, but just now I wish to deal with one point only. This point I deem of cardinal importance—the use of the English language in singing and its bearing upon our future growth as a really musical people.

The field of vocal music divides itself into two styles—the dramatic, or operatic (including the oratorio), and the lyric, which includes the smaller forms of expression of sentiment and emotion and the ballad, or narrative, form. These forms often encroach upon one another, but for our present purpose we may safely group them together and treat the subject as a whole.

In all forms the text is the foundation upon which the musical structure is built; the composer is inspired by the poem and strives to interpret and illuminate it through the medium of his own musical thoughts. The music of many a song and of many an opera is so far superior to the text as to make us wonder in what the composer really found his inspiration (as, for instance, in many of the Schubert songs and the early Italian and French operas); but, all the same, the text is always the basis of the musical thought. Even in the days of the Italian *bel canto*, when the words were frankly a mere framework upon which to hang the musical fabric, and when the beauty of the melody was the prime purpose of the song, the text did mean something and did bear a certain, if not an over-intimate, relation to the music. As musical taste and culture have increased, the text has come to play a part of ever-growing importance in the mind of the composer, who nowadays endeavors to merge into each other absolutely the verbal and the musical form. Possibly the highest development of this modern tendency is to be found in Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande."

Fine settings of English texts are deplorably hard to find, and their scarcity is often attributed to alleged lacks in our language. We are told that it is unmelodious, ill-adapted to musical uses, and unsingable. Against this too generally accepted explanation I wish to protest most emphatically. We have a poetic literature of marvellous richness. Only the Germans can lay claim to a lyric wealth as great as ours. The language we inherit is an extraordinarily rich one. A German authority credits it with a vocabulary three times as large as that of its nearest competitor, German, and ten times as large as that of French, the poorest, in number of words, of all the great languages. With such an enormous fund of words to choose from it seems as if we not only should be able to express our thoughts with unparalleled exactness and subtlety, but also with unequalled variety of sound. Further, it is probable that English surpasses the other three great languages of song, German, Italian and French, in number of distinguishable vowel sounds, but in questions of ear authorities usually differ, and it is hazardous to claim in this an indubitable supremacy. It seems certain, however, that English has rather more than twice as many vowel sounds as Italian (the poorest language in this respect), which has only seven or eight.

Again, it is asserted that the sound of English is unmelodious because of its many consonants, but we are no richer in consonants than the Germans, and German is accepted as a suitable vehicle for song. Furthermore, a richness and variety in consonant sounds adds to the vocal expressiveness of a language, as the best German singers have amply proved. Italian is the easiest language in which to sing because it contains the fewest vowels and consonants, and, for the same reason, is, despite certain obvious beauties, the most limited in its range. It is easy to illustrate the beauty of our mother-tongue, considered merely as sound. I quote a few lines from four standard poets, chosen almost at random. Their indisputable loveliness is owing in very large part to the richness, beauty, and grouping of the consonant sounds.

"When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past."

"Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

"Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways."

—KEATS.

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"'There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass."
—TENNYSON.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd."
—HENLEY.

These lines are, I grant, hard to read well and still harder to sing, but the difficult is not the impossible, and the singer who can deliver skilfully such verbal beauties as these has at his command a choice of exquisite effects of sound such as he could obtain from no French or Italian sources.

There is no dearth of fine English poetry, both dramatic and lyric, suitable for musical setting. We lack only the composers equal to their opportunities, and are awaiting with some signs of impatience the arrival on the scene of our Schubert, our Verdi, and our Fauré. Composers, as well as poets, are born and not made, but there is no reason why we should not *manufacture* plenty of singers capable of doing justice to the tonal beauty of our language. Demosthenes proved more than two thousand years ago that the question of good diction is merely one of persistence in wisely directed effort. Even if we grant that of all languages English is the hardest to sing, this only means that we have to work proportionately harder in order to achieve a similar degree of perfection in its use, and if our singers would devote to the study of their own language one-half of the time which they give to the study of foreign tongues, their hearers would all be justifiably proud of the mere sound of English.

American singers feel that because they have always spoken English, they need not study its theoretic side at all, and may safely take for granted their own ability to use it sufficiently well. The French, who are justly famed for the perfection of their diction in singing, take nothing for granted, except that their language is a beautiful one to listen to; and, consequently, they submit themselves to a long, rigorous, and intelligent study of the whole subject, and then send out such splendid exponents of clear and mellifluous diction as Plançon and Gilibert. So, also, to a less extent, with the Germans and Italians. English-speaking singers bring up the rear of the procession and sing their own language in so nearly unanimously wretched a fashion that the public is convinced that the fault lies with the language and not with the singers themselves. Dear and long suffering public! Don't be imposed upon any longer. If you can't understand what a singer is singing about, it is *his* fault—not yours, and not that of your common language. Remember that the old saying: "He who says well, sings well," has a converse—"The singer who cannot say his words intelligibly and beautifully doesn't know how to sing!"

The patience of the American public is proverbial, and nowhere is this patience more strikingly exemplified than in our fashionable opera houses. Only a patient and bewildered public would, year after year, listen to opera sung in languages which, for the most part, they do not understand, when, by the assertion of their plain rights, they could hear them sung in the vernacular. The book of an opera means a great deal to its composer, and it ought to mean at least something to the public. It is not enough to have a vague knowledge of the plot; one should be able to follow the dialogue. Mr. Mahler has proved in his conducting of some of the great Wagner operas that a properly controlled orchestra does not drown the singers' voices. Of last season's cast of "Tristan and Isolde," at the Metropolitan, three of the principal singers, Fremstad, Homer, and Blass, are Americans; if the opera had been sung in a good English translation, how much more thoroughly the great mass of the public would have enjoyed the beauties of this masterpiece of composition! In all the great opera houses of continental Europe one hears only the language of the country, and foreign singers are not engaged until they have mastered it. We certainly have the right to exact a similar capacity from our high-priced foreign songsters. It is only laziness on their part, and unadmirable patience on ours, which delays this desideratum.

A translation is never so good as the original, it is true, but it is much better than unintelligible poems or librettos. That the translations of operas and songs with which we are unfamiliar have not satisfied us, is only due to our not having insisted that the translations be well done. Last winter, in London, Hans Richter conducted

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a season of Wagner's operas which were sung in English, and the reports seem to agree that the translation was adequate and that the experiment of giving the English public a chance to follow the text at first hand was a great success. Wagner himself believed thoroughly in this matter of translation.

Musical America has worn its swaddling-clothes too long and should free itself from the bands which retard its growth into maturity. We owe a large debt of gratitude to Europe, which has, of necessity, been our nurse, and must for years to come be an indispensable tutor, but we are now old enough to begin to think our own musical thoughts and to express them in our mother-tongue. Three great German composers, Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, have shown us that English can lend itself to the happy expression of great musical ideas, and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas prove to us that, in lighter vein, good English and good music can dwell together in blissful wedlock.

The American public should rouse itself from its lethargy and insist that its operas and songs be sung in its own familiar tongue. Where this exaction necessitates a translation from another language, we should demand that the translating be done by competent men. The translations into Italian of the librettos for Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" were made by Boito, to-day the first poet in Italy. Let us make our singers sing to us in good intelligible English. Singers whose diction is not intelligible have not mastered their art. It is both our right and our duty to demand all this for the cause of the domestication and growth of song in this country.

The American composer should gird up his loins and interpret for us some of the noble dramatic and lyric poems which are ours by right of heritage. There they lie in splendid profusion right at his hand, and here in America is a great hungry public yearning, even if unconsciously, to hear its inmost ideals embodied in musical form. Let the American composer do for us what Wagner and Schubert did for the Germans, and Verdi for the Italians. He should express himself as an American who is familiar with the great music of all nations, but who is, at the same time, self-dependent in his musical thinking. Even if he speak a bit indistinctly at first and fall far short of his ideal, let him hold his head high and be proud to carry the torch of progress in his hand, if only for a moment. As Professor Woodberry points out, the history of the growth of the Race-mind is to be read in the aspiration of the race rather than in its actual achievements.

Let the American singer educate himself. President Eliot says truly that a liberal education is a state of mind, and that to be alert and responsive to the signal of every honest new thought and sympathetic with all striving after worthy ideals is better than to be the most highly developed specialist. Therefore he should familiarize himself with all the foreign schools of singing and composition, accepting and rejecting as his experience guides him; but he should remember that he can develop himself to his highest efficiency only as an American. When he is called upon to sing foreign music, which is not, so to speak, in his blood, he must inevitably interpret it in the light of the experience of his race. Therefore, he should make the most of his race inheritance, modifying and strengthening it wherever he sees the need. He should make himself at home in the rich treasure-house of English literature, and make of our language an obedient and expressive medium for musical thought. He should render himself so skilful in the singing of English that his hearers cannot fail to recognize its beauty and strength; if he cannot do this, it is not the fault of the language, but is due to his own indifference and laziness.

So long as our operas and songs are sung to us in foreign tongues, so long will the art of song play only a small part in our inner life. But when the American composer shall arouse himself and express himself as an American to Americans, even as the great German composers to the Germans, and shall find for his interpreters American singers who are conscious and proud of their race inheritance, then, and not till then, shall we fully comprehend the solace and inspiration, to both heart and mind, which a whole nation may derive from song.

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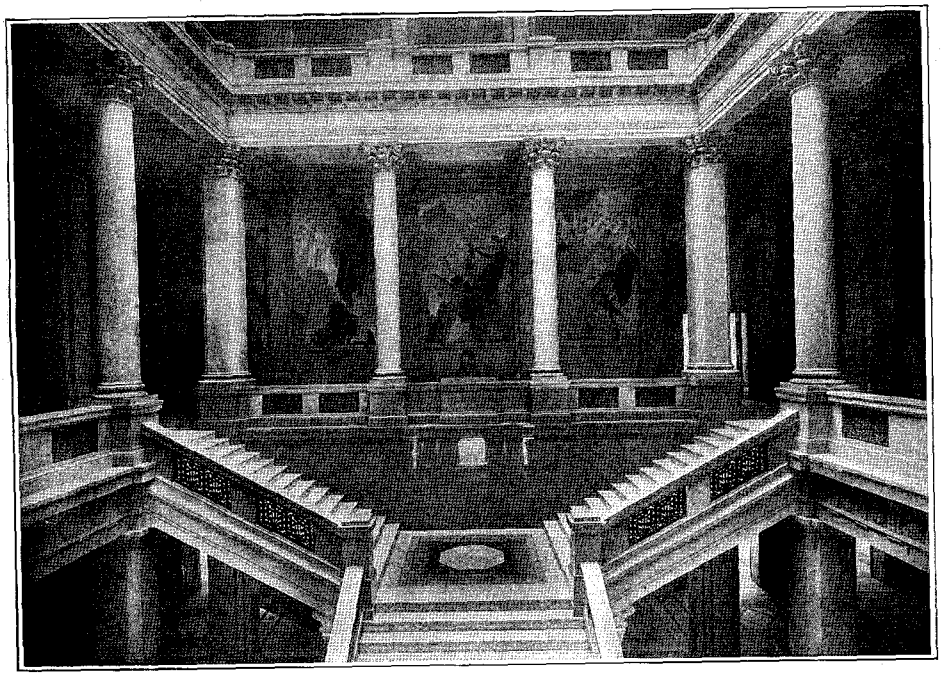

The main stairway. See plan on page 57.

ALEXANDER'S DECORATIONS

THE CROWNING OF LABOR

IN THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG

By William Walton

ALTHOUGH occasional glimpses have been given of Mr. Alexander's three years' work on his mural paintings in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, its approaching completion makes it possible for the first time to consider comprehensively this very extensive scheme of interior decoration. Not only the large amount of actual wall space placed at his disposal but also the number, and variety in size, shape, and location, of the sets of panels in the three stories of the building, permitted him, called upon him, to embroider his theme, to elucidate the various heads to his discourse. Opportunities like this are not very numerous in modern art—for the painters, even less than the sculptors. The latter, in their personifications of various abstract conceptions—virtues, epochs, aspirations, even in their portrait statues—are required to think, more or less assiduously, before they begin to model. In portraiture, it is more difficult for them to find adequate rendering of the ordinary frock-coated citizen than it is for the painter. Even among the great mural commissions for our public buildings no such theme as Raphael's *Disputa* is now possible. And, in the United States, it is practically only the painters who work on walls who are called upon for great synthetical creations. This commission, given in June, 1905, by the President and Trustees of the Institute, to furnish the eastern wing or pavilion of the great new façade of their building with mural decorations, was not arrived at without due deliberation. The artist's qualifications were carefully weighed, his record at home and abroad examined, the long list of his honors (membership in the important

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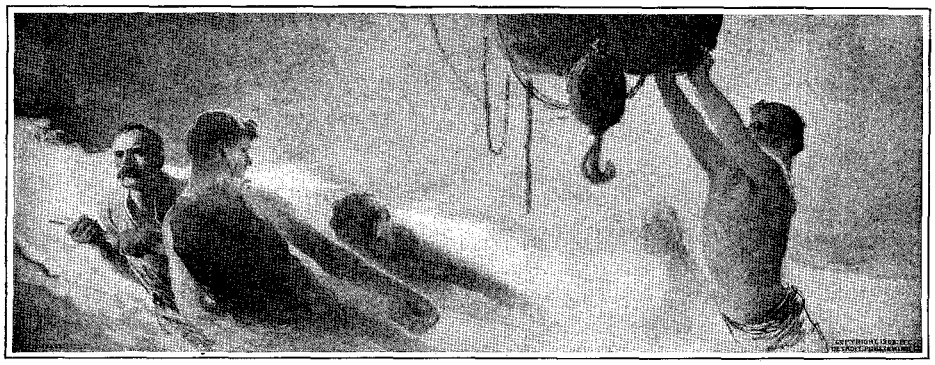

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One of the fifteen Labor panels on the first floor.

artistic societies and associations in this country, London, Paris, Munich and Vienna, officer of the Legion of Honor, Master of Arts at Princeton, gold medals in Paris, Buffalo, St. Louis, and two in Philadelphia, bronze medals, Carnegie prizes, etc., elsewhere, and important examples of his works in public and private galleries, official buildings, universities, etc., from St. Petersburg and Odessa to Minneapolis) verified. That he was himself a native of the city was cause for congratulation, but not counted of primary importance, though it might be considered as very appropriate that a Pittsburger should do the work. It is said to be the first case on record in this country of an important commission for mural decoration given a painter by his birthplace.

The opportunity was certainly an inspiring one—all the more so that he is an admirer of the city, its enterprise, its development, its vast resources, and as a boy had haunted its streets, its wharves, its foundries, and found delight in the fires, the gloom, the vivid and changing phases of the great industries. Called upon thus to do honor to his native city and to himself there was evolved, naturally, a resolve not to content himself with a mere record upon the walls of some of the most notable events in the local history, but to create a great triumphal pictorial epitome, a monument of light and color and form, which should present in tangible and admirable shape all that the great manufacturing and commercial metropolis stands for in the annals of mankind.

This being resolved upon, the first step was to decide upon the central point both of the idea and of the paintings—the typifying in a single figure, to which everything else should be tributary, of the city itself. It appeared to be demonstrable that in this case the usual personification in a female form was not the most appropriate, that something more virile, less graceful, might be fitter, and thus appeared, in the great

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A Labor panel.

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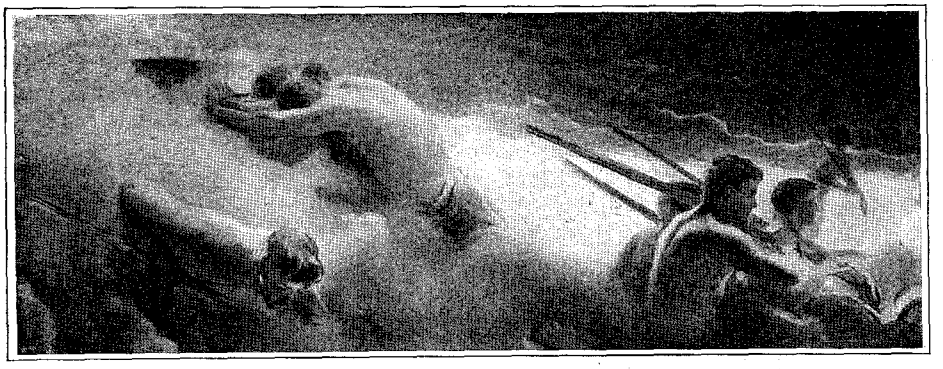

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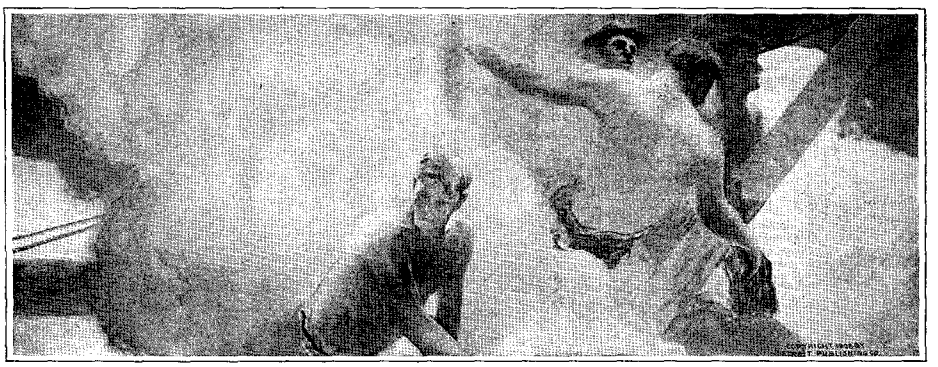
A Labor panel.

wall panels of the second story, the apotheosis of the Steel City as the mail-clad warrior, sword in hand, to whom the elements, the nations, the influences of Nature herself, bring gifts and tribute—the arts, the graces of life, that come to crown and complete the conquest of matter. Around the four sides of this great open space these figures appear, not following each other in uninterrupted procession, but in every case facing toward the central point. An architectural character, a sort of epic grandeur, and also a fine artistic and decorative feeling, are secured by presenting them as floating, drifting through space and time, serene and upright, not as flying with unseemly haste, or diving and curveting like swallows in the air, or like the foreshortened and somersaulting figures of the later Italian painters of the Golden Age. The irresistibleness of the attraction that draws them is perhaps better presented in this manner. The architectural arrangement of the interior of the building suggested the placing of this great main theme in the larger wall spaces of the second story, in the colonnade which surrounds the great central stairway, and the central point, the focus of the whole, at the head of this stairway or, much better, just to the left of it. By this latter device, owing to some peculiarity of the human vision, the sense of forward motion is much better suggested than if the mailed city appeared directly at the head of the stairs, or to the right of them. The spectator, mounting them, grasps the idea at once, he is struck with this dominating figure and then attracted by the numerous graceful winged feminine visions that float through the air toward it. Being thus, at the first glance, informed and pleased, his conquest is completed, and he proceeds to inspect and admire at leisure the multitudinous further details of the great decoration, feeling that he has comprehended the situation and that as a competent connoisseur he may take his pleasure at his ease.



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A Labor panel.

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One of the Labor panels on the east side of the second floor of the building.

No presentation of the City of Pittsburg in pure allegory, however graceful, would be sufficient, and the painter has completed his theme by the introduction of other elements, more realistic and documentary. It is an old claim, and one sufficiently plausible for his pictorial purposes, that the greatness and prosperity of our civilizations are founded upon the toil of the laboring man, so this he has suggested in the long frieze of much smaller panels in the first story of the building, over the tops of the doors. Here appear, visible and partly visible through the cloudy smoke and steam of their furnaces and the skies, groups and single figures of the ironworkers, sinewy, half-naked toilers occupied with great steel beams and girders and cranes, perched aloft in mid air or strenuous in glowing or gloomy interiors. A too practical precision has been carefully avoided in these paintings, the individual rivets are not given, no one but an expert could probably define exactly the particular operation under way—the careful observation of men and machinery, made on the spot, in the fog of the coal, has been generalized and epitomized into these mural decorations. All around the top of the walls of this first story, into which the visitor enters from the street to mount the central stairway, stretch these gray and agitated scenes, recalling those which he has so recently witnessed in the city outside, and preparing him for the serener and more beautiful allegory above.

But the separation between the two is not so distinct but that the clouds and smoke of the toilers below float upward as vapors into the empyrean of the winged figures above, and the glare of the furnaces below strikes upward illuminating strongly the knightly figure of Pittsburg and in a lesser degree many of the others. From above, from the blue sky seen in glimpses, falls the cool, clear light of the heavens, and with this double lighting—not too much insisted upon, with the drifting vapor, and the full liberty to express all the spiritual qualities of his charming aerial ladies in uncrowded space, the artist has contrived to invent and carry out a great decorative painting that is as logical as it is beautiful. Moreover, it is architecturally decorative, carefully designed for its situation and painted, for all its apparent freedom, in constant consideration of the somewhat polished yellowish-gray Hauteville marble which covers the walls and frames the

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paintings, and which is not the most docile in color of encadrements. All through the paintings, felt rather than seen, appears the reflection of the yellowish-gray tones, so that pictures and marble abide together in great harmony and mutually set off each other. It was with some trepidation that the artist mounted his vast canvases, painted in his studio in New York, on their Pittsburg walls, and his relief was great when he found that there was no shade of discord.

There are four doors on each side wall of this second story colonnade and a bay or alcove, the central panel of which, and the narrow side panel nearest the head of the stairs, only are of full length. On these four tall narrow side panels, at right angles to the main walls, surge up again the Labor panels of below—this time of ironworkers high in the air. On the three broader alcove panels on each side, which by their recession seem to withdraw themselves from the others, appear somewhat more realistic renderings, on each wall a symbolical extended view over the two cities and the rivers, presenting the commerce, the manufactures, the great producing factors. Opposite the central panels of the Apotheosis the stairs from the second story to the third rise in an extension of the main hall over the entrance vestibule, so as not to obstruct the great open well of the staircase, and in the top of this extension, around the three sides, is a frieze of twelve smaller, upright panels in which appears a continuous procession from left to right, against a background of flat decorative foliage, of the people, men, women and children, none of them too old or decrepit, representing the progress, the emulation, and, indirectly, the comfort, the healthful pleasure in living and doing. This is that humanity to which art, architecture, allegory, and all else, ultimately refer. Along the walls of the gallery around the main staircase well in this third story is carried a frieze of panels, not continuous in composition, representing in many and ingenious forms of allegory personifications of the arts, the sciences, the letters, all that may be considered as included in the scope of a great Institute. The variety of graceful invention displayed in the composition of these two sets of third-story panels, thirty-three in all, may be qualified as prodigious. Those of the gallery around the staircase well are more nearly square than the larger ones below, and eleven of them are cut in two near the middle by the tops of doors.

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Another of the Labor panels on the east side of the second floor of the building.

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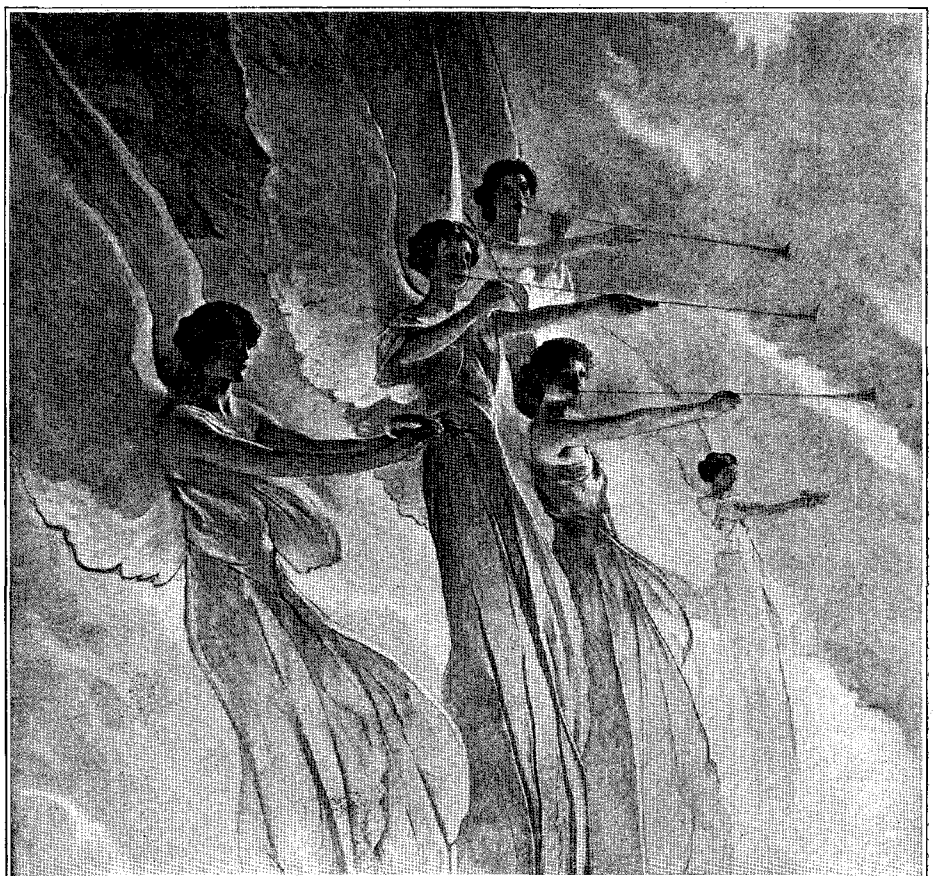

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Music.

One of the eleven panels of the Apotheosis of Pittsburg on the second floor.

It may be as well to state that this eastern wing of the extension of the Institute building, corresponding in the general plan to the western, which contains the great Music Hall, is devoted to the Art and Science departments. Both of these pavilions, with the long main façade which connects them, facing on Forbes Avenue, are included in the addition to the original structure, which ran at right angles to the avenue and in which is located the library. The official description of the building recounts with some pride that when the Carnegie Library was opened to the public in 1895, it was predicted, even by those connected with the Institute, that the building was of such size that years would be required for the different departments to find use for the space allotted them, whereas, within ten years, the growth of the Institute was such as to warrant the erection of an addition five times the area of the original structure. One department alone has found the space formerly given to three insufficient for its uses. The whole might have been bigger still but for material limitations—immediately in the rear, in Schenley Park, is a ravine some eighty feet deep, so deep that the boiler house of the Institute, located in the bottom for æsthetic and prudential reasons, just shows the top of its chimney above the edge. Various items are given

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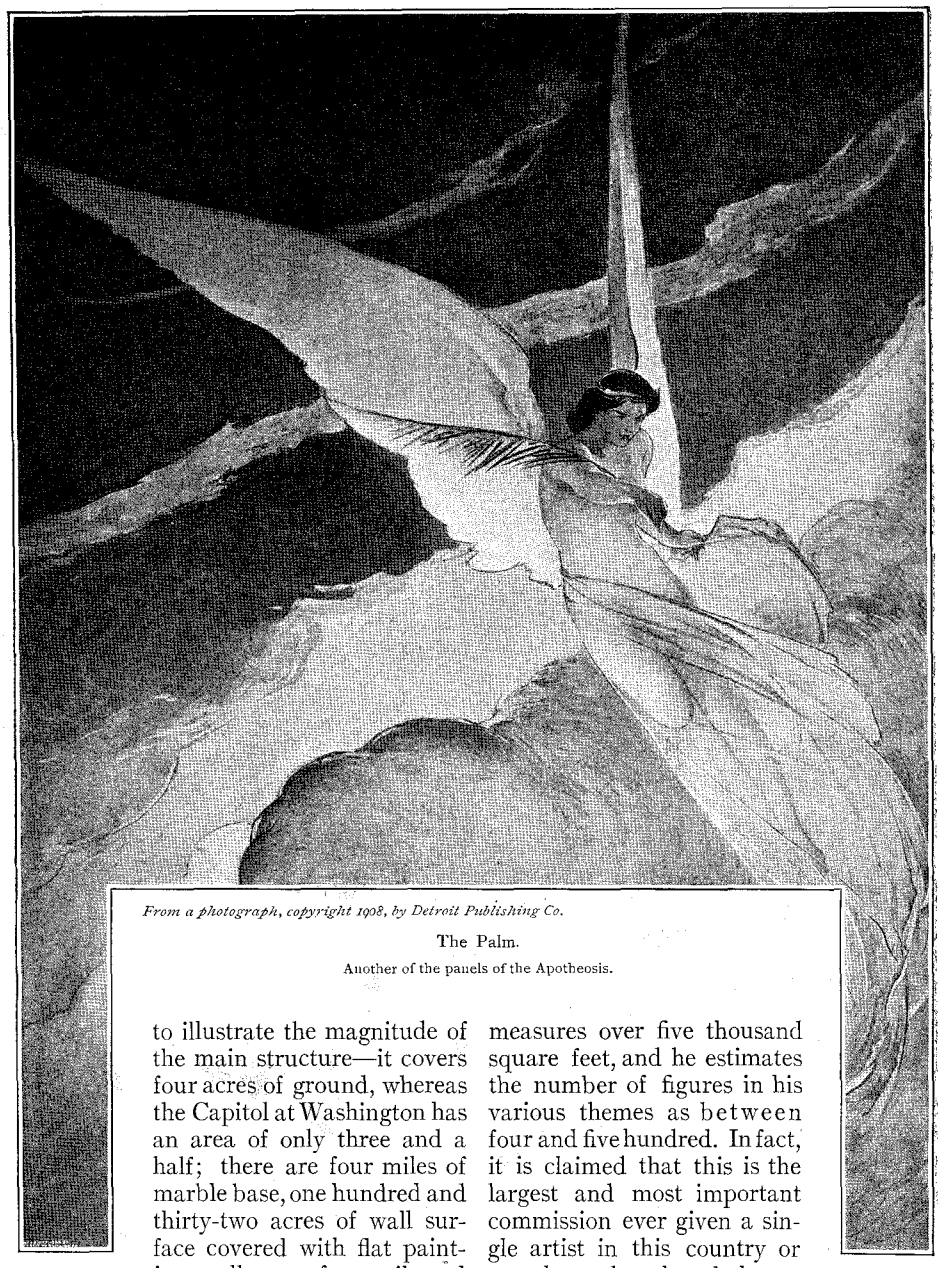

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The Palm.

Another of the panels of the Apotheosis.

to illustrate the magnitude of the main structure—it covers four acres of ground, whereas the Capitol at Washington has an area of only three and a half; there are four miles of marble base, one hundred and thirty-two acres of wall surface covered with flat painting, wall space for a mile and three-quarters of pictures in the two large rooms on the second floor of the Forbes Avenue façade devoted to engravings, prints, water colors, etc., twenty-three thousand, five hundred square feet of floor space in the three galleries in which the annual exhibitions are held, forty negro janitors employed, etc., etc. The wall space covered by Mr. Alexander's paintings alone measures over five thousand square feet, and he estimates the number of figures in his various themes as between four and five hundred. In fact, it is claimed that this is the largest and most important commission ever given a single artist in this country or anywhere else, the whole pavilion, from bottom to top, having been turned over to him, and quite without hampering instructions. It is even called after him, Alexander Hall.

In designing the extension the architects, Messrs. Alden and Harlow, followed the style of the original building, though a slightly later period of the Italian Renaissance was ultimately chosen. The eastern

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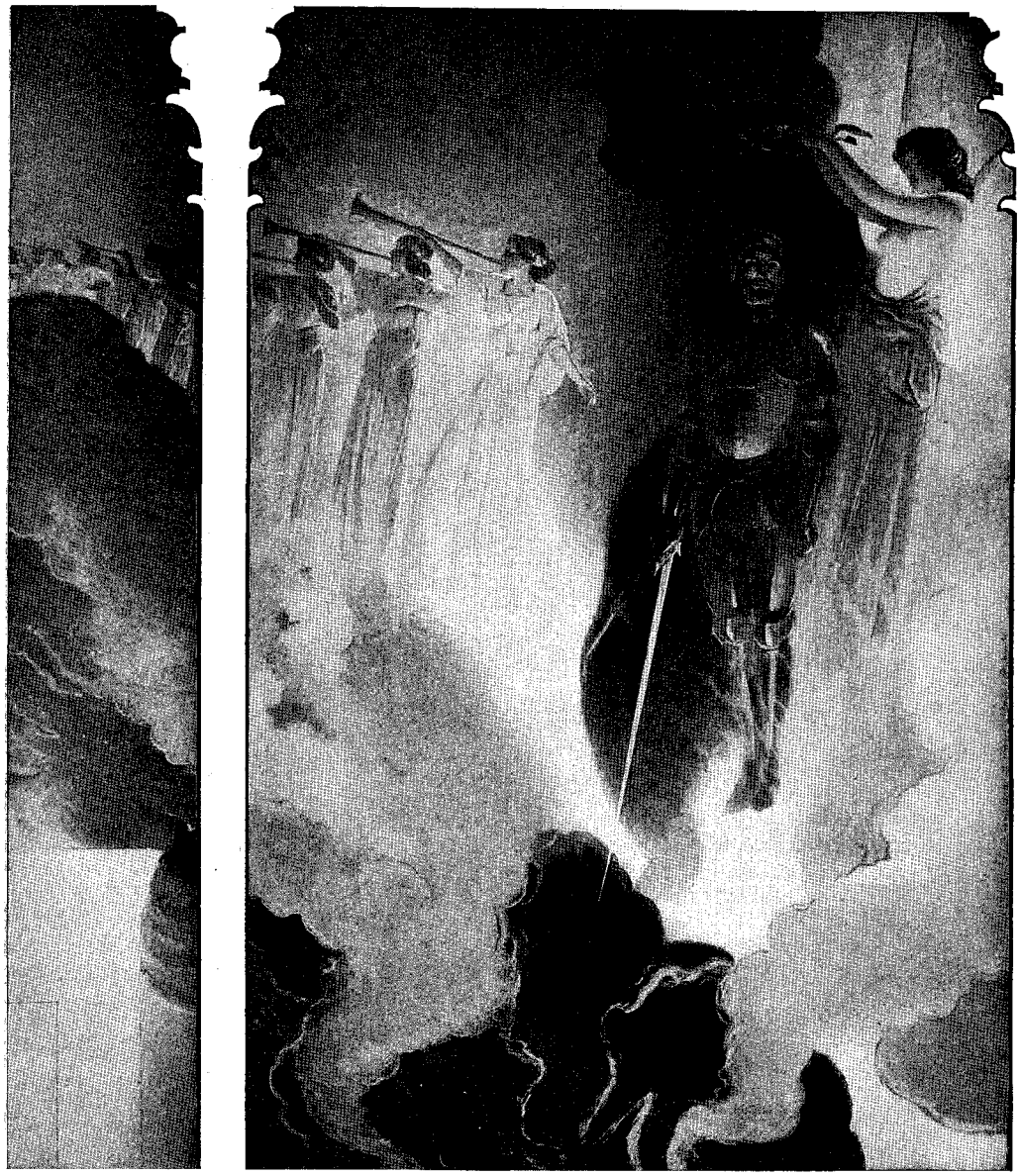

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The Crowning of Pittsburg.

The main panel in the Apotheosis of Pittsburg.

end, in which we are particularly interested, is entered through a vaulted vestibule wainscoted to the tops of the doors with an old convent Sienna marble; the main staircase hall is sixty-six feet square, and three stories high, as we have seen. The steps are of English veined white Italian marble; the inlaid patterns in the pavement of reddish Numidian and Graff green marble; the walls of the first story wainscoted to a height of ten feet with Hauteville marble, and the piers around the stair well, supporting the Corinthian colonnade of the second floor and the columns themselves, of échaillon. On the second floor, the paintings are separated by pilasters, and on the third by flat mouldings, of the yellowish Hauteville marble, and placed above

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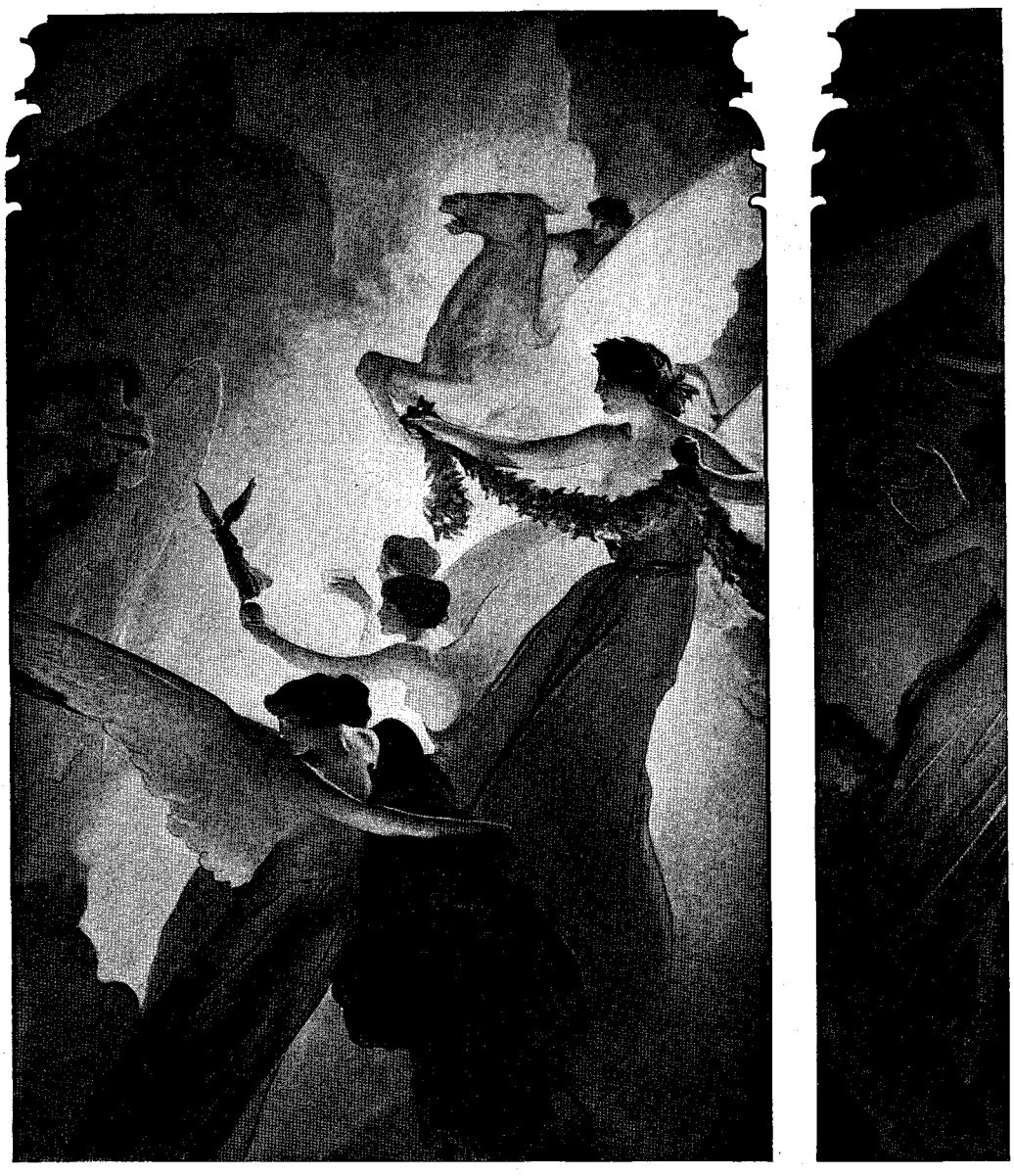

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Figures bearing tribute to Pittsburg.
Another of the panels in the Apotheosis of Pittsburg.

a wainscot of the same, the bottoms of the panels in the second story, some six feet from the floor. The metalwork of the stair railing, which the visitor accepts as a fine old bronze, is of ornamental iron, painted with drop black, and judiciously toned by skilful treatment with dusting and wiping so that it may have the mellowness of age and never the rusting. As an instance of the consideration which the painter received, it may be mentioned that a doorway in one of the central panels of the Apotheosis colonnade was filled up and the plan of the floor changed, because he had been heard to express his regret at this hole in his wall.

The talent of the architects has provided Mr. Alexander with a setting for his paint-

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Four of the twelve panels of the

ings which probably helped not a little to blow up the flame of his own inspiration. In its general proportions and style, the grace and lightness of the Corinthian colonnade, the beauty of the marbles, this main staircase hall is exceedingly handsome. There are little incidents, one or two of them not originally planned, which help to carry out the main theme and to marry still more closely the architecture and the decoration. On the second floor, at the foot of the staircase to the third, and thus facing the artist's central Apotheosis panels, has been mounted on a pedestal a reproduction of the immortal Niké of Samothrace, and in the very centre of the paintings across the open space is a little bronze figure of Victory relieved against a white cloud and held out at arm's length by a winged maid. There is no doubt as to what this building celebrates. In the central landing of the staircase under the pictures where it divides to right and left is a geometrical pattern set in the floor, in reddish and gray marbles, and the spectator standing in the opposite gallery is surprised to see how very important this touch of warmer color is in leading up to those of the paintings. The tone of the échaillon marble of the columns, between which the flying figures are seen, being grayer, and by artificial light much darker, than the Hauteville marble which frames them, is repeated and emphasized by the greenish robe of the important figure in the central panel and by the greenish and bluish drapery of two smaller figures farther to the right—these being somewhat darker tones than those around them. In like manner the reds of the great cloak behind the armored knight are echoed by the lighter ones over the flying Cupid, as well as by the red Numidian marble of the stair-landing. The horizontal lines of the ceiling are repeated in the row of figures in white, blowing trumpets, which go off to the left, in the middle distance, and by the long rows of white figures across two panels at a greater distance at the right. The darks of the heads are very carefully spaced, as accents; all these details, of course, being the result of much consideration by the painter. As the two end panels of this wall are pierced by square-topped doorways it is the three central panels only which are of full length, and the design of

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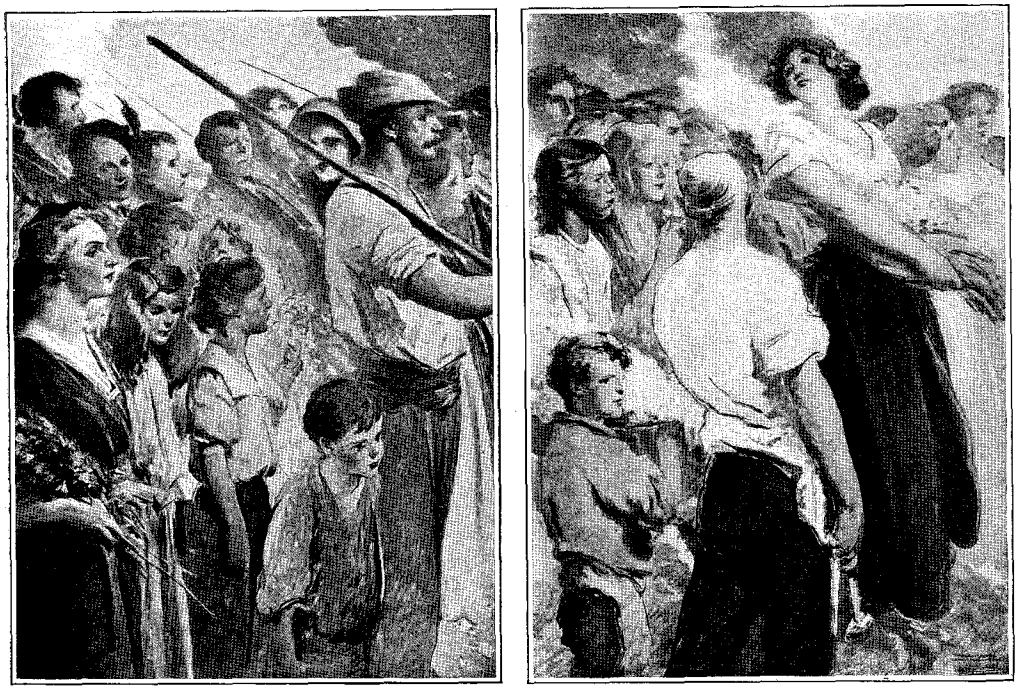

People on the third floor stairway.

this great central group is a very ingenious composition. A white-winged, green-draped, young woman of much personal charm holds a wreath of golden leaves over Pittsburg's head; there is a burst of dark vapor under his feet, which rolls off to the extreme left in a reddish-gray cloud in curious harmony with the general tones of the side gallery down which you look at it; and the beauty and grace of the four or five larger figures nearest the knight are quite admirable. On a clear day the paintings are very well lit by the great square skylight in the centre of the hall, the upper parts being very slightly in shadow though so close under the ceiling, the reflected light from the polished marbles apparently keeping them evenly illuminated; by artificial light they become somewhat more luminous, the gray columns in front somewhat darker, the yellowish marbles of the walls somewhat warmer. The more electric lights turned on, the more brilliant the great picture becomes, until, when the lofty hall is completely lit up, it seems to open on the spectator as a real vision of aerial splendor. In conception, design and color, it would be difficult to imagine a figure decoration that would seem to grow more naturally out of the architecture and more successfully to complete it.

The theme of all this great monumental painting being triumphal, it followed naturally that in the Labor panels, and those of the People, as we may call them, as well as in the more frankly symbolic and ideal ones, there should not appear unduly the poverty of humanity—the sordidness, the hopelessness, which, according to some of the not unimportant contemporary European schools of literature and art, are its distinguishing qualities, "the bitter joy of sorrow and of sacrifice," "*la mélancolie et le deuil modernes*." Demagogic, and not philanthropic, these preachings present mortality as only ugly, poor and desperate. Even in the so-called decorative arts these uncouth theories have prevailed. From his previous work, it would appear that the Pittsburg painter has always had something of an instinct that the ugly is not meant for his art; in these continuous panels of Labor these stripped and swarthy workers work unrebellious and without discontent noble or otherwise—rather with a fine, impersonal, dispassionate ardor, much as we may

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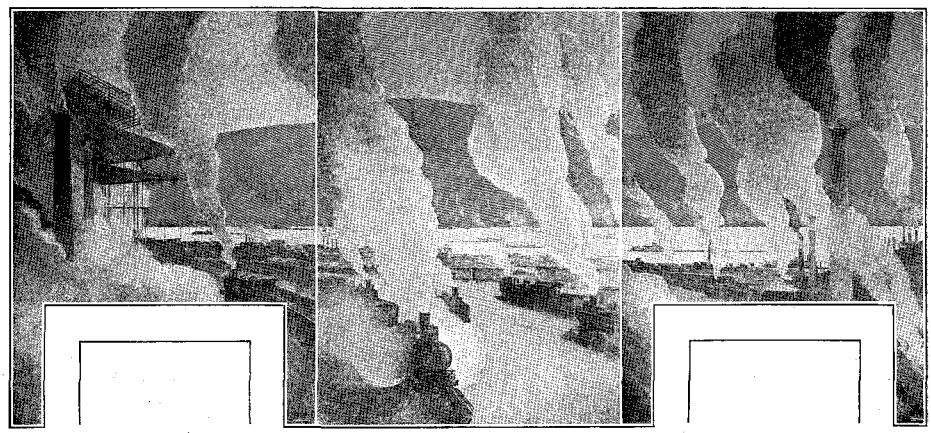

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One of two groups of panels on the third floor representing industrial Pittsburg. Each group is about fifty feet long.

imagine Vulcan's immortal smiths to have hammered out the Olympian thunderbolts. Time and fatigue are not for them; in a bigger world than this, unhampered by earthy and material limitations, they master iron and fire. This, it seems to us, is the true theory of decoration—to present the real sublimated, as it were. Art, decorative art at least, should be neither bitter, cynical nor despairing, neither statistical, pathological, minatory nor too purely intellectual, but rather inspired by that "faculty of electing the moments and the localities most propitious for the evocation of the *au-delà*."

In carrying out this very large work, with its very considerable amount of manual labor, Mr. Alexander has had no assistants —this being stipulated in the original contract, from an intelligent care that the individual expression of the work, from end to end, should be quite undisturbed—and he has wrought in methods somewhat different from those usually employed by mural painters. He makes no preliminary studies or sketches, no careful drawings of bits of drapery, of models nude, partly draped, completely furnished, no carefully finished compositions in black and white, before touching color. This, perhaps, is partly theory, partly temperament—it is not outside the experience of most painters that the spirit, the *élan*, of the first study somehow frequently evaporates when this figure, or group, comes to be transferred to the final canvas, or wall. The fine old academical recipe of a much-labored, Davidian rendering of the whole composition in carefully executed anatomical studies before the introduction of any accessories whatever, while insuring the correct drawing of the figures, presents the working disadvantage of necessitating many changes, sometimes of the elimination of entire figures, when the garments, furniture, architecture or landscape are put in. Other composers are able to see their future picture—sometimes very distinctly, and frequently better than it ever is after—behind their closed eyelids, like Mrs. Browning's "Poet." Mr. Alexander, on the contrary, sits down empty-handed before his great panel of white canvas and looks at it, for hours if necessary; finally, with a piece of charcoal tied to the end of a long rod, he suddenly draws a line upon it, anywhere, and in any direction. This is presently supplemented by another, somewhere else or in conjunction with the first; then come various strokes, suggestions of forms, embryos of things, and with the composition in this very rudimentary stage the charcoal is discarded, the model summoned, mounted upon his or her stage, frequently a lofty one, generally draped, and painted *à premier coup* on the basis of the most important of these guiding lines. The first figure, thus summarily brought into existence, is followed after a certain lapse of time by another, and then by another, each suggesting its attendant, or supplement, or corollary, until the final grouping appears, and this group, thus carefully created, partly self-created as it were, but very seldom needs revision.

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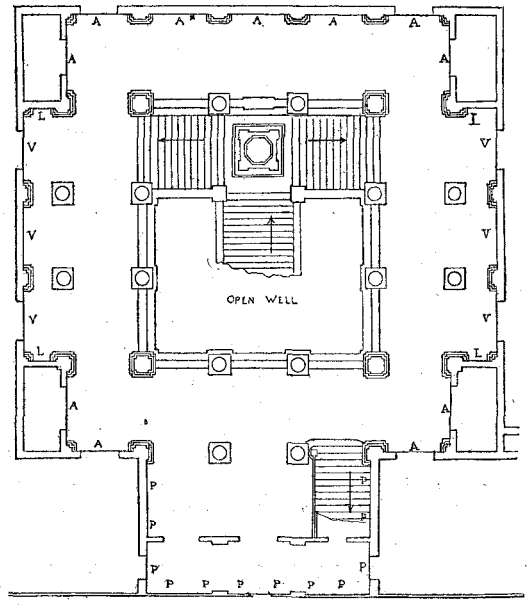
For the long frieze of the Populace, or the People, or Humanity (the painter himself has no name for it), the first lines, long horizontal ones, indicated the continuous crests of breaking waves, here swelling in uninterrupted procession, here curling over in foam, here broken by intervals, and, following the suggestions of these lines appear the various heads of the multitude, mounting and falling but ever moving on. A sudden accent is marked by a head of greater importance, nearer the foreground; the bodies necessarily attached to these heads complete the wave movement, and if the body is too long, or declines to follow the required movement, it is interrupted by another head, or arm, or accessory. As the preliminary charcoal line was very carefully thought out (or, seen), the rhythm, the structural unity, the continuous movement of the whole, is preserved and makes itself felt. In no more ingenious way could this very varied multitude have been kept in the necessary harmony and fitness of things. In this crowded frieze the figures, we believe, were largely put in in color before the models were called upon. To insure the unchanging permanence of these paintings no medium was used but benzine—which, for a number of years, this artist has employed in all his paintings—and this only for the preliminary laying in. The finishing is done in pure color, specially ground for him and containing but little oil. Care is also taken to avoid lumps, ever so slight. After the canvases have been placed on their final wall, and are thoroughly dry, they are varnished, and the colors, thus locked in, are treated to a thin coating of dissolved beeswax, which can be cleaned without injuring them. The smoothness of surface was considered as very important in preventing the lodging of dust through the ages; but since the adoption, and the enforcement, of rigid anti-soft-coal-smoke ordinances Pittsburg has lost her claim to be called the Smoky City.



Plan of the second floor.

A shows the position of the eleven panels of the Apotheosis.
L shows the position of the four panels of Labor.
P shows the position of the twelve panels of the People (*third floor*).
V shows the position of views over cities and river.
X shows the position of figure of Pittsburg.
The four panels on pages 46 and 47 are on the first floor and do not show on this diagram.

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THE COMING OF NIGHT

By Rebecca Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

THE old Professor, with Mrs. Cross, walked down the village street just as the sun was setting. The street ended on the bank of a narrow river which crept down from the hills. There was no wharf, no trading, no bustle there or anywhere. Oakford was always quiet and leisurely.

The village consisted of a small sectarian college, to which the sons of the poor farmers of the neighborhood came to make men of themselves, and a few old houses, set back along the crooked street, each in its garden and grove of maples, which were the homes of the professors and the poor widows, who took in the students to board.

When they reached the bank the Professor motioned Mrs. Cross courteously to an old bench under a big tree. "Will you not sit down?" he said. "It is always so restful here. I like to listen to the plashing of the water——"

"Rest is not precisely the thing needed in Oakford just now," said Mrs. Cross tartly.

She did not sit down. She was a plump erect little woman, and it occurred to her companion that her trig tailor-made gown and cap, with its defiant red pompon, gave her quite a military air. Old as he was, he liked to see a woman prettily dressed. "But not like a drummer-boy—No!" he thought. His own coat and baggy trousers were faded and patched. He had worn them many years, but it never in his life had occurred to him that anybody would measure him by his clothes. The Paulls had lived in Oakford since before the Revolution. Everybody knew them for what they were—for bad or good—what had clothes to do with it?

Mrs. Cross had come to the town only a year ago. Her husband was prospecting for oil through Western Pennsylvania. She was one of the women who expect to give the world a big boost upward before they have done with it. Her especial work at home in New England had been civic reform. Always used to act with and through clubs, she found it hard to stand alone here. "The Oakford people," she wrote home, "were born finished and content with their finishing." She had done her best to waken them, to drag them into some great upward movement of the age. She had applied to a well-known philanthropist for money for a free library. He promised her enough for the building (with his name over the door), but the towns-people would not agree to give the books. She then with his consent used the money to build and furnish a Home for Aged Men (with his name over the door). "If we can shut up the worn-out human lumber out of sight," she thought, "perhaps the young people will begin to do something to justify their right to live."

So far only two rooms in the home were filled. The towns-people raised money enough to take old Sam Darrah and Jim Paine out of the county almshouse and put them into it. "Men of too good birth," they said, "to herd with paupers."

After all her unselfish efforts this lack of success in the Home exasperated Mrs. Cross. Her husband had finished his work and they were going home in a day or two, not to return. She hated to be balked by the stupidity of these people in her effort to help them. As she walked back through the village with the Professor, she scanned the old man's face keenly.

She suddenly saw a way to ensure success to the Home through him. Her face grew scarlet. No! It wasn't delicate or seemly! But she braced herself, watching him sharply as he talked. Heaven knows she had nothing to gain by it.

No doubt, he was failing. His eyes had a watery, senile gleam. Sometimes he forgot to finish a sentence.

She went to work.

"I wish I could put new blood into this town!" she said.

The old man laughed. "No, we don't

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keep step with the procession, I suppose," he said cheerfully. "But do we want to?"

"Look at this main street," continued Mrs. Cross without heeding him. "The old houses, poked back into the damp among bushes and trees—and this open gutter overgrown with dandelions and star weed. You all call it a picturesque feature. If I had the money I'd start some kind of a factory here, and I'd build a row of neat little dwellings with nice tin roofs for the hands! I'd soon put life into the place, I tell you. I'll talk to some of my friends who have capital—they could bring a branch railway. It may be done yet!"

"Factories—Hands?" gasped the old man. "No, we've never had that kind of thing. I suppose these houses do look mean to you. But you see the college is poor—the salaries always have been very small. The professors built their homes, most of us with our own hands. I did all the carpenter's work on mine. I was a strong young fellow then. It was a good job, a first-rate job, too, if I do say it. My wife—" he stopped. He could not tell this strange woman how Jenny had painted and papered and what fun they had over it all. "I planted these big maples myself," he continued, "and I laid out that garden—forty years ago."

He stopped again, suddenly. He could not tell her of the hard years after Jenny died, when he tried to be father and mother both to the boys. They were sickly lads. Doctors and drugs ran away with money fast. There were years when he had never tasted meat. If it had not been for that little potato patch yonder he would have starved.

He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. "It's growing quite warm," he said.

"But on the whole, Doctor, you had a successful life?" she persisted, smiling up at him.

"Certainly, Madam, certainly. My boys grew up healthy men. One, as you know, is now an instructor in the college, and the other a physician. We all nest together yonder in the old house, and I am sure they love it as much as I do. I don't believe anything would induce them to alter it or to live anywhere else."

"I can't understand how anybody can spend affection on a house!" interrupted Mrs. Cross testily. "I require that my home shall have the best plumbing and every modern convenience. Then I am satisfied with it. But as for love——!"

The old man looked at her wistfully for a moment. "Well, well," he said gently. "We are not all built alike, you know."

"No. And so you all herd together. And one of your sons is married? And has children?"

He bowed, but again looked curiously at her. Little Molly, he thought, would not have asked so many questions. Molly was the little daughter who had died when she was but two years old. He and her mother always had loved her more perhaps than the boys, and they had fallen into the habit of measuring other girls by their little child who was gone out of sight for a while, but who was always near them.

He looked critically at his companion as they walked, smiling to himself. "No, Molly never would ask a question that hurt. She was not like this person in any way," he thought complacently.

Mrs. Cross, on her part, was scanning the old man's face again keenly. Undoubtedly, he was failing. There were signs of dotage. In all probability his children felt him to be a dead-weight on them and would be glad to be rid of him. She had once seen his chamber in the Paull home, and its old mahogany furniture. She would willingly herself pay the three hundred for it which would admit him to the Home. The bedstead alone would bring double that sum in Boston. And when Doctor Paull was once an inmate of the Home, all the other worn-out old people in Oakford would crowd into it. Her work would then not be in vain.

"Did it ever occur to you, Doctor," she said abruptly, "how much harder the conditions of life are upon young married people now than they were on you? Your sons, for example. Their incomes, I imagine, are not much larger than yours was at their age, while the rates of living have trebled and quadrupled, and there are a hundred demands on them every year for outlays of which you never heard."

"I have not heard them complain," the old Professor said calmly.

"No, of course not. You would be the last one to whom they would talk of the load which they are struggling to carry."

There was a short silence. The old man

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was frowning and glancing around him uncertainly.

"In my part of the country," said Mrs. Cross resolutely, "a large number of old people of small means go into Homes. It is the just, reasonable course. Their work is done. They are a heavy weight upon their children. In the Homes they are comfortable, properly fed, according to the best hygienic rules; in case of sickness are furnished with drugs and medical aid, and when they die, if necessary, are buried respectably without cost to their families. In the meantime the young folk are set free to work for themselves and the world. That is just. Why, in their strongest and most useful years should their houses and their lives be cluttered with a lot of helpless old men and women waiting to be nursed through their dotage? It's a shame! An outrage!"

The old man stopped short and looked at her. The blood had slowly ebbed out of his face, his chin quivered.

"You mean—?" he said.

"Yes, yes. Don't be worried, my dear sir! It isn't so tragic a thing. Quite an every-day matter with us. Come back here to this bench. I'll explain it to you."

The explanation was long; the old college clock struck six before they came out again from the shadow of the trees. Mrs. Cross, in the light, looked anxiously into the old man's face and then began to tug excitedly at her gloves. The Doctor had made no answer to her arguments. He had listened in absolute silence. When she turned to go up the street, he followed her.

"No, no! I beg of you, Doctor. I need no escort. One could run all over Oakford at midnight with perfect safety."

"Probably. But you must allow me to attend you, Madam. It grows too dark, I think, for a lady to be abroad alone."

He walked beside her in silence for a while. And then spoke of nothing but of a flurry of snow which had fallen in the morning.

"Good-night," she said briskly, when they reached her door. "You will send me your decision to-morrow, sir? And you will keep in mind my offer about the mahogany?"

The Doctor bowed, looking at her as through a mist, and then turned to go down the street again.

Mrs. Cross, in writing to her husband that evening, touched but lightly on this matter. James was a dull man of business and did not always sympathize fully in her benevolent enthusiasms.

"I feel that I have finished my stint in Oakford," she wrote, "and shall be quite ready to go back to our routine work at home. Nothing short of a cataclysm would waken these people to any mental or spiritual effort. The Home, however, promises to be a partial success. Dr. Paull, who belongs to one of the most prominent families here, will go into it to-morrow, and I have no doubt that his example soon will be followed by the other useless old men and women who are now dead-weights on their families. At least in that effort to uplift this community, I shall not have worked in vain."

She closed and directed the letter with a complacent smile, remembering that in dealing with the old man she had used a little skilful trickery. His sons, it happened, were both absent from town to-day. When they returned he would be snugly settled in the Home. They probably would protest a little for form's sake, but no doubt at heart would thank her for relieving them of their burden.

"With a people so sluggish, one must use decision—not reason," she thought, nodding her head with an air of finality, and honestly feeling herself to be a sort of archangel sent out to deal with the souls of men.

Old Doctor Paull just then had shut himself into his own room and locked the door. He sat motionless in the dark corner a while. He knew that he was there to make a great decision about something that concerned his whole life. But that queer blur had come into his head that bothered him sometimes lately—a strange torpor coming from outside foreign to himself. He could not remember just what the question was——

Both of his sons had gone on business to the county-seat, and would not be back until the next evening. Frederica, his son Tom's wife, was at some quilting or other woman's party. She was a gay, cordial little woman and loved fun. Usually, when he and the children were thus left alone together, they made a regular frolic of the evening, called the supper a party, told stories and played games in which they always made Grandpa "It." That might

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require him to crow or bark or go on his hands and knees around the room, but they meant it for a high distinction. Frederica, wishing to make the old man happier, had named one of her daughters for his little child who was gone. He made an idol of the little girl. But he still called her Mary. He could not give her that other name.

Just now she and her sister came up the stairs calling him. He put his hand to his mouth glancing at the door. "Hush, hush, they'll think I've gone out," he whispered.

Undoubtedly, he was failing.—Page 59.

The little girls beat at the door. "Come play, Grandpa," Mary cried, "we're tired waiting; we've got to go to bed in two minutes, Grandpa."

But he did not move. His eyes grew wet and he hardly could get his breath. "I won't go out," he said. They kicked at the door a while, and then, suddenly finding that they were in the dark, turned crying and ran to the stairs.

What was this frenzy of horror and fright which was new to him? He was conscious of it, and thought it was no doubt due to that senile decay of which Mrs. Cross had talked to him so fluently.

"Weakness is a symptom inseparable from your age, my dear sir," she said cheerfully. "We have Holy Writ for that, you know. 'The grinders shall cease, and the keepers of the house shall tremble.'

"It is an inexorable fact of Nature. I myself hardly hope to escape from it. It makes every old man and woman a dead-weight in the community. Now, is it not just that this weight should be carried by paid agents and not by those whom chance has allied to you, and who have better work to do? Surely, you see that?"

"Oh, yes. I see it. I see it!" he cried now, beating his knees with his fists. "A dead-weight! A dead-weight! I know it. I haven't earned my salt in years! But why didn't Tom tell me I ought to go? Or Joe? Why did they send that canting woman to break it to me? She said they'd be glad to find me gone to-morrow. Well, I'll be gone to-morrow."

He heard old black Sally put the children to bed and then for a moment he started out of his room as she passed. She noticed that he stood looking toward their room a long time, and that he tottered as he turned.

"Let me mix you some toddy, sir," she said. "You took no supper."

"No, Sally, nothing." He took out a

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She noticed that he stood looking toward their room.—Page 61.

gold pocket-piece which he had carried for a long time and gave it to her. "Good-by. I mean good-night," he said. Then he went back and locked himself in again.

Presently he heard Frederica come home. She stood talking with Sally a moment and then later ran up to his room and tapped lightly at the door. He kept still. He could not say good-by to her. She had been like a dear daughter to him. She tapped softly again, and then went away thinking that he was asleep.

When the house was quiet the old man put his clothes into a trunk ready to go. There was a picture over his bed, a poor faded copy of the *Ecce Homo*. Jenny had earned the money to buy that on their first Christmas day together. It had hung there ever since. It meant—only God and he knew what it meant.

He stood looking at it a long time and then turned away. Mrs. Cross had told him no pictures or luxuries of any sort could be brought into the Home.

The old man, like most miserable watchers, probably slept more than he knew through that long night, but with the first dawn he was up tottering about making ready to go. He would not go down for breakfast—he never would face Frederica and the children again. He locked and strapped his trunk and wrote on the tag, "Send to the Home for Aged Men."

Now all was finished. He had nothing more to do than to put on his overcoat and hat and go away. He had planned to go through the little room that he and Jenny had called the library. He had built that room and put up the shelves, with Jenny helping him. He looked in the door now.

"We called it the library and we had not a hundred books!" he said, and laughed aloud.

Old Sally ran out of the kitchen. "Lahs sakes, Doctah! Yoh's not goin' out wif no brekfus'. An' yoh eaten not a bite las' night! I'll hab de coffee in two minutes—" He muttered something and hurried away, the garden gate slamming behind him. "Foh grashus! De Doctah's gone mad!" she said, going back to beat her biscuit. He wandered about the silent street until the

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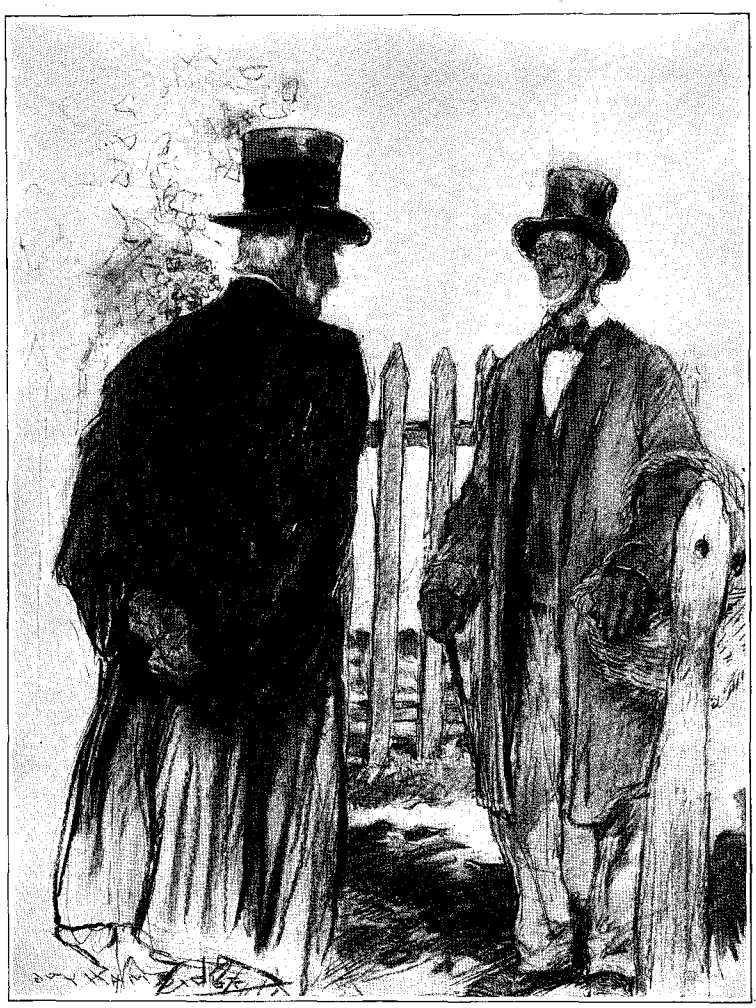
village began to waken. It seemed to him sometimes as if he were asleep. He almost forgot his name.

Presently he met Mr. Lyons, the Professor of Physics, on his way to market. The little man halted, his basket on his arm. "Ah, Doctor! You are early afoot! and his opinion always had weighed heavily in their decisions. As the little Professor hurried away to the butcher's to make sure of a good cut of beef, the Doctor stood at the corner watching him until he disappeared in the fog. He, too, used to get up early in the morning to go to Keyser's for



He met Mr. Lyons, the Professor of Physics.

Do not forget that there is a Faculty meeting to-night. Very important session, sir. We positively must come to some conclusion about that matter of secret societies."

The old Doctor was quite awake now. "You surely know my opinion on that point, Professor," he said.

As Professor Emeritus he was expected to be present at the councils of the Faculty, marketing. He used to worry about those questions before the Faculty.

But now—? Was he awake? Was he really the same man? What had happened? Had he been dead?

Then, often hesitating as he went, he found his way out of the village to a level, treeless meadow, on which stood a square frame house, glaring a hideous yellow pro-

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test in the sun against the tranquil beauty of the woods and dark winding river. Over the door in huge letters was painted "Home for Aged Men." The Doctor walked up to it and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a tall woman whose lean face and neat figure seemed to be a perpetual protest against all the disorder in the world. The old man took off his hat.

"Well, what's wanted?" she said sharply.

"I am Doctor Paull," he said.

"Ah? The new inmate? You are not expected until ten o'clock." She was about to close the door in his face, when Mrs. Cross came running down the stairs.

"Stop, Miss Wynn, stop! Admit Doctor Paull. It is not in order, but—" she caught him by the hand, smiling. "In an establishment of this kind rules must be stringent, you know. But for this once—Come in. I will show you to your chamber."

As she led him briskly to the stairs, the Doctor tottered and grew pale.

"What ails him?" said Miss Wynn. "I hope I am not going to begin with an invalid?" Miss Wynn was the experienced woman whom Mrs. Cross had brought from Connecticut to be Matron of the Home. "What ails you?" she demanded of the new inmate.

The Doctor looked up and tried to smile. "I really think I am hungry," he said. "I feel so weak. My legs—I did not eat any breakfast."

The women whispered apart. "It's quite irregular," said Miss Wynn. "But if you say so—Go to the eating room." She motioned to the old man. Mrs. Cross went forward with him, taking him kindly by the arm. She wished that Clara Wynn's manner was less abrupt. It really was not necessary to remind the inmates every moment that they were paupers! She had long been tired of the soft, kindly drawl of the Oakford people. But Clara's voice cut like a knife!

The house was scrupulously clean. The bare wooden floors were painted brown. Here and there lay an imitation Turkish rug of brilliant color. On the walls was a bright yellow paper. Almost every room boasted of a mirror and one or two chromos —all in much begilt frames. The pictures for the most part were the heads of simpering "Rosalies" or "Gladyses." Mrs. Cross had bought them all in a lot at an auction shop in Philadelphia. She waved her hand to them now complacently.

"You see, Dr. Paull! I have tried to make your new home cheerful and attractive. I am no artist, but I appreciate the beautiful wherever found. The heating arrangements, too, are perfect and very handsome. Let us have beauty as well as comfort." She pointed to the huge brass pipes for hot air in each room, and then suddenly pausing, laid her hand on them.

"The furnace is not lit, Clara!" She turned to Miss Wynn. "The house is as cold as death."

"I suppose the sun will warm it presently," said Miss Wynn placidly. "I never allow a furnace to be lighted until November the 10th, never. Order, my dear Mrs. Cross, is Heaven's first law. And mine."

Mrs. Cross reddened. "Oh, certainly. Come into the dining-room, Doctor," leading the way into a square apartment, in the middle of which stood a table covered by a pale yellow buff oil-cloth. "More pictures, you see? Colored photograph of myself," waving her hand. "My friends thought it appropriate just here—the hostess smiling and welcoming her guests. Scripture subject over the mantel-piece. Miracle of the Fishes. Multitude fed. That picture seems to me especially suitable and timely."

Miss Wynn summoned Sam Darrah and Dan Paine and placed the three old men side by side at the table. The Doctor hesitated, bowing courteously.

"Will you not be seated, Madam?" he said.

"Me? I do not eat with the inmates," snapped Miss Wynn.

"You are going to have no table-cloth nor napkins? And you use tin plates, Clara?" said Mrs. Cross.

"Certainly. For sanitary reasons. No germ can remain on metal plates if they are properly cleaned."

Before each old man she placed a thick slice of bread, a tiny pat of butter and a glass of skimmed milk. Dan Paine promptly declared that the butter was rancid. The Doctor passed it in silence and ate the dry bread. He lifted the milk to his lips, and put it down. "I am sorry," he said timidly, "but I never have been able

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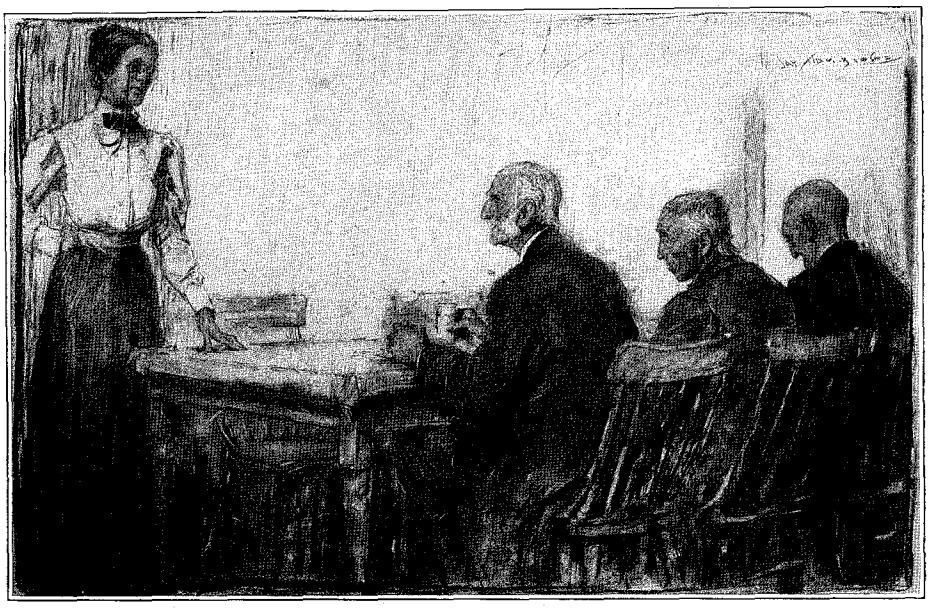

"Milk," said Miss Wynn sharply, "is the natural drink for the very young and the very old."

to drink milk. Could I have a cup of coffee or tea?"

"Milk," said Miss Wynn sharply, "is the natural drink for the very young and the very old. You must learn to drink it. Coffee and tea are stimulants. They never are served in any establishment over which I have control."

Mrs. Cross whispered something to her apart. "Certainly not!" said Miss Wynn. "They will be given four ounces of meat at midday. My rules of dietary are inexorable. They are based upon both sanitary and economic reasons. If these old men never have learned to control their appetites, it is high time that they began. And with the sum given to me to carry on this Home, I certainly cannot make a Café Delmonico out of it."

When they had finished Mrs. Cross led the way into another room. "This is the parlor for the inmates," she said. "A nice little library, you see, Doctor? My personal friends contributed to that."

The Doctor went up to the begilt little case. There were broken sets of Buffon's Natural History, Bunyan's "Holy War," a French and English dictionary with no back, and half of Miss Leslie's Cookery Book.

"I shall keep the key of the case," said Miss Wynn, "and give out the books once a week."

"And look! Here is a piano!" cried Mrs. Cross. "Presented by the Founder of the Home, Mr. X., the great American philanthropist. It is second-hand, but it can easily be put in tune."

"I'll look after that," bragged Dan Paine. "I always had a musical knack. I'll give you a tune now, eh? 'Hail Columbia'? 'Roy's Wife'? What d'ye say, Doc?"

"I shall keep the keys of the instrument, said Miss Wynn calmly, "it will be used during religious service only."

Presently Mrs. Cross led the Doctor to his chamber.

It was one of a row of narrow cell-like rooms opening on either side of the hall. The floor was bare. The walls were glaring yellow. So was the paper shade over the one window. On one side stood a narrow iron bedstead, on the other a chest of drawers. The view from the window commanded the back yard in which were a pig-pen and a cow-stable. On the door was tacked a paper on which were the hours for meals, and the Rules. One of these was: "No inmate, unless by the Doctor's directions, must lie down on his bed during the day. It and the room must be kept in perfect order at all times ready for the inspection of visitors."

There was one straight-backed chair in

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the room. The Doctor, when he was left alone, sat down upon it and looked around him. What was he to do? Nothing. There was nothing to do, to-day, or ever. He got up and looked out of the window at the pig rooting in its trough, and then sat down again. It seemed as if he had been looking at that pig for hours.

There was a queer faintness at his heart —or was it his stomach? Once he thought he smelled Sally's coffee and hot cakes. But that, too, went away. He slept awhile, nodding until he nearly fell. If he only could lie down on the bed! He sprang up thinking he heard Frederica calling him. But she was not there. He went to the window and looked out at the pig again.

After an hour there was a knock at the door. Miss Wynn stood there, with an amiable smile on her face which she always wore when on duty.

"I think it best to tell you," she said, "that a person calling herself Mrs. Paull, with two children, came to see you early this morning. I refused her admission, telling her that our rules permitted visitors only twice in the week. On Monday and Thursday afternoons. For two hours. This is Friday. I wish you also to understand the rules. It will perhaps save trouble." She went out and closed the door.

The old man lay down on the floor. He was very tired.

Then he jumped up and walked up and down. What had he to complain of? He had everything necessary for him until the end came, food and a place to sleep. Everything. He stretched out his arms. How

Came rushing in and kneeled down.—Page 67.

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empty the world was! This was old age, was it? No standing room for him among men any more.

Presently he called out aloud:

"Frederica." And after a minute, "Molly! Little Molly!"

And just then he heard doors bang below, and heavy footsteps on the stairs and Clara's shrill voice in protest, and then the door opened and a gray-haired man came rushing in and kneeled down, and took him up in his arms and hugged him, crying out, "Dad! Why, Dad!"

"Tom!" the old man cried. He had not seen tears in that boy's eyes for years. "I'm all right, Tom!"

And then Joe, the Doctor, suddenly turned up and, as usual, filled the room. Joe was a short, stout, red-headed fellow, always laughing and full of jokes. He was not laughing now. "Here! Hold him up higher, Tom. Drink this, sir. He's all right. Where are his shoes?" Then he got down on his knees and put on the shoes of course, on the wrong feet. "Good! Now you're ready. Frederica has the carry-all at the door. Yes, of course the children are with her. How did we know? She wired us and we caught the express. Now, Tom, take the other side."

They were very quiet as they drove home. The thing had been a shock to them, and they were common-place folk, not used to shocks nor given to much expression of feeling. Frederica cried quietly to herself and held the old man's lean hand tight in both of her own.

Tom watched him all the way. It never had occurred to him until now that some day he would lose his father altogether. Some day he would have to live in a world where that old man was not, and never could come again. As he thought of this all the blood went out of his rough, kind face. When they reached the house he took the Doctor in his arms and carried him to the door. He wanted to tell him how he had loved him all these years, and would care for him now as son had never cared for father before. But he only said to him to go in to the fire and eat something at once. The old man looked at him and understood. The light came to his eyes, and he held up his head and marched into the house more briskly than he had done for years.

Old Sally had a little table ready by the fire. "Sit down, sit down, sah," she ordered. "De soup's bilin' hot an' de chicken's done to a turn. Yoh must lose no time."

"That's right," cried Joe, bustling in. "Sally's the doctor you want now, Dad."

While the Doctor (and of course the children) were still busy with the chicken, Parr's hack passed, going out of town. Mrs. Cross was in the front seat, brass-buttoned jacket, red pompon and all. She cast a martial triumphant look around. Had not to-day's *Morning Press* given a full-page picture of her in her military attire with the heading in large caps, "Oakford's Foremost Lady Philanthropist leaves us to-day." Below was a sketch of her life, the facts furnished yesterday by herself to a reporter. She had ordered twenty copies of the paper to be sent to her friends in the East. After all, she was going home victorious.

The Doctor saw her pass and looked after her with a shrewd smile. Then he settled back in his big chair with the children at his feet. Frederica behind them touched some soft, low chords on the piano. Tom had brought his papers into the next room, and now and then came to the door just to nod gayly to his father. And Joe, between his patients, ran in to gossip a minute.

The story of the Doctor's kidnapping by Mrs. Cross was circulating by this time through the village. Nobody liked to intrude to-day on the old man, but one neighbor after another sent some little greeting to him; a book which they "were sure he would like," a plate of his favorite crullers, or a bunch of late chrysanthemums out of their gardens. Many of them wrote little notes full of jokes and of their affection for him. Even old Dr. Hyde, the President of the College, came limping over to bring a basket of his famous Winter pears.

It grew very still. The snow fell steadily and the fire gleamed, red and clear. Frederica's music stopped. She motioned to Tom that his father was asleep.

But the Doctor never had been more awake and alive. A strange new idea had suddenly come to him. Was this the Old Age that he had dreaded so long? It was as if he stood on a little isthmus between this world and the other, and all about him were his friends waiting for him to go away. They held out eager hands to keep him here. How kind everybody had been since he was seventy! He had not thought

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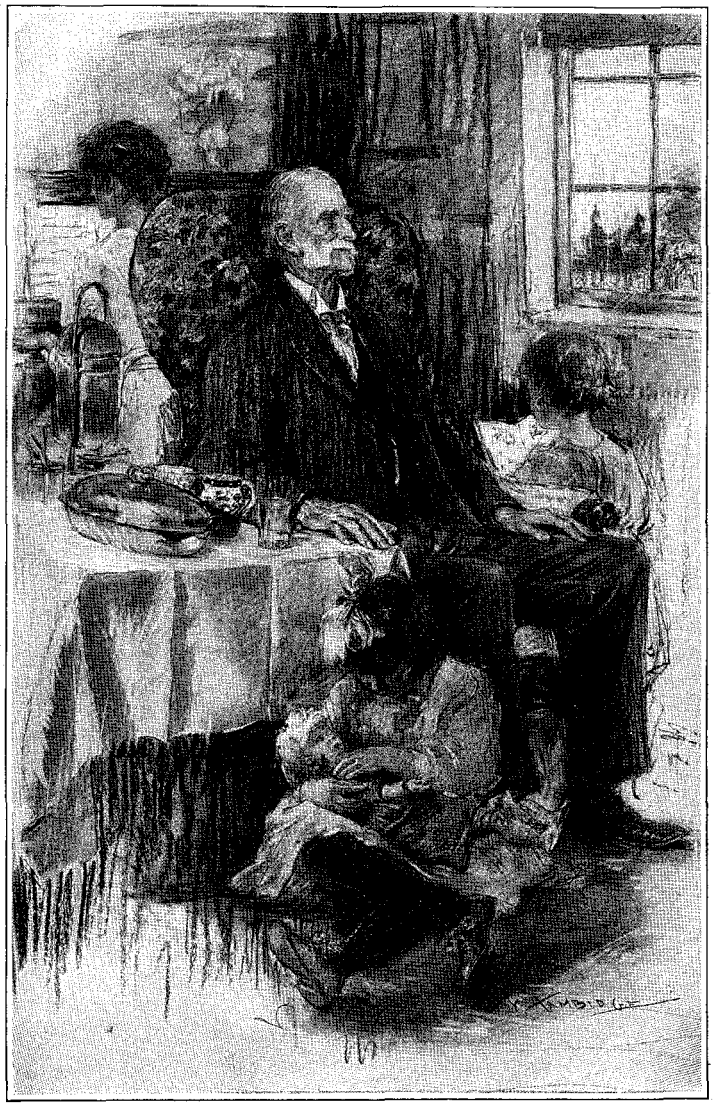

He settled back in his big chair with the children at his feet.—Page 67.

of it before, but now he remembered how during the last year or two, all the people he knew in the world had taken care of him—black and white, bad and good, just as if they were his blood kin.

Mrs. Cross?

He laughed. "Well, she *meant* it for the best," he said, making a wry face; and then thought no more about her.

For suddenly there came to him the thought of that other country to which he was going.

The old man covered his eyes with his hand. His lips moved for a long time, but he spoke no word. A great peace came slowly into his worn old face, and he began to plan little things that he could do now for Frederica and the boys and the children. "I must go to work at once," he thought, "for the time here is short!"

The snow fell steadily all afternoon, and the fire glowed red and warm. As the old Doctor sat and thought over his little plans, the world seemed to him only a big friendly home, and the world beyond death, which he had feared so much, just another, more friendly and more real.

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POE

By W. C. Brownell

THERE is no more effective way of realizing the distinction of Poe's genius than by imagining American literature *without* him. One is tempted to add there is no other way. It is in the historic rather than in the critical estimate that his eminence appears. It owes more to its isolation than to its quality. He was extremely individual, the entire character of his mind and nature is acutely, almost painfully, certainly perversely, personal; but his originality appears chiefly in relief against the background of his environment. His figure acquires outline and edge from its contrast with the prevailing Philistine screen which he sedulously placed behind it and on which he made it the business of his life to cast the sharpest possible shadow. There is a whole literature of revolt in older countries. Our only Ishmael is Poe. But if not unprecedented in the history of letters, he was sufficiently salient among us, and the fact that so generally his hand was against every man accentuated his individuality in the natural course of apology and polemic.

The established was with us still the moral and the didactic. Poe's antagonism instinctively inclined him to art. He is in fact the solitary artist of our elder literature. This is his distinction and will remain such. Hawthorne is in a degree a rival, but in form rather than in *fond*, as his addiction to allegory attests, and in any case his puritan pre-occupation with the moral forces invalidates his purely æsthetic appeal. Poe's art was unalloyed. It was scrupulously devoid, at any rate, of any aim except that of producing an effect, and generally overspread if only occasionally clothed with the integument of beauty. As such it was in America at the time an exotic. His great service to his country is in a word the domestication of the exotic. Color, rhythm, space, strangeness were his "reals"; they fascinated his mind and took possession of his else unoccupied soul. In the large sense thus his art is in strictness to be called exotic rather than original. French, German, English romanticism had preceded him. In the matter of literary phase, his most convinced admirer and most thorough-going apologist observes that he came at the close of an epoch, he did not introduce one. But in his hands the method and even the material that he adopted resulted in a very striking body of work, which still has the compactness and definition of a monument. Incarnated in the vivid forms his pronounced individuality imagined, illustrated by the energy of his genius, the spirit of romanticism entered the portals of our literature and illuminated its staid precincts to the end of variety at the very least. Whatever her responsibility for the subsequent riot there, her vivifying influence is clear, and for it we are indebted to Poe.

II

THE artist, by definition, exercises his activity in exclusive concentration on his effect. In so far as his attention swerves from that he modifies his distinctive attitude. Poe's never wandered a moment, even in his poetry. Now the effect in poetry is largely a matter of technic, and a great deal of poetry is naturally over-valued, because it answers the technical test; because, in short, it sounds well. In the first place its technic is so difficult that, when it is achieved with any distinction, when, so to speak, it is "pulled off" at all, it is rewarded with at least the temporary appreciation that inevitably rewards the *tour de force*. Much of the admiration of Poe's poetry is of this kind. Much of his poetry itself can be admired in no other way. Moreover, the technic of poetry is so multifarious, so full of possibilities, so capable of producing pleasure by mere rhyme and rhythm, that for many readers at all times and for all readers at some times its content is lost sight of. English literature has a wonderful example of this in Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne is incomparable, but Poe has something—a tithe—of the same richness of rhythmic resource,

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though his numbers are artificial at times and at times tenuous to a degree that removes them from even superficial classification with the opulent spontaneity and splendor of the English poet's diction. They are, too, more exclusively, as well as less richly, technical, leaning thus all the more heavily on technic. And his technic, being thus the main factor of Poe's verse, lacks a little the native felicity only to be secured by keeping its true relative position. Forced out of its proper subordination it loses its grace as a contributing element of a larger entity. It instead of the subject being the poet's main concern, its theoretic quality becomes obvious. It acquires a positively notional air with Poe at times—the air of illustrating the notions of his negligible "Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle." Its resources seem devices. Every effect seems due to an expedient. The repetend and the refrain are reliances with him—not instrumental but thematic. At least they constitute rather than create the effect—which has therefore something otiose and perfunctory about it.

Technic of all sorts interested Poe tremendously. He had what might be called the technical temperament—a variety perhaps more familiar than widely recognized. It is the temperament that delights in terminology, labels, little boxes and drawers, definitions, catalogues, categories, all ingeniously, that is to say, mechanically, apposite and perfectly rigid. It illustrates the passion for order run to seed—activity of mind avoiding the drudgery of thought by definiteness of classification. Manner being more susceptible of classification than matter, how the thing is done interests it more than the thing itself. Such a temperament on larger lines than common, with a certain sweep as well as system, Poe possessed. It rose to the pitch of positive genius with him. He pondered, himself, and lectured his contemporaries on how literature should be written, how a tale should be presented, how a poem should be built up. His criticism is largely, almost exclusively, technical. He pursued it quite in the detective spirit. His review of "Barnaby Rudge," of which to Dickens's amazement he divined the dénouement, is worthy of M. Dupin and is historic. His long criticisms of Cooper and Hawthorne are craftsman's criticism. And as such they are extraordinarily good. They contrast refreshingly with the general run of literary praise and blame in his day—and in ours—in being specific, pointed and competent, and avoiding the vague, the sentimental and the commonplaces of moralizing, though of course they have none of the over-tones, so to say, of either culture or philosophic depth that enrich criticism as well as give it a creative value. His own craftsmanship considered strictly as such is excellent. He proceeds with perfect self-possession and deliberation, and there is this to be said for his philosophizings about it, that at least they disclosed his own method and show conclusively that his art was an art of calculation and not the spontaneous expression of a weird and gruesome genius that it seems to so many upon whom it produces its carefully prepared effect.

His theory of poetry is stated within his account of the composition of "The Raven," which is as a whole probably in no better faith than the anonymously published editorial reference to the poem that accompanied it on its appearance. Both are mystifications which if "The Raven" were finer would tend to vulgarize it, and are only saved by being possibly derisory from being actually as risible as Mrs. Browning found the poem itself. But the theory advocated and illustrated by Poe is undoubtedly as sincere as his perverse pursuit of originality at any cost and his temperamental revolt against what is staple and standard, not to speak of what is classic, would permit. It is briefly that poetry has absolutely nothing to do with truth (to which he had an intellectual repugnance), that it is concerned solely with beauty (which he does not define, but assumes, in opposition to more conventional opinion from Plato to Keats, to be absolutely divorced from truth), and that its highest expression is the note of sadness—the sadder the better. Of these notions only the last need arrest attention. It is true that the most perfect beauty has often the note of sadness. The reason probably resides rather in its effect than in its constitution, being largely the recipient's subjective appreciation reacting even in, or especially in, the presence of perfection which contrasts so bitterly with

> "The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world."

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But it is not true that this is always the case. Who is to decide, for example, between the "Ode to a Nightingale" and the "Ode on Immortality"? Poe's theory, however, and its elaborate working out, involve the inference that "The Raven" is a finer poem than either, since Wordsworth's ode is actually joyous and the idea of "The Raven" on the other hand sadder than anything in Keats's. He proves it by *a* plus *b*. Of all melancholy topics, he says, death is the most melancholy; it is most poetical when it allies itself with beauty; "the death then of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world."

Any force his theory might abstractly be supposed to have, assuredly evaporates in his illustrative exposition of it, and "The Raven" is certainly superior to either. But two things are made perfectly clear by such theorizing: one, that the theorist is primarily not a poet but an artist—concerned, not with expression but effect, that is to say; and, the other, that he is not a natural but an eccentric artist, since sadness voluntary and predetermined is artificial and morbid. The poem itself—undoubtedly Poe's star performance—confirms these inductions. It is not a moving poem. It has, as Mrs. Browning herself admitted, a certain power, but it is such power as may be possessed by the incurable dilettante coldly caressing a morbid mood. To be moving melancholy must be temperamental. Even a mood will not suffice. Whatever injustice is done its real genesis by Poe's farrago about it, "The Raven" is in conception and execution exceptionally cold-blooded poetry. But, distinctly on the plane of artifice, it is admirable art. Less remarkable as a pure *tour de force* in linguistic luxuriance than the extraordinary "Bells," which in its way is quite unparalleled, it is nevertheless a noteworthy technical achievement. Its rhythms and rhymes are more than clever, and, together with the recurrent accent of the refrain, combine in the production of a sustained tone and effect of totality, which may almost be said to epitomize Poe's genius.

Both "The Raven" and "The Bells" have enjoyed an enormous popularity among readers impressionable by effects and insensitive to distinctions, and their poetic strain has not saved them from being the natural prey of the professional elocutionist—also an elaborate technician in his more or less humble fashion. Poe's more personal verse has less interest. Some of it deserves Stoddard's verdict of "doggerel," for where his own work, verse or prose was concerned he had no standard. The lines "For Helen," written when he was a boy, are not only astonishingly precocious but charming, far better than those "For Annie," written when he had matured and for the most part overlaid his inspiration with artistry and encrusted it with technic. "Ulalume" is the genuinely poetic poem of his maturity, and in it one feels the sincerity which is latent in the most artificial and abnormal natures—a sincerity indeed that throws into exceptional relief the element of artifice in Poe's art and seems itself in the shadow that perhaps befits remorse, behind the apparatus of repetend and empty assonance that tries the reader's nerves. Even here one feels the aptness of Emerson's bland reference to him as "the jingle man," and notes the artist rather than the poet and the technician rather than the artist. In any case the volume of his verse is so slight as to confine his claim to its quality, and its quality is hardly such as to place him very high up on the fairly populous slopes of Parnassus where there is more competition than he met with in his lifetime. Competition is fatal to Poe. His cue was distinctly to function outside of it, and he was wise to cultivate originality at any price.

III

As a technician his most noteworthy success is the completeness of his effect. He understood to perfection the value of tone in a composition, and tone is an element that is almost invaluable. In this respect he has no American and few foreign rivals. All of his writings attest his supreme comprehension of it—prose as well as poetry, the ablest and the most abject. Such rubbish as "The Duc de l'Omelette," with its galvanic rictus of false but sustained gaiety; such elaborate and hollow solemnity as the parable "Shadow," which ends, however, on a note of real pith and dignity; such a crazy-quilt of tinsel as "The Assignation," all have this unifying quality which makes

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art of them. His very deficiency in the qualities usually present in the romance-writer and absolutely vital in romance of a high order, enabled him to cultivate his own special excellences the more exclusively. Many of the tales are tone and nothing else —not even tone of any particular character, but a reticulation of relations merely in admirable unison. The false note is the one falsity he eschewed. Tinkling feet on a tufted carpet is nonsense, but it is not a false note in the verbal harmony of the artificial "Raven." In "The Cask of Amontillado" the tone is like the click of malignant castanets. And in "The Fall of the House of Usher" it reaches Poe's climax of power—a diapason of gloom, wholly voluntary, and ending none too soon perhaps, but maintained to the end with the success of a veritable *tour de force*. What on the other hand he did not understand was modulation. He has no variety. Probably he realized this limitation and confined himself almost wholly in prose to the short story, grotesquely prescribing, too, one hundred lines as the limit of a poem. A novel by Poe is inconceivable, and would be even if he had had the feeling for character and the human interest that the novel demands. This is partly because he lacked sustained power and the larger art of organization and dynamic development, but it is also due to the monotony which results probably from the predominance and prolongation of the mood, which makes it so easy for him to secure tone.

Thus he achieves atmosphere, but an atmosphere which is less the envelope than the content of his work, and which so enwraps the detail as to blend its accents and minimize the force of such variety as it has. Nothing takes place in "The Fall of the House of Usher" that is not trivial and inconclusive compared with its successful monotone, its atmosphere of lurid murk and disintegrating gloom. And as a consequence of this inversion of the normal artistic relations of content and envelope, I must say I think that here, where we have Poe at his best, he refuses us all satisfaction that lies beyond the scope of purely scenic art. In this one respect "The Cask of Amontillado" is better. It too is most remarkable artistically for its tone, the cascade of brilliant chatter that sustains its suspense. But it contains some psychology, devilish rather than human to be sure, and therefore as usual ringing false, but imaginatively thrilling in its malignity, though its monstrousness is rendered somewhat insipid by the perversity and characteristic inadequacy of its motive. And it has a situation both moral and material, and a rapidly conducted, however meagre, action. But even these two tales as they stand do not take their author out of the rank of the purely scenic artist, comparatively high as they may place him within it. The truth is that no writer of anything approaching Poe's ability has been content to remain in this rank.

There is unquestionable power in his best tales, but it is a repellent power. In fact, his most characteristic limitation as an artist is the limited character of the pleasure he gives. He has a perverse instinct for restricting it to that produced by pain. Pain and pleasure have no doubt an equivalent æsthetic sanction. Metaphysically they are sometimes indeed difficult to distinguish, desire, for example, which superficially classes itself as pleasure, being probably pain in reality. The discussion of such a question would have delighted Poe, but it is unnecessary to quarrel with the legitimacy of painful effects in art—in which as in life no doubt, as Mrs. Browning declared, "pain is not the fruit of pain" —in order to appreciate the perversity of Poe's practice in this regard. The production of pain is with him an end, not a means to the production of pleasure. His design is, crassly, to wring the withers of our sensoriums.

In the most characteristic of his writings this motive is exactly that of the fat boy in "Pickwick" who announced to his easily thrilled auditors that he was going to make their flesh creep. To accomplish this result, however, is more difficult than to announce it, unless one deals with an altogether higher order of material than Poe's and is possessed of an altogether different order of powers. The element of awe is not, of course, in question, for Poe had no awe, and there is no need to cite more august examples than that of Victor Hugo, for instance, to remind ourselves by contrast of the difference between the flesh-creeping effects produced by a master and those obtained by a charlatan who addresses not in the least the mind but ex-

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clusively the nerves. His success in accomplishing his desired effect at all events is fatally compromised, usually, in two ways: his motive is too plain and his means too primitive. He makes his motive so plain not only by its constant undisguised and obvious recurrence, but by actual profession (see "The Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle" for example), as to defeat its own end. It is impossible to meet half-way an artist whose efforts to surprise, shock, startle you are all the while in full sight. He must perforce forego the unconscious reciprocity of concern that is the essence of appreciation. A writer who declares at every turn, as the inveteracy of Poe's practice, his constant harping on the string of "horror," declares, that he is "going to make your flesh creep," fails in his attempt. In the face of such an announcement any flesh at all jaded by the extravagances of romanticism remains stationary. In the case of some of Poe's stories, in fact, positive paralysis ensues in the face of almost hysterical efforts on his part at galvanism; "The Pest," for instance. For this carnomaniac purpose, too, his means are as primitive as his motive is plain. He can certainly produce his effect when the material he treats is of a nature to produce it in any one's hands. The subject itself of "The Premature Burial" is full of horror and can be trusted to come home to the imagination of the reader under any treatment of it. So with the idea of being walled up alive, as presented in "The Cask of Amontillado." So also with the situation in "The Pit and the Pendulum." But in most instances it may certainly be said that one does not get enough pain out of Poe to receive any great amount of pleasure from him.

He carries his "unscrupulousness" very far indeed—much farther than even in Arnold's estimation Kinglake could be said to! In fact, if throughout his work you feel the artist, you also feel the artistic liar. He is the avatar of the type—a type tolerably well-known in a multitude of examples from Mandeville to Münchausen, and establishing perhaps through its mere existence (if anything could) the absence of any necessary connection between art and truth. Truth stood between him and originality. It irked him equally in pursuing the egregious, in which he delighted, and in eluding the commonplace, which he abhorred. The esoteric attracted and the ecumenical repelled him. He was fascinated by the false as Hawthorne was by the fanciful. He was, as Henri Martin said of the Celt, "always in revolt against the despotism of fact." He was an artist in whom the great purpose of art, making the unreal appear real, became the end of making the false appear true. At this flagitious game he evinced the superior cleverness of the children of this world. Nowhere is his skill more noteworthy than in securing verisimilitude for the improbable, the incredible, one of the most obvious of his expedients being the auto-biographical form, which he uses almost invariably, and which, when the material is extraordinary, gives the color of plausibility.

But the same fondness for the false appears in his occasional inversion of the process whereby the truth is made to seem incredible—marvellous beyond belief, "too good to be true," in a word, but true all the same. Here of course the falsity of effect merely takes the place of falsity of material. It was all one to Poe, provided he satisfied his passion for mystification. The shortest road to producing the sensational effect that alone he sought is to controvert the established order, and for that road, apart from its being the line of least resistance, he had a native affinity. The effect he aimed at being exclusively a sensational effect, he could best secure it by falsifying his material and thus circumventing the reader's tranquillity of expectation. The fact that such sensation is valueless was of no concern to a philosopher who attached value to sensation as such and to sensation only. Hence he devoted the powers of an extraordinary intellect to producing what is to the intellect of next to no interest. The abnormal, in its various manifestations, the sinister, the diseased, the deflected, even the disgusting, were his natural theme. He could not conceive the normal save as the commonplace for which he had apparently the "horror" he would have liked to inspire in others by the presentation of the eccentric. Dread of the commonplace, as was pointed out centuries ago by a far otherwise penetrating critic than Poe, is fatal to the sublime. And there is assuredly no sublimity in Poe.

Yet the tales of horror and those of the

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weird and the fantastic probably stand in the widest popular estimate as especially characteristic. And it is true that it is of these one thinks when one speaks of a Poe story. They have, many of them, the evil eminence that wilful morbidity lends to the production of its votaries of genius, and except for the effect on the nerves which a few of them are able to produce on "suggestible" sensoriums, they hold their place among other writings of a similar sort—there are none precisely like them because of their meagreness—chiefly on account of their scenic quality. More has been claimed for the "tales of ratiocination," as they are called. Writers before Poe have "grovelled in the ghastly and wallowed in the weird" with considerable effect, if with an art inferior to his. But he has been called the inventor of the detective story, and thus decorated with a badge of unique distinction in the hierarchy of literature. It is always difficult to assign with certainty to any individual the invention of a literary or plastic genre. "Doubtless Homer had his Homer," remarks Thoreau. M. Dupin was certainly preceded by Zadig, and Voltaire is said to have invented "Zadig" after reading an Oriental prototype. And even ascribing to Poe the invention of the detective story, the lover of literature may justly exclaim, "*la belle affaire!*" and feel disposed rather to charge than to credit him with it. However, to start or even accelerate a literary current of magnitude, whatever its merit, is an accomplishment so rare as to be noteworthy on that account alone. Moreover, strictly as regards "ratiocination," Poe excelled if he did not invent. In this respect "The Gold Bug" is probably an unsurpassed masterpiece; a masterpiece, at any rate—which is no doubt eulogy enough, though M. Lemaitre's characterization of Maupassant as "*à peu près irréprochable dans un genre qui ne l'est pas*," is certainly applicable to it. So in a less degree is "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." "The Purloined Letter" is decidedly inferior and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt" quite unworthy the inventor of the detective story. In "The Purloined Letter" the effect of M. Dupin's contemptuousness dominates that of his skill, and in "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt" the arrogance of the author is destructive of all interest in a tale that is also otherwise tedious. When Poe's personality comes to the surface the effect is always unpleasant, and it is the absence of temperamental color that gives an agreeable relief to such exhibitions of his purely intellectual activity as "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; just as among his weird and fantastic tales the best are those in which there are the most evidences of his art and the fewest of his disposition.

Even in his poorer work, even in his poorest, the workmanship is always the best element. It is poor enough in some of them, but in such tales as "Four Beasts in One," "Loss of Breath," "The Man that was Used Up," "Never Bet the Devil Your Head," in fact, almost all the "tales of extravaganza and caprice," there is assuredly nothing else. In such inexplicable "extravaganzas" as "The Duc de l'Omelette" and "Lionizing" its stark salience gets on one's nerves. The excessive predominance of this kind of thing in his tales is due obviously to failure in inspiration. But more obscurely it is undoubtedly due to alcohol. "Bon-Bon," for example, is definitely characteristic of inebriety. The effect of alcohol is well known to be the relief of that tension which the maintenance of equilibrium imposes so painfully on such organizations as Poe's, and a consequence of excessive indulgence in it is therefore the loss of that balance of the faculties which secures correct judgments. It is impossible to account for much of Poe's writing except on the theory that both in conception and in execution it was in this way transfigured to his mind and sense. He saw it through the mist of mental congestion and saw in its incoherence the significance that escapes sobriety. Even his egotism would be insufficient otherwise to explain it. The effects of opium in stimulating and coloring the poetic imagination—as in Coleridge's case—are familiar. But those of alcohol are pathologically quite different and quite inferior, and it does not seem to have been sufficiently remarked that in Poe's case they were undoubtedly responsible for the deterioration of his literary productions as well as for the pathetic disintegration of his life. It is a generous instinct that shrinks from dwelling on the latter, but the *naiveté* that ignores the obvious origin of much of his "extravaganza and caprice" is less gener-

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ous than blind—and, above all, slightly ridiculous. The explanation at all events seems to reduce *ad absurdum* the sanction of being "thrilled" for the "thrill's" sake.

IV

THE truth is it is idle to endeavor to make a great writer of Poe, because whatever his merits as a literary artist, his writings lack the elements not only of great, but of real, literature. They lack substance. Literature is more than an art. It is art in the extended, the heightened, sense of the term. Since it is the art that deals with life rather than with appearances, it is the art *par excellence* that is art plus something else—plus substance. Its interest is immensely narrowed when it can only be considered plastically—narrowed to the point of inanity, of insignificance. Every art, of course, has its conventions. And so far as literature is an art it, too, leans upon them. It has its schools, its phases, its successive points of view, its academic perfections, its solecisms. But the fact that it deals with life itself rather than exclusively with appearances—which may be arranged, organized, systematized, controlled far more easily owing to their own preliminary simplification—gives it so much more range, so much greater freedom, such an infinitely greater miscellaneity of material, and material of so much more significance and vitality that it is comparatively independent of conventions and finds its supreme justification in giving anyhow, in any way, well or ill one may almost say, the effect of life, the phenomena and import of life, which constitute its substance. Thus it is that in literature substance counts so much more than it counts in any other art, however much any other may also be in its degree "a criticism of life." Mr. Henry James has curiously illustrated the principle in later years. Beginning as pre-eminently or at least conspicuously an artist, he has become so overwhelmed by the prodigious wealth and miscellaneity of his material—that is to say the phases of life which his prodigious penetration has revealed to him—that his art has been submerged by it. The trees have obliterated the forest. All the more important is it, one may argue, to cling to conventions of treatment, that your picture of life may be definite, coherent and effective. Yes, but one of these conventions is a certain correspondence with reality. The doctrine of art for art's sake applied to literature is apt to have particularly insipid results.

In short, however extravagant and capricious, any work of art is necessarily subject to its material, and the hand of every artist must, like the dyer's, be subdued to what it works in. But a literary composition, especially, cannot be conceived and executed *in vacuo*. The warp must be "given," however wholly the woof may be invented, or the web will be insubstantial and the pattern incoherent. Poe could transact his imaginings in environments of the purest fancy, in no-man's land, in the country of nowhere, and fill these with "tarns" and morasses and "ragged mountains" and shrieking water-lilies, flood them with ghastly moonlight and aerate them with "rank miasmas." Nevertheless, he could only avoid the flatness of pure phantasmagoria by peopling them with humanity. His landscape might embody extravagance and his atmosphere enshroud caprice, his figures demanded to be made human. The overwhelming interest of fiction is its human interest. Since it is peopled with human figures, neglect of its population is a contradiction in terms. Even in the fiction of adventure, in which the personages are minimized and the incidents the main concern, even in fiction in which plot figures as the protagonist of the drama, plot and incident would be sterile but for the characters that figure in them. However subordinate and undifferentiated these may be, they must make some intrinsic appeal, or we should not care what happened to them. The game even as a game is not one that can be played with counters. Yet that is precisely the way in which Poe played it. And his stories have no human interest, because humanity did not in the least interest him. Neither man nor woman delighted him enough to occupy his genius even incidentally. His tales contain, of course, no "character"—that prime essential, and most exacting *raison-d'être* of normal fiction.

Indeed so great is the importance of human character to a story that deals with it at all, that I think those of Poe's tales in which the personages are the least shadowy, the least like algebraic symbols, the least

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characteristic, that is to say, are greatly helped by the fact. The stories in which he figures gain greatly from M. Dupin, who has a pedantic and censorious temperament, though his differentiation is as inferior to that of his successor, M. Lecocq, as the meagre and mathematical medium in which he exists is to the varied and entertaining field of activity, full of character and crowded with incident, that Gaboriau furnished for the latter—though without reaching eminence as a "world-author" in the process. "The Fall of the House of Usher" gains greatly from the characters therein, though these are merely sketches for the reader's imagination to fill out. One thinks of "Wuthering Heights" and of the place in literature that would have been assigned to Emily Brontë by Poe admirers, had she had the good fortune to be born an American. "The Pit and the Pendulum," one of the best of the tales, it seems to me, owes much to its exceptional "psychology" as an imaginative study of real torture to which ingenuity gives real point instead of merely displaying itself as ingenuity. It is helped, too, I think, by being localized in real time and space; by the fact that there was such an institution as the Inquisition, and that the victim's rescuers had an actual and the correct nationality, though I fear these considerations would seem philistine indeed to the true Poe worshipper. Furthermore, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" forfeits a large part of its interest the moment it appears that the murderer is an ape and not a human malefactor. *Ce n'est que ça*, one feels like exclaiming—and repeating even when William Wilson's double dissolves into his conscience, though of course allegorically that is the point of the story, as well as being very cleverly, very ingeniously, managed. Finally one of the tales—"The System of Dr. Tarr and Dr. Fether"—has an exceptional interest because it is an intelligent, though it does not pretend to be a profound, study of a phase of mind and character under certain conditions and in a certain environment, executed with a wholly unaccustomed lightness of touch and an aspect of gaiety. The scene, however, it will be remembered, is a *maison de santé* and the personages are its inmates. And nothing is more characteristic of Poe's perversity than that his most normal fiction should be the representation of the abnormal. The abnormal was essential to him, and he only varied his practice of achieving it in his treatment by securing it in his material. Taken with the whim of depicting human nature, he could at least select its deflected types. Even here, however, his interest is clearly in treating his material in a rather ghastly vein of contrasting and contra-indicated *bouffe*. He cares nothing for his "types," and his real success, such as it is, is incidental.

Similarly with his pre-occupation with crime—almost an obsession with him. He is never concerned with sin, which is too integrally human an element of life to interest him. Crime, on the contrary, is in comparison of an artificial nature, and of however frequent, still of exceptional occurrence. Undoubtedly it furnishes apposite material to the novelist of character as well as to the portraitist of manners, and is a personal as well as a social factor in human life. But this aspect of it Poe, whose criminals are only criminals, completely ignores. He uses it not naturalistically but conventionally. It is his conventional machinery for his story. Like Mme. Tussaud and Mrs. Jarley, he finds in it the readiest instrument of his most cherished effects. And so far as he "psychologizes" it, he increases its inherent artificiality by treating it with morbid imaginativeness, endeavoring after his favorite method to give the illusion of reality to its abnormal repellency and not at all concerned about demonstrating its real character. Here he is measurably successful in such a tale as "The Imp of the Perverse," where he utilizes the well-known tendency of the criminal to confess, and totally fails in such absurdity as "The Black Cat," a story that could hardly have "thrilled" Ichabod Crane; but one illustrates his lack of human feeling as well as the other. And of almost all the stories into which the element of humanity enters perforce, it may be said, finally, that the residuum is not so much worth while as to earn neglect of his shortcomings in a respect normally vital to the kind of thing he is doing. In a word, the "Poe" in his stories could only be moving and effective if this element were present also.

For the only thing that can give any significance, any vital interest, any value, in brief, to the weird and the fantastic

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themselves, is to anchor them somehow in some human relationship as Hoffmann does. Otherwise they are simply phenomena that appeal strictly to the nerves. Poe's treatment of them negatives their sole sanction. "He can thrill you as no one else can," says one of his admirers. As to that there are several things to be said. In the first place it depends a good deal on who you are, whether you are "thrilled" or not. In the next place how are you "thrilled"? As you are by the knocking at the door in Macbeth, or as you are by a bad dream or a gruesome sight in actual life? Thirdly, are you thus affected because the story *is* thrilling, or because, as I have already noted, your own imagination is set at work as to how you would be affected by experiencing what you are reading of—"The Premature Burial," for example—forgetful of the fact that personal application, than which nothing is more common, notoriously vitiates any objective judgment? Finally of what value after all is gooseflesh as a guide to correct estimates in art? Is this hyper-æsthetic reaction a trustworthy measure of real æsthetic merit? To ask these questions is of course to answer them. But even accepting this effect on the nerves as evidence of Poe's power, even of his unique power—for I think no other writer ever essayed it so baldly—its essential insignificance must be admitted, because it is wholly divorced from any element of interest outside of itself. Instead of itself being an element in a composition as with Hoffmann, Poe's weirdness is the whole thing. An occasional discord has its uses in a work of harmony, but the scrannel shriek of a locomotive performs no function but that of irritation, though it may "thrill" or even deafen a listener. It is certainly more important to be moved than to be moved pleasantly, but to be moved to no purpose, to be agitated aimlessly in no direction, is an unsatisfactory experience.

It is needless to specify instances among Poe's tales that illustrate this exclusive appeal to the nerves. It would be difficult to find any among those of the weird class that do not. Besides in them it was his theory, his "scheme," to create this precise effect and no other. The particularly crass one of "Berenice," however, shows his method in particular relief. It is that product of his "genius" in which a madman recounts his fascination by the beautiful teeth of his mistress, and his exhumation of her remains for the purpose of extracting them as a last exercise of his faculties before losing them completely. Poe sometimes went too far, and did so in this instance, naively admits one of his earlier editors! As if it mattered where along that line one stopped. The partly ridiculous, partly repulsive, wholly inept quality of the performance is stamped as such at the start. The serious workmanship only emphasizes the fact that the personages are lay figures, the *motif* insane, the story incredible. As a ship-shape and coherent account of incoherent horror, it may contain a "thrill" for the predisposed, but it is fully as fitted to evoke a smile as a shudder, and there is obviously no standard by which to admeasure this sort of thing except that of technical execution. Any reader of "Berenice" not a neurasthenic must inevitably ask, "What of it?" Having no import it has no importance.

V

"Berenice" epitomizes very well Poe's lack of substance and the insignificance of the fantastic element in his work which this lack of substance involves. It also illustrates the aridity of his imagination. Imagination is, in the view of most of his admirers, probably, his most striking, his most salient, possession. But it is darkening counsel to stop with this mere ascription, as if imagination were an invariable rather than a protean faculty. Poe's imagination was of a peculiarly personal kind. It intensified his divining powers, but never extended his range of thought. It was thoroughly, integrally, analytic. His "Tales of Conscience," as they have been called, deal mechanically so far as they do not deal conventionally with conscience. There is no largely imaginative treatment of it. They summarize phenomena deduced from remorse and fear as forces and, confined to crime as they are, involve little imaginative psychology. His imaginings are largely inventive, and important as the imagination is to the inventor, the tendency to invention is apt to imply an inferior order of it. The poets are sadly lacking in the inventive faculty.

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It is essentially logical, concatenated, mechanical. It has no spiritual and no sensuous side. Poe's inventiveness is his chief mental trait and his imagination was its servant. He is perhaps at his best in "The Gold Bug"—to Poe's partisans a miracle of imaginative invention, but only to his partisans anything else. His spiritual side is illustrated by his "Ligeias," "Eleonoras" and "Morellas"—which measured by a serious standard are scarcely more than morbid moonings. The ingenuity of his one spiritual tale, "William Wilson," is far more in evidence than its imaginativeness. It is an extremely artistic piece of workmanship and shows what Poe's art could do in the service of truth instead of mystification. But only up to the point when you perceive it *is* mystification after all. Curiously, *then* the effect deliquesces—when its meaning appears—with the entrance of avowed allegory. The whole thing becomes insubstantial because his imagination is unequal to conducting his fine conception to its conclusion without destroying his illusion. His sensuousness is distinctly rudimentary, all glitter and tinsel, ebony and silver. His consecration to beauty seems a little ironical in the light of his too frequent conception of it. Witness "The Assignation," with its "mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange convolute censers, together with multitudinous flaring and flickering tongues of emerald and violet fire," its "thousand reflections from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver," its "beams of natural glory" which "mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold"—all of which "richesse de café," as Balzac would call it, suggests the sale's catalogue of a courtesan, *raisonné* by a Semitic hand; or at least Thackeray caricaturing Disraeli and Bulwer combined—those twin sources of Poe's style according to his latest editors, who however must have been thinking only of its extravagances, as his style in general is admirable.

In any case such writing is not sensuous but scenic. And Poe had no more the sensuous than the sensual strain. The sensual as commonly understood does not exist for him, apparently, as it is apt not to in persons of his variety of nervous organization, and his writings it is to be pointed out have this signal negative merit. But he perhaps pays for it in some degree by an extraordinary aridity in the whole sensuous sphere. When he enters this he is either perfectly insignificant or else his taste deserts him. He is too insincere to succeed in it. His nature requires the element of the artificial which distinguishes the scenic. His genius was certainly a striking one, and if he was a charlatan he certainly had a genius for charlatanry. He revelled in the specious. The vivid aspect of reality he gave to his creations is due to his skill in its use, for he never *felt* reality and was impervious to its appeal as the true constitution of the universe moral and material. What he desired was to be striking. He says so in so many words in one of his disingenuous (or merely perverse, who knows?) argumentations, contending that any one can be original if he will. And his usual means of accomplishing it was by giving through speciousness the semblance of reality to the unreal and incredible. He relied on this far more than even on his scenic imagination, though his scenic imagination gave him great power of vivid material realization; his landscapes are stereoscopic. The scenic, however, demands scale. With Poe the scale is too small. His stage is lilliputian. He is so fond of the limelight in itself that he floods his picture with it. But for the proper play of this illuminant more time and space are needed than his cabinet canvas contains. His imagination is not rich enough to engender extension, endue it with continuity, and crowd it with action. His action is always meagre, and, one may say, deduced from, rather than largely illustrative of, his idea. Or else it is conventional, as in the "Adventures of A. Gordon Pym," which is the acme of stereotyped "adventure," imitating "Robinson Crusoe" even to its religious outgivings with grotesquely mechanical effect.

On the other hand, he was full of ideas. If he lacked the visualizing moral power of the image-making faculty, if his action and incidents are meagre and gain their aspect of reality through a specious art of presentation rather than by the actual incarnation of artistic vision, what eminently he did not lack was fertility in intellectual conception. Sixty-eight stories, whatever their average

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quality, are a good many. His picture might be vague but it never lacked subject. He cannot be said to have lived in the world of ideas, in the accepted sense of the phrase, for he had but a smattering acquaintance with its established consensus. Predeterminedly original, however, he created his own. Artist as he was he was nevertheless far more predisposed to the abstract than the concrete except in the purely material sphere; he began with principle and proceeded to phenomena, in irreproachably deductive fashion. Analytical as he was he conducted his analysis deductively; he had a passion for ratiocination, but he argues synthetically. His conclusion is always his own point of departure —artistically withheld till the climax is reached in the verification of hypothesis. This is the difference between M. Dupin and Zadig, for example. He was tremendously concerned with theory, a circumstance that gives point to his criticism and coherence to his tales, however it may devitalize his poetry. His mind was highly speculative, inquiring, even inquisitional. He had a prodigious interest in problems, puzzles, rebuses—an interest that to those who do not share it is apt to seem inept. He was in a way a conjurer in literature. He delighted in mystification—which is as much as to say he had no other interest in mystery. His aim was to mystify—one impossible to the mystic. He was less of a mystic than any writer who has ever dealt with the mysterious. He had vastly more affinity with Cagliostro than with Hoffmann from whom—inexplicably—he is so often said to derive. Without the vanity he had the conceit and enjoyed the complacence of the prestidigitator.

In his early studies mathematics and in his later reading science in general attracted him most genuinely. With all his gift for language it interested him mainly as syntax, and his knowledge of languages was as superficial as his care for letters. His French for example—which is not infrequent—is what he would call in another impudently ignorant, and has circumvented his latest editors who, nevertheless, speak of having taken the liberty of rectifying his text in this respect. He may be said, indeed, to have indulged his mathematical turn in his philosophy of life—or whatever may serve to pass for such with him; of course, as such he had no philosophy of life. His interest in ideas did not extend to moral ones, of which he had none. The whole world of morals was a terra incognita to him—not at all the same thing as saying, which is also true, that he had no morals. Coleridge, for example, has been said to have had none, but he was immensely concerned with their philosophy. Poe's personal egotism, accentuated by his indulgences, freed him from a sense of personal responsibility no doubt, but the singular thing about him as a writer is that man's moral nature made no appeal to his imagination. Morbid psychology, to be sure, was a part of his material, but he used it almost altogether as a means, mainly mechanical, to the production of a dramatic effect. And even here his general ideas have not the scope and freedom they have in the purely intellectual sphere, but have the succinct quality that marks the "notation" of phenomena. So that even his determination to the abnormal does not in the unfamiliar moral sphere remark any law of general import—except such common-places as the tendency of the criminal to confession already noted. And of course, as regards morals in the extended sense, he had, about man's habits and customs, around which the imagination of the normal literary artist plays perpetually, no ideas at all, either general or otherwise.

In brief, his lack of moral imagination accounts for the vacuity of his writings. A writer's product is characterized in great part by what he lacks as well as by what he possesses, by his defects as well as by his qualities. It is no reproach to a theological writer to be ignorant of the fine arts unless he refers to them. The theory of criticism, however, which holds that the excellences of performance are alone worth attention, that it is, unlike a rope, to be judged only by its strongest part, and that the function of criticism is really the judicial dispensing of rewards of merit, is unsatisfactory and provincial. The whole work is there calling for critical account, and, except in the matter of emphasis and accent, its sins both of commission and omission are germane to critical consideration. In practice the other theory leads to notorious confusion and—as Americans at least must be constantly reminded—the distinction between

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good and bad is obscured by mechanically ascribing to a failure the characteristics of a performer's successes. At all events it is pertinently illuminating to find a writer of tales, criticism and poetry deficient in the philosophy of life, letters and feeling, not only because this at once ranks his product, and measures its value, but on account of the light it throws on his productive faculty itself—his imagination. It is a just reproach to Hawthorne that he suffered the genius that produced "The Scarlet Letter" to produce little or nothing else comparable with it. But the case is quite different with Poe, because tales, criticism, and poetry of real value cannot be written or can only occasionally be written with Poe's equipment. The wonder is not that he did not succeed oftener, but that he succeeded at all, as assuredly he did in his own way—one can hardly say his own *genre*, since he had no congeners.

It is a mistake to try to classify him. He is a very strictly *sui generis*. So appalling an egoist could hardly fail to be. For that reason he seems to me more personal than original, as I began by saying, since being extremely idiosyncratic, he nevertheless originated nothing in the sense of markedly and permanently modifying the preceding or the prevalent in his field of activity; of course in a restricted sense eccentricity is originality. No more superficial association was ever made than in relating him to Hoffmann, in whom the weird and the fantastic are always in close and generally in affectionate companionship with sentiment and humor. "Where form dominates," says Balzac, "sentiment disappears," and in the temperament of the technician humor has as little place as sentiment. Notoriously Poe had none of either. He was an artist with a controlling bent toward artifice, exaggeratedly theoretic, convinced that the beautiful is the strange and the sad the poetic, and exercising his imagination through every expedient of ingenious invention, to the end of producing effects of strangeness to the point of abnormality and of sadness to the point of horror. Compact of neurotic sensationalism and saturated with the specious, Poe's "thrilling" tales taken in the mass illustrate the most detestable misuse of imaginative powers within the limits of serious literature, and only fall within these limits by the intellectual vigor which oftenest they argue rather than evince. "It's a weary feast," says Thackeray, "that banquet of wit where no love is." And Poe's banquet is as bereft of wit as it is destitute of love.

VI

If even his imagination was thus limited it was perhaps partly because the field of its exercise was naturally limited by his lack of culture. He had no culture properly so called. He applied the schoolmaster's rod to others with the gusto of pretentiousness, but discipline is precisely and *par excellence* what he lacked himself. He is the notablest example to be found among men of letters of a writer living exclusively in the realm of the intellect without developing or enriching his own. His first work is as good as his last. He read much but without purpose. In this single respect his editors have perhaps done him somewhat less than justice in saying: "His sources were, at first, books of which Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' is a type, and in science some elementary works; generally he seems to have read books only for review, as they came under his notice at random, but he paid much attention to the magazines, home and foreign, throughout his life." Desultory as his reading was, it was not indolent and hap-hazard. Devoid of sentiment, he eschewed "trash." And without any spirit of *suite*, or any persistent amassing of knowledge, still less with any ordered and philosophic acquisition, his purely intellectual organization led him into the realm of learning, where he was distinctly at home without, however, possessing the moral purpose to benefit by his stay. He satisfied his curiosity, following an indubitable natural bent, without engaging his responsibility or really increasing his knowledge. There is no such absurd *fatras* in literature as the absurd "Eureka." He found his practical account in these excursions. All was grist that came to his mill. Just as he read the current product for journalistic ends, he pursued in literature out-of-the-way paths in search of the odd and the unfamiliar with a similar motive—at least with a similar result. What he found there served to decorate his own writing with the un-

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conventional and the recondite. It is bedizened with the frippery of learning often, but one suspects the truth that most of the goods, in familiar phrase, are in the shop-window. And his *étalage* of learning is that of the literary charlatan—an arsenal of the occult and the obscure, the abstruse and the exotic, above all the esoteric and the technical, the whole chosen and calculated to impose on the credulous and mesmerize the impressionable.

But it is doubtful if any one of his circle had as much reading. In this respect he belonged rather in the New England that he constantly jeered at as provincial and hated with a genuine and sometimes clairvoyant hatred. The weaknesses of Isaac are apparent enough to Ishmael, and though his railing at them may seem Bedouin to the Brahmin, it is not to be called Bœotian. There was probably no one within the purview of transcendentalism capable of writing the following: "Sculpture, although in its nature rigorously poetical, was too limited in its extent and consequence to have occupied, at any time, much of his attention." Possibly Poe was not and got it from Goethe, as he certainly did the remark on the next page of "The Domain of Arnheim": "No such paradises are to be found in reality as have glowed on the canvas of Claude"—a landscape by whom he had probably never seen. It is difficult to determine the true inventory of the predatory, but appreciation of Goethe's æstheticism is in itself a distinction for Poe's time. Nor is he to be called bohemian. His habits were irregular enough, but the bohemian has no intellectual curiosity and Poe was made of it. The bohemian is content "merely to bask and ripen." Poe was a worker. His irregularities have obscured for us his exceptional industry. They interfered sadly with his accomplishment, but with its amount far less than with its character. In spite of them he kept at work—or at least returned to work when he could. His indigence and the heavy pressure of it on the two beings he cared for were a constant stimulus to a nature that whatever its faults knew not supineness. With even less urgent need he would have worked as hard—perhaps even, considering the instability of his nervous organization, to better purpose, since he would have been less harried by the cormorant care. He had the disposition of the fighter, and his failings did not mine his fortitude nor his failures discourage, however they might transiently deject, him. He was not an idler or a dreamer. His mental activity was constantly informed with purpose, and directed with assiduity. He was always full of energy when he was not hamstrung by exhaustion. No bohemian produces ten volumes. When his ambitious and sometimes arrogant plans met shipwreck, owing in general no doubt to his own evil genius, he made new ones. Never handicapped by modesty or even the prudences of self-distrust, he was undeterred by obstacles and undismayed by misfortune. If he did not have a proud soul, at least his egotism conserved his identity unimpaired even in the disintegration of his faculties, and to the last made the most of what his errors had left him. Next to his art it is his energy that, by demonstrating his capacity, distinguishes him and makes him a marked figure in our literature.

He had an English experience in impressionable school-boy days—which served him to real purpose in "William Wilson," probably the solidest of his tales. But he never travelled, and in this respect he inevitably seems limited, even boyish, in comparison with many of his contemporaries. It is hardly necessary to say that this was a limitation he did not himself feel. But if his egotism amounted even to bumptiousness, as it did, it was naturally associated with great independence. He did his own thinking. He was constantly "sizing up" everything, especially others, and could on this account alone hardly have been popular, even among the lowly spirited to whom arrogance and imperiousness, or even the caricatures of those vices, seem not defects but qualities. They were especially evident along with more amiable ones in his criticism, which forms several volumes of his complete works, which he wrote more incisively not to say more successfully on the whole than any of his few contemporary competitors, and for which he certainly showed the aptitudes of real penetration and a philosophic standpoint. He lacks, to be sure, one of the chief qualifications of the critic, the critical temper. It is in his criticism that his "journalism" appears

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most obviously. And his journalism was that of his day, the farthest possible removed from the critical temper. It has instead the polemic temper. And his polemic was extremely personal. Its tone is often extremely contemptuous. The lining, as the French say, of his praise is sometimes abuse of those who differ with him. His praise of Hawthorne is highly spiced with contempt for the neglect of Hawthorne that he charged upon New England. He felt the sectionalism of New England, as of course no writer not himself a New Englander could fail to do. But he treats it with a self-answering excess in his references to "the Emersons and Alcotts and Fullers." His treatment of Longfellow is another instance. Perhaps he had not enough purpose to be called malevolent. He was rather irritable than imperious perhaps in his lack of any feeling of responsibility, in which case he must be acquitted of more malign motive than that of the strutting and consciously clever Ishmael bent on self-assertion. To call Carlyle an "ass" and Emerson his imitator was but a way like another of calling attention to himself. So possibly were his equally extravagant eulogies. Such primitive "methods" were certainly more in vogue in his day than in ours. The journalism to which his work formally belonged or with which it had notable affiliations bristled with "personalities," so-called. But Poe has claims inconsistent with the cloaking of his faults by the mantle of his time, and certainly no writer of his time, even, of anything like his powers, wrote criticism of this particular order of simplicity. If it had been as prevalent as it was primitive we may be sure he would have avoided it in his consecration to "originality" and aversion to custom and the common.

His mental activity was indeed extraordinary—so much so as apparently to be deemed by him almost an end in itself. To what purpose or upon what substance his mind was engaged was of small moment so long as it functioned. But to the fact that it did function so actively is probably due the specific excellence, as his penetration is the specific quality, of his criticism, namely, that like much of his fiction it is ratiocinative and neither canonical as so much past, nor impressionist, as so much current criticism is. He was dogmatic enough, and absurdly autocratic, but his dogmas were not conventions. On the other hand, he had ideas about the matter in hand and did not "recount the adventures of his soul among masterpieces"—though it is to be said that acknowledged masterpieces did not greatly interest his soul, to which they doubtless afforded too little polemic material. His ideas were often mere notions. With his theoretic bent they could hardly be otherwise. But in form at least they were conspicuously rationalized. Reasons with him were as plenty as blackberries. He delighted, in French phrase, to *remuer* them—fussily, perhaps, rather than profoundly, and largely, no doubt, by way of what he himself calls "kicking up a bobbery," but energetically and unceasingly. And though whistling as one goes even from excess instead of want of thought is still only whistling, nevertheless the phenomena of so much mental activity occupied with something quite other than Transcendentalism, exalting beauty to the point of declaring its incompatibility with truth, must have been interesting in his day. In fact, it still has a certain piquancy. But his reasons were not the fruit of inquiry. They were "immediately beheld" justifications of his preferences, and his mental furniture was not rich enough for the production of any *a priori* reflections of range and moment. He never speculated as Balzac, in similar case, observing: "There must be a cause for this singularity." He was only too pleased to rest in the singularity, to establish and flaunt it. He was much impressed by the saying he cites more than once from "Lord Verulam": "There is no exquisite beauty which has not some strangeness in its proportion," but he does not press the matter farther and is too content to get authority for "strangeness"—which was precisely his affair—to appreciate that its service as an accent does not involve its value as an element even, to say nothing of his own practice of enforcing its predominance. The portion of his reasoning that—naturally—has most interest is that concerned with linguistic technic. He would have made a stimulating professor of prosody, in spite of his "crotchets," as Mr. Stedman calls them, and his extravagance is in this field altogether more suggestive than in any other.

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VII

He had, in short, a fine mind which he neither disciplined, nor stored, nor developed; the unusual activity of which was stimulated and guided by intellectual curiosity; of which invention and logic were more marked traits than imagination and poetic feeling; and of which he made effective but unscrupulous usage to no particular purpose. There is nothing very sinister in Poe, except the desire to produce sinister effects. And since these, as I have said, are apt to fail through the obviousness of their motive and the crudity of their means, they leave a merely disagreeable and not a sinister, a morbid and perverse, not at all a satanic, impression of the genius they express, though it is undeniable that a good many of the tales recall Emerson's description of Mephistopheles: "pure intellect applied—as always there is a tendency—to the service of the senses."

His legend has grown curiously since his death. The reasons for it are of course largely romantic, personal rather than literary. He is distinctly so much the most, as to be almost the only, romantic figure of our literature; and his romantic interest has greatly influenced the critical estimate of his work. In the first place it has led to the production of an unusual amount of criticism of this. And this criticism has been increasingly favorable. His contemporaries took a much less extravagant view of it. For them there was less mystery about Poe himself, and they entertained none of the illusions that time, instead of destroying as usual, in Poe's case seems to have engendered. Then, too, the appreciation of literary art has greatly increased with us—to an excess, at present, I think, which fairly matches our earlier provincialism. Moreover, the spirit of literary generosity, particularly abounding in America, toward our own authors—our own *sommités* in all fields—touched by the hard fate and possible injustice which Poe endured and from which his personal reputation suffered in the eyes of his contemporaries and the succeeding generation, has tended to exalt his literary reputation with no doubt the instinct that its exaltation may serve to excuse or at least obscure his infirmities.

His reputation among us has notoriously been greatly increased by foreign recognition of his writings. If, say his admirers, we ourselves esteem him because he is an American writer, this cannot be true of his foreign estimation; quite the contrary. This is certainly plausible. But foreign recognition sets such traps for our *naïveté* that it is prudent to be a little on our guard in the presence of it. The theory laid down by Matthew Arnold that the foreign estimate previsaged posterity's is open to some question—aside from the fact that posterity itself may make mistakes; Aldrich, for example, acutely argued from Browning's obscurity the probable injustice of posterity, preoccupied with obscurities of its own, to his incontestable merits. But foreign recognition in the nature of the case rewards to a disproportionate extent the merits that especially appeal to foreigners. If as Arnold held, Sainte-Beuve could regard Lamartine as important to the French without implying a positive in this relative importance, it is equally true that an exotic may make an appeal out of all proportion to its intrinsic value and interest. In any event we ought to distinguish between foreign recognition of those of our writers who are classifiable with foreign ones, and this recognition when it rewards with its irresponsible applause the exceptional and extravagant which appeals to its interest in the novel and the foreign *per se*. As a matter of fact, foreign recognition has been most generous with regard to many of our to us least indispensable writers. To put the matter crudely, the appreciative foreigner has admirable writers of his own, what he most appreciates in our literature is the queer, the odd, the qualities from whose associated defects he feels an entire detachment. Foreign recognition therefore in the case of Poe's extravaganzas and caprices is not necessarily an *imprimatur* of the same authority as it is in such instances as those of Cooper and Longfellow, for example. It attests not the merit but the extraordinariness of his writings, and a little, no doubt, the extraordinariness of their being produced in America. Gautier's reference to him, besides classing him with Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis, is chiefly depreciation of his environment. The selection of the tales was in fact entitled, published and celebrated on the Continent as "Tales Extraordinary." And there their sponsors were not, as in the case of Cooper,

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Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, the foremost of Continental authorities at the time, one may say, but the genial and good-natured Gautier who was preaching the gospel of romanticism *à outrance*, and Baudelaire as to whose authority Mr. Swinburne's praise and the current rediscovery of him by the dilettanti, mainly of Mr. Swinburne's speech, is disconcertingly at variance with his treatment by the austere Scherer, our own catholic Henry James, and the trenchant but impartial Faguet, perhaps the first of living French critics, in whose admirable "Literary History of France," his name does not appear. It is also worth bearing in mind—since prudence in such a matter is, as I say, commendable—that Baudelaire, whom Mr. James cruelly calls Poe's inferior both as a charlatan and as a genius, had nevertheless an even greater purely linguistic genius than Poe's, and that the beauty of his translation, in itself celebrated, has been an appreciable element in Poe's Continental vogue.

The cult of Poe is not in the interests of literature, since as literature his writings are essentially valueless. The interests of literature occasionally call for restraint in the indulgence of Mr. Swinburne's "generous pleasure of praising" not for the purpose—quite as frequent with Mr. Swinburne—of alternating with it the delights of censure and reprehension, but in order to maintain unobscured and unimpaired the standards of literature itself. Literature has a stronger claim than any of its practitioners, and generously or ungenerously to exalt these at its expense is to belittle and betray it. Hardly any cause is nobler and treason to few so flagrant or—since the pleasure of praising *is*, like most prodigalities perhaps, a generous one—so frequent. But there is a particular irrationality in American over-praise of Poe. It is this: unlike foreign literatures and English literature as a whole, American literature—as it is, perhaps fatuously but nevertheless inevitably, not to say conveniently, called—has no background. Its figures do not form part of a pageant relieved against a rich and varied scenic setting, but stand in silhouette before the black "drop" that isolates rather than supports them and focuses attention on their individualities from the stately lyceum lecturer like Emerson to the genial "song-and-dance artist," in all strictness too numerous to mention. Lacking—within our own exclusively American ranks, I repeat—ancestors and traditions, we are without the restrictive influences of a "stream of tendency," an orderly evolution, without that subconscious education which saves conscious intelligence so much unintelligent performance. Our protestant and innovating temperaments have really nothing to protest against, nothing to break away from, no routine to vivify. More than that, we have, comparatively speaking, nothing to maintain, nothing to keep in mind, no standards in a word. Such a romanticist as Gautier, with the whole heritage of the noble seventeenth and the enlightened eighteenth century French literature in his literary blood, could safely practise and preach the literary freedom which with us means license—and consequent insignificance. No romantic artist can do more than "pad round" the skeleton he must have derived from his predecessors—at least in our day, the human imagination on which he leans having been so long at work. Our realists are in better case—nature being inexhaustible. Hence our disposition to magnify our extravagant and capricious writers—such as Poe and Whitman—is destructive of our hold on the standards which it is of the last importance for us consciously to keep in mind, since so only can we have them in mind at all. Only an older society than ours can with impunity cherish and coddle "les jeunes," who with us are merely out of the ranks, however bravely we may imagine them at the head of the procession.

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THE STRIKE AT THE LITTLE MAGGIE

By Victor Henderson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

"DID you ever go automobiling over a mountain road with a box of dynamite for company?" asked Willis.

"Well, that's how I used to feel, the first few months Winford was superintendent at the Little Maggie. We'd both started in up there just after Winford and my sister Bess came back to California from their wedding journey to Tahiti, he as manager of the mine and I as a general roustabout—he put me at assaying first, and then switched me over to mine surveying.

"Trouble began to brew the day Winford took command. You know he always was a human dynamo. He'd put his own shoulder to an ore-car if he met it stuck on a grade, and he always expected the next man to take hold and lift, whether it was his job or not. The miners didn't relish the change from the superintendent my father'd had there before—an old-time pal of dad's, an easy-going, old-fashioned 'practical miner.' When a premature blast had gone off one day and he'd got his, he'd left everything slipshod and run down, and a take-it-easy tradition round the camp—but *nil nisi bonum*—!

"My brother-in-law hit that camp like a wild tornado. He told a man what he wanted done, and then he expected him to do it and make no bones about it. Well, he got results. His improvements were a marvel. He hooked up an extra stamp between every set, and he used the exhaust steam on his slimes, and in four months, without extra cost of operation, he'd increased the output of the mill over twenty per cent. Of course my father was tickled to death. But there was trouble brewing just the same. Everybody was knocking, and saying Winford might have been all right down in South Africa, where he'd been bossing Chinamen and niggers, hired under the contract labor system, but that you couldn't expect white men to stand for him, here in God's own country.

"I could smell discontent wherever I went. Nosing around down under ground, I'd come on a gang of men drilling extra hard but not sweating, and a smell of tobacco smoke in the air, and I'd know they'd been loafing and cussing Winford on company time. You bet the gangs working on contract, at so much a foot, were always hot and sweaty.

"Then the complaining began to crystallize. My great place to get wise to things was old Bong's cabin. Nights I used to go down there in the Chinese camp and play stud-poker with a lot of Chinks and Dagoes. Old Bong himself never said anything. He was a wily old guy. He'd been a miner in our camp thirty years before, but he'd made money on contract work, and set up in business for himself, and now he dealt in Chinese groceries and opium and dried herbs, and loaned money to the Chinks and acted as their banker and shipped their bones back to China for an un-Christian burial. I'll bet Bong was worth several hundred thousand dollars—anyway, he had a lot of money salted down in real estate in San Francisco, and he'd sent back to China and got the peachiest Chinese wife you ever laid eyes on. Old Bong never would talk about mine affairs, and neither would any of the other Chinamen, at least not in English—there's no telling what they were jabbering about in Cantonese—but when the white miners had lost enough money to Bong and taken enough of his Chinese gin aboard, they'd loosen up and tell their troubles.

"For one thing, they wanted the Chinese cleaned out of the camp. For another, they were mad because Winford wouldn't let 'em eat more than three meals a day at the mine boarding-house, on the eighteen-dollar monthly rate. You see, some of the night shift used to get up at noon, just to eat an extra meal, and then go back to the bunk-house for another snooze before their six P.M. breakfast. That figured up more extra expense to the company per annum

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than you'd ever imagine. The real evil, though, was letting the miners think they'd be allowed to put it on the management like that.

"Another cause of trouble was that Winford had monkeyed with the clock. Instead of putting up with Pacific Standard, which was good enough time for everybody else, he started a scheme of changing with the seasons, to match up better with daylight and dark. The nearest town or railroad was so far off that the difference in time didn't really hurt anybody, but Potter, the mine electrician—a big, husky Missourian, who was a trouble-maker, if ever I saw one—Potter told the miners the new way was un-American, and then all those Dagoes and Austrians were red-headed with Win for tampering with the clock.

"But the worst grievance was the strip-and-search order. You see, Winford happened along into a new stope one day and found that Al Hines and his Austrian mucker had broken into a rich pocket. The ore was just filthy with gold. Hines declared they'd only just opened her up. A couple of tons of that ore netted my old man about fifty thousand plunks, but Winford wasn't satisfied with that—he suspected that Hines and the Austrian had got away with some of the best ore. Winford and his shift bosses—those fellows were absolutely reliable—watched like hawks, they hunted high and low for evidence, but nothing developed until a week later, when Winford went out to the nearest town to buy supplies. There he found an Austrian from the Little Maggie, drunk and opening wine, and a fellow told him the miner got the money for his spree by selling dust to the saloon-keeper. Winford wasn't the sort to call a man a thief unless he could prove it—this time he couldn't—but he took Hines out of the mine and put him to work as an extra man on the hoist, and gave Hines's Austrian helper a job chopping wood for mine timbering. And even if he hadn't proved there'd been looting, he wasn't going to chance it any longer, so he issued his strip-and-search order.

"I thought that strip-and-search order would bring on a strike right then. It wasn't any hardship—the Little Maggie's a hot mine, and the miners all worked stripped to the waist, dressed only in copper-riveted blue overalls and a rag to wipe off the sweat, but the men resented the indignity. Winford stood pat. He said every honest man ought to be glad to be protected from any chance of suspicion. The order went into effect, but the atmosphere in that camp fairly sizzled.

"I figured out that just one man was at the bottom of all the bad feeling, always fomenting anger and discontent, and that man was Potter, the electrician. I told Winford I'd sized up Potter as an intelligent, ambitious, pestilential demagogue, who'd cause a strike if he could, and try to get a big name as a labor leader, and to make himself a Heywood or a John Mitchell or something—anything, so he could be 'prominent.' Winford wouldn't fire him. He said he didn't propose to set up any martyrs round *his* camp. So Potter kept on making trouble, all surreptitious and out of sight, and pretending all the time to be bluff and hearty and friendly, and enthusiastic about Winford's improvements 'round the mine.

"Winford *was* working wonders, for the good of the miners as well as for the mine. He tore down the buggy old bunk-houses, there since the Outcasts quit Poker Flat; he built a club-house for the miners, with billiard-tables and a shooting-gallery; he gave them better grub than they'd ever eaten in their lives; he put a fair price on everything in the company store, instead of keeping the place a cross between a confidence game and a highway robbery; he sold the contract-men their giant-powder at what the company paid for it plus freight and a fair percentage; he overhauled the mechanical equipment above and below ground, and made the mine and the mill not only safer but more comfortable to work in; he imported a young doctor who'd spent seven years at Harvard and two in the Massachusetts General Hospital learning how to cure measles and saw bones, and he built a mine hospital that would open anybody's eyes. His reward was that the miners wanted to lynch him for taking a hospital fee out of their wages.

"And Bess worked wonders, too. My goodness, what she *didn't* do! She started a school for the few children 'round the place and got up a Sunday-school and church sociables and picnics; she set the women to planting vegetable gardens and competitive sweet peas; with Bong's wife

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to steer her she started out China New Year's and took a present to every Chinese kid in camp; she was always looking after families with sickness or accidents or babies, from Bong's to the school-teacher's; and she fixed it up for a Catholic priest—a good old codger he was, too—to come and say mass once a month.

"But just the same the 'Black Hand' letters Winford began to get threatened Bess as violently as him. He'd find these letters, full of cuss words and misspelled threats, on the porch in the morning or stuck in the pommel of his saddle or waiting for him at the company store. At first it was merely warnings to 'clear out or there'd be something doing'; then the letters promised he'd be ducked in crude oil and rolled in a feather bed unless he jumped his job quick; and finally these pleasant little notes were headed 'BLOOD!' or 'DEATH!' in red ink, and filled with threats he'd be killed and his wife into the bargain unless he vamoosed pretty pronto. Winford was mighty careful not to let Bess get hold of any of his letters, but otherwise he paid no attention.

"I felt dead sure a crisis was near. Wherever I went, every one shut up like a clam, even the miners I'd been chummiest with, who'd helped me ore-sampling, when I was doing the assaying, or who'd spent Sunday after Sunday with me trout-fishing or shooting quail, or served on the committee with me for the Fourth of July races and the big dance. One particular Sunday afternoon I went out horseback riding, and stopped, on my way back, in the winery garden at the head of the valley, way down below the mine. Our Dagoes and Austrians and Cornishmen were all full of red paint or bad whiskey—they work some kind of poison off on the miners, not real whiskey—and all yelling and making motions at once. But when I walked in, they all shut up, and it felt like two minutes before a thunder-storm breaks loose back East. A couple of drunks tried to talk to me, but they were hustled out of sight, and I started home no wiser than I'd come.

"When I reached home, Winford had started down the trail to see the night shift go on. I tied my horse to the fence and went on down to ask him if he felt the squally feeling in the air. At the mouth of the mine I found a big crowd, the night shift all ready to go on, and the day shift, most of 'em, back from supper. A bunch of Chinamen climbed on the ore-bucket and hung there waiting to be let down the shaft. They yelled at the engineer, but the engineer didn't lower the skip.

"Then out stepped Bill Potter, the big electrician, and announced that the miners had organized a new union and declared a strike. Puffed up like a peacock, Potter announced their terms. The union must be recognized, they wanted 'real time' back, there wasn't to be any limit on the number of meals a man might eat in a day, there wasn't to be any more stripping and searching, and all Chinks must go—no more Chinese labor in *that* camp, 'taking bread out of the white man's mouth.'

"Winford replied, very amiable and polite, that he'd be glad to recognize the union and deal with its officers, but that none of the four other demands could be considered—except maybe the clock. Then Winford walks over to the hoist lever himself and calls to the Chinamen to climb on and go down. 'No you don't!' yells Potter, and announces he'll knock the particular stuffings out of any Chink who tries to work in that mine. Winford took one jump and landed on Potter with both fists. That was plenty. Then Winford politely informed him there'd be no beating-up of Chinamen in *his* camp, if you please.

"Well—there was a yellow streak in Potter. He got up from the ground with his nose bleeding, sick and scared as a licked cur. His chance was gone—like that! Potter's own followers admired Winford's grit, and they sniggered at Potter as he backed away.

"Winford announced to the crowd that the Little Maggie would continue operations just as usual. But there wasn't a Chink who'd go down. It wasn't their fight, and they were going to stay at a respectful distance from the ropes. Back to Chinatown they went, and began to play fantan and cook stuff with dead fish in it, just as usual—but no work for them till things were all fought out!

"The shift bosses stood by Winford, and a few other loyal spirits. Hines was among them, and that seemed to Winford like coals of fire on his head, because he'd moved Hines up from below ground and put him on the hoist only because he'd suspected him of swiping ore. Well—there

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were enough of us left to keep the pumps going and the hoist ready and everything guarded night and day, and Winford counted on time to work wonders in making the strikers think better of their vacation. But a mining camp with a strike on is no place for a woman, and Winford tried to get Bess to go pay a visit to mother in Berkeley. Lots of good it did him! I tried, too, in private. Bess hauled out a bundle of letters—the grapevine telegraph had been working for her, too. Some she showed me, and some she wouldn't. She told me not to tell Winford, that he had enough to worry him already, and his work to do. But did I think she was going home for a visit! You know Bess!

"Things looked blacker every day. With no work to do the miners spent their time drinking, gambling, quarrelling and talking over their wrongs: 'Why should other people have money to burn while they had to grub for a living?' Maybe you think it wasn't hard on their wives—wages stopped, and the cupboard getting empty and the rainy-day stocking lean, and everybody's nerves on edge. Lots of the miners hadn't wanted to strike, anyway, but what could they do when the whole crowd went one way? How'd *you* like to be a scab? One thing pleased me—everybody had a hard word for that loud-mouthed blatherskite Potter. He'd got 'em into the mess, and now they were mad clear through, and they wouldn't back out, but everybody had it in for Potter, just the same.

"Winford stayed on duty night and day. He was everywhere at once, never excited, never in a hurry, always good-natured, but watching everything like a hawk. Late one afternoon Winford and I came out of the mine together and started home. Then Win said he must go down to number two level a minute, but he'd be right home for dinner. He climbed on the skip and Hines, the hoist-man, lowered away. I started up the trail, but stopped in a clump of bushes to wait for Winford. Through the leaves I saw Hines looking up the trail as if to make sure I was gone and every one else out of sight. I heard the signal-bell sound: 'Man aboard; hoist to the surface.' Hines hoisted away slow. Winford's head appeared above ground. Hines threw the lever over to full speed. The skip hurtled up toward the dumping-point, fifty feet up in the air. Sure death—that's what Hines meant! But Winford leaped from the skip in mid-air, he shot forward in a great curve, he landed with a clatter of hob-nails on the springboardy galvanized-iron roof of the tool shed. He started for Hines. Hines didn't wait. He let out one yell and tore off down the mountainside as if there were forty million devils after him. In ten seconds he was out of sight in the chaparral. Winford turned back.

"'See that?' asked Winford. 'Tried to kill me! Don't tell anybody—Bess might hear about it.'

"Then Winford dug up another hoist man and put him on Hines's job, and then we went on up to the house, and all the way through dinner Win kept telling funny stories about Boers, and English privates, and German students he'd known at Freiberg, and Bess kept making jolly little jokes, and after our coffee she played and sang for us, and the Little Maggie mine and the strikers might have been a thousand miles away. But after a while Winford said he had to go below again—the pump machinery had been acting up, he thought they'd got it fixed all right, but he'd have another look. Bess told him he ought to be in bed, that he knew he'd been overdoing terribly, but he only laughed and said work was good for him. As he went out, he whispered to me to be sure the guns were loaded and handy, because I must look out for Bess if anything happened.

"Once he was gone, Bess let out a feeler or two in the way of a question, and then I found she'd seen the whole episode at the hoist, from the hillside above, and that she understood perfectly what it meant—an attempt to murder her husband. She was sick with fear. She said she'd had a dreadful presentiment all evening that she'd never see Winford alive again. She reproached herself because she hadn't gone down to the mine with him.

"'If I'd only gone along!' she kept saying. 'Then they wouldn't have dared—! they wouldn't have dared—!'

"I told her it was all bosh—there wasn't any danger; but I knew better, inside.

"I tried to read, and I couldn't—neither Mark Twain, nor Lindley on Mines. Bess tried to play, but she kept striking discords, and anyway, the noise of a piano made me shiver. Then we tried playing dominos,

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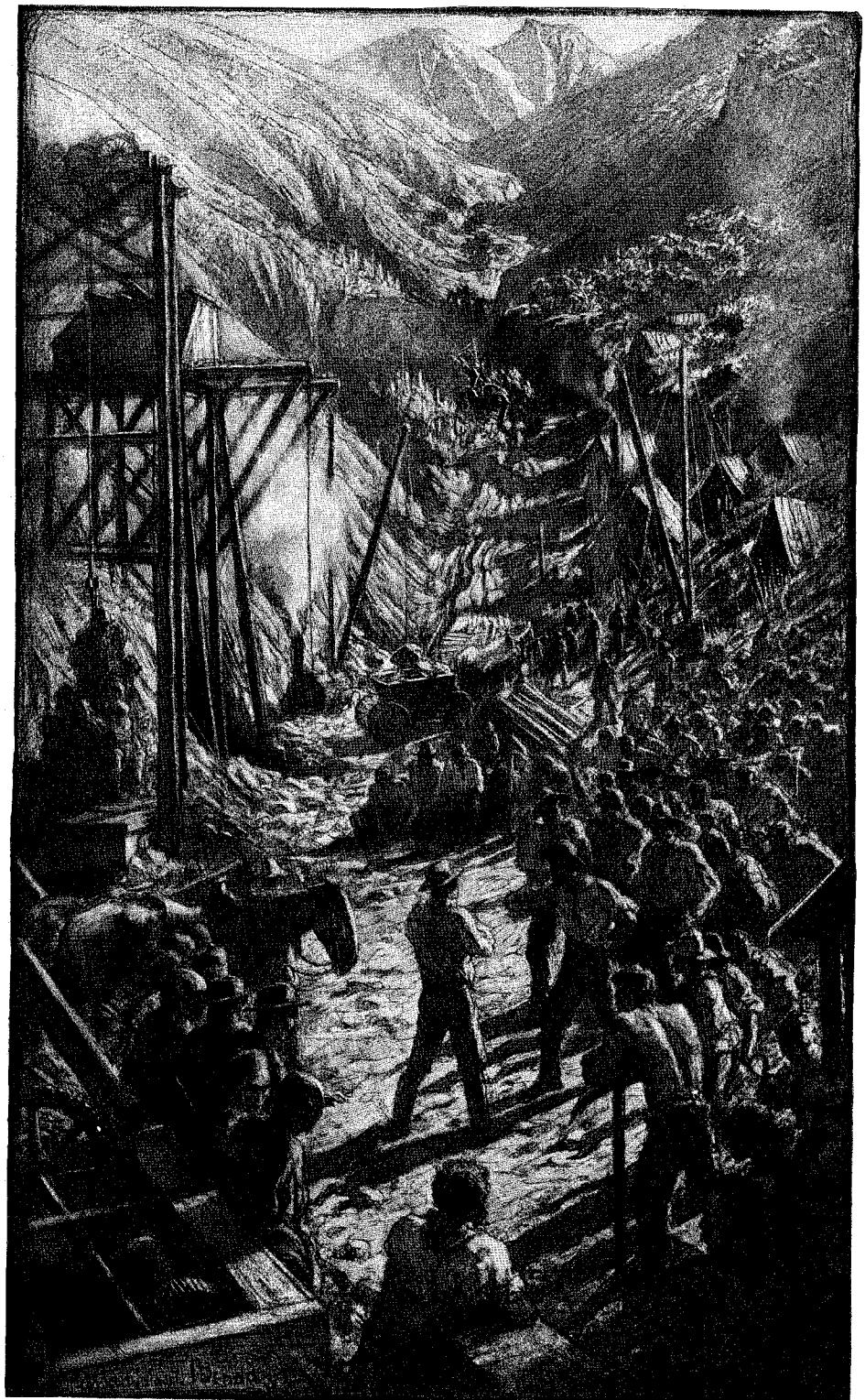

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"Puffed up like a peacock, Potter announced their terms."—Page 87.

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round the double, but I'd play a five on a four and Bess would build right on and never notice it, and she'd get the ends all fives and forget to count, and I'd make my play and never think to stick her for not pegging. Finally I made Bess play 'penny-a-point'—the first time in her life she'd ever played for money. It worked, too. I got her mind off her worries and her attention absorbed in the game. But suddenly she sat up with a start that knocked her dominos over face up and slid a pile of chips into her lap.

"'Listen!' she whispered.

"I listened with all my might, but I couldn't hear a sound except the pulse in my own ears. She'd heard some one come stealthily up on the porch, and then step back on the ground. I went all 'round the house, through the darkened rooms, and looked out—there was no one in sight.

"'I'm going to telephone the hoist man and see if Winford's still below,' said Bess.

"I heard her ringing and ringing and rattling the hook. Then she came back, her face white.

"'The telephone's dead,' she said; 'some one's cut the wires. I'm going down to the mine to look for Winford.'

"I laughed at her, and told her to go to bed and pull the covers over her head and go to sleep, and when she woke up by daylight she'd have forgotten her bad dreams.

"'Of course,' she answered; 'but I'm going down to the mine.'

"Just then we heard yelling. I went to a window in the darkened dining-room and looked out. The hoist-house was on fire, and by the glare I saw a mob of miners, tearing things to pieces and howling like mad. I heard Bess behind me—there she was, all ready in cap and overalls and boots.

"'I'm ready,' she said; 'coming along?' We slipped out through the screen porch and right into the brush behind the house. Bess clutched my arm. There was a man hiding in the bushes. It was old Bong.

"'You go see boss!' he said. 'Too muchey fight. Got'm gun?' He offered me his. We couldn't get another word out of him. He led us through the brush, keeping away from the mouth of the mine, and along a steep trail, way down the mountainside, to the mouth of an old disused tunnel. 'Boss all lite,' he said; 'in fo'.' Then all at once he had melted into the darkness.

"Bess and I climbed up the dump, we pushed through the brush at the mouth of the tunnel, and in another minute we were plashing along in the trickle of water under foot, well started into the mine. I lighted my candle, but told Bess not to light up yet. We followed ahead a long way. Then we felt warmer air—we were approaching a cross drift. My glasses fogged. I took them off, to wipe off the moisture, and stuck my candle into the wall. Next minute I knocked against it, it tumbled down and went out, and there we were in the dark. And then—neither of us had any matches!

"No matches! It would take us an hour to go home and get some, and every chance of our being intercepted on the way! But what else could be done? You know how it feels when you've done a fool thing like that. You're furious, and then you realize you've only yourself to blame, and that makes it worse. But——!

"For, next minute we heard footsteps in the cross drift. We crouched down behind a pile of caved-in rock. We heard two men approaching. They stopped near us. Then some one began to talk. It was Potter—calling Winford all the foul names you ever heard, and then some.

"'What did you run away for, Hines?' asked Potter. 'Why didn't you tell him it was an accident?'

"'Accident!' answered Hines's voice.

"'Of course he's wise now,' went on Potter, 'but if you hadn't skipped——!'

"'He knew I tried to do him up,' answered Hines.

"'Then you've got to finish the job,' said Potter.

"'I can't!' said Hines.

"'Why not?' asked Potter. 'You've—you've killed him once. It's no more to finish the job. If you don't do him up now, then it's you for the pen—or likelier he'll kill you!'

"'Well,' said Hines, hesitatingly, 'supposin' we do, how'll we get at it? Gun play?'

"'Naw!' answered Potter. 'No bullet holes! He's in number four somewhere, all by his lonely. We'll put a stick of dynamite handy, and rig up some wires, and when we see him coming, spark her off, and that's the end of Winford, and no evidence.'

"'All right,' assented Hines, 'pretty

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good; but what if he happens along before we're ready?'

"'Then we'll have to pot him. Have your gun handy.'

"'Handy!'

"We heard Hines click his trigger.

"'I'll go up to the cache and get the giant,' said Potter's voice, 'and we'll meet yonder.'

"We heard his footsteps die away down the tunnel. Hines was left alone. We could see the dull shine from his candle, on the top of the drift. An utter silence settled down. Then I began to hear something pounding. It was the ticking of my dollar watch. In the stillness it pounded louder and louder. I held my arm over my watch-pocket, but I couldn't muffle that infernal racket. Hines must have heard it, too, for suddenly his light was doused. We heard him crawling stealthily in the dark. I heard a little choke in Bess's throat. She stood up. There was the report of a revolver. There was a scream, and the sound of a falling body; then some one groaned a couple of times, and then there was silence again—but a faint, sickly smell of blood.

"'Now we can get some matches,' said Bess's voice. I heard her stumble forward. I heard her groping in the dark. Then there was the slow blue flicker of a sulphur match, and then, with a steady hand, Bess lighting her candle. On the ground lay Hines—stone dead.

"'Help drag him—Potter mustn't see him!' Bess commanded. She was a good deal more concerned once when she shot a rattler, coiled in her husband's path.

"He led us through the brush, keeping away from the mouth of the mine."—Page 90.

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"'Now we've matches,' she said, 'but can't you find your way in the dark?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and Potter won't see us.'

"We groped along, feeling our way in the blackness. As we passed each cross drift, and verified our whereabouts by counting distances in steps, I thanked my stars I'd quit assaying for mine-surveying, and knew my road. I think I could have gone like that in the dark anywhere in the Little Maggie—except in the old original workings, abandoned years before—all those maps had been destroyed in the burning of the mine office, two years before I came, and all anybody knew about that region was hearsay from Chinese miners who'd worked there a quarter of a century before.

"We saw a blinking light on ahead. We retreated into a stope and hid behind the heaps of waste rock. The light came nearer—it was Winford. I drew him into the stope, I blew out his light, I told him everything.

"'Come on!' he said.

"But when we had groped our way into the drift, we saw a light on ahead. We hid again in the stope. The light came on—it was Potter. He laid a bundle down, he went back a few feet and slipped something behind the timbering, and then he began to fumble with wires. There was an explosion. Then we heard Potter howling like the damned. Before we could light up there was silence again.

"We found Potter unconscious, pinioned under mine timbers, weighted down with fallen rock, both his legs horribly crushed from the thigh down. We set to work to pull off the rock and pry the timbers up. But Bess, first thing, took the gun from his pocket and put it out of reach—he was apparently dead, and his left hand was blown off, but his right hand and arm were whole! She was right—he wasn't dead—his eyes opened.

"'Winford!' he groaned. He reached for his gun, and it was gone. 'Where's my gun?' he asked.

"'Here,' said Bess. 'I heard what you said to Hines.'

"'I only want it for myself,' begged Potter. 'Winford—for God's sake, man, be easy on me and put a bullet through my head. You'd do as much for a horse.'

"We worked on like mad, and told him we'd have him out in no time and the doctor'd fix him up all right.

"'See here,' he asked, 'do you remember the fellow who sells matches, nights, on Dupont street, with pads where his legs ought to be? I'm not a-going——'

"But we worked on. Then Potter began to sob. He said he wanted to make a clean confession—he'd stolen a lot of bonanza ore, and it was cached in number eleven level, in the last stope on the left going in, and he was responsible for the strike, and he'd set out that night to get even with Winford, and that's how he came to blow himself up, but it was all his own devilment, and he'd got what he deserved, and now wouldn't Winford or I have mercy on him and shoot him—he was suffering the torments of the damned.

"'Hines is dead, too,' I told him.

"'Too!' he answered, and he sort of laughed. 'We two and one Austrian,' he said, 'we were all who were in on the deal—to rob you and kill you—and the Austrian's dead. Now I've made a clean breast of everything. I wish to God I'd stayed decent. I hope you'll forgive me. Now—I'll never be fitter to die. Let me go!'

"Just then some bits of rock fell from overhead and hit him on the face. 'Run!' he screamed. 'The roof's coming down! Never mind me!'

"We three made a wild dash to the stope, for timbers to brace up the roof. We heard a thud. A big chunk of rock had fallen and crushed Potter's head like an eggshell. Then there was another explosion. Potter's reserve stock of dynamite must have got mixed up with his battery wires. The whole top of the drift, between us and Potter, settled down. We were bottled up in the stope.

"'Never you mind!' said Winford. 'They'll come and soon dig us out. But we might as well get busy!'

"They'd left picks and shovels and some candles in the stope when the strike began, so Winford and I went to it hard, digging away toward salvation. Winford blew out all our candles except one, for we'd neither food nor water nor any more air when that in the stope was breathed up, except what little air might filter through the fallen rock. We worked and we worked and we worked,

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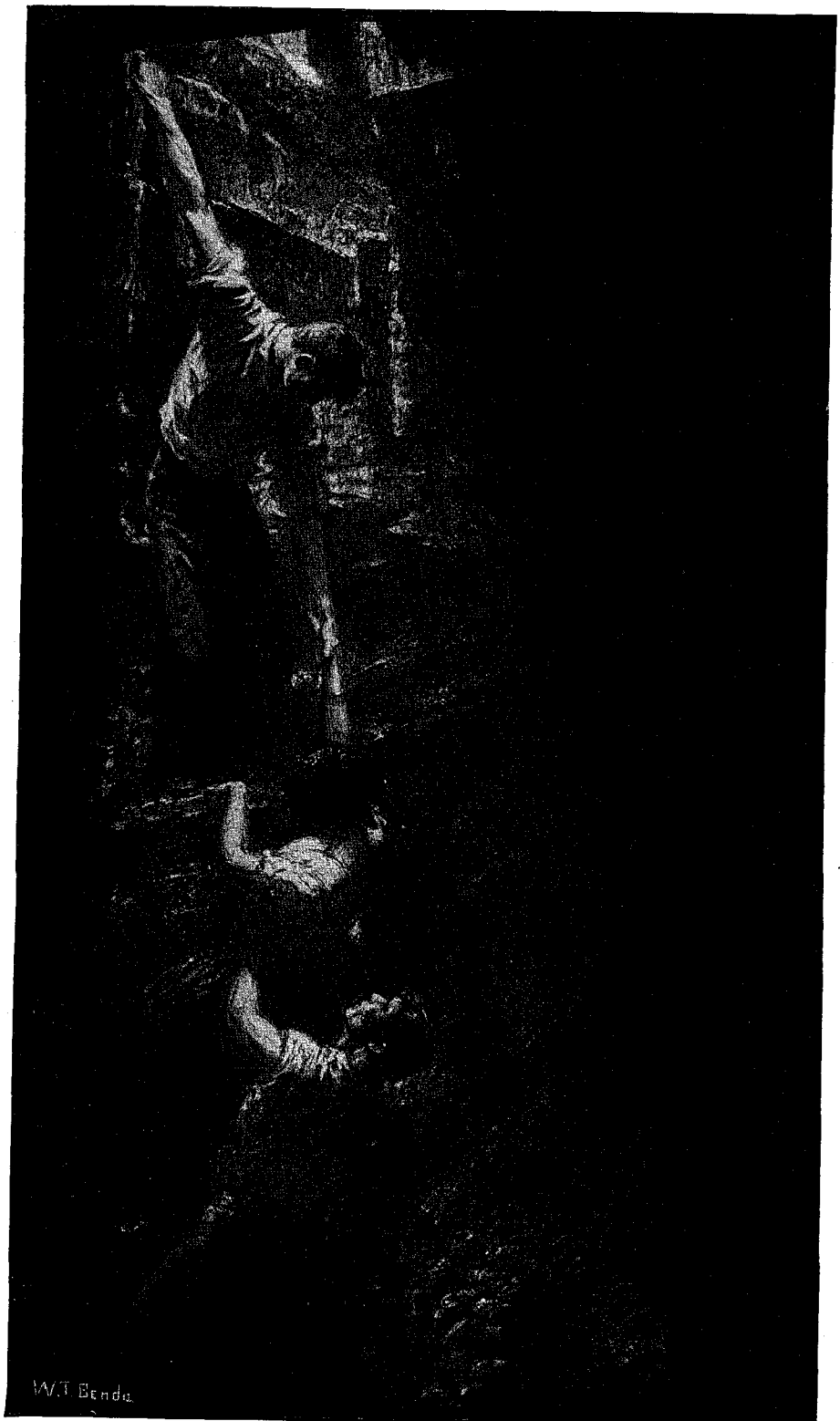

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"We wriggled up it to the level above."—Page 95.

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and Bess, too, and there was no telling how long, because my dollar watch, content with its final achievement, had run down, never to go again. When we'd worked till we couldn't work any more, we'd sit down and have a morsel of my chewing tobacco, and then we'd feel better and go to it again.

"One night, or one day, we'd all taken a sleep, and Bess hadn't waked up yet. Then Winford asked me if I realized that just where this cave-in had occurred was about the worst formation for settling in the whole mine, and there was no telling how far back the cave-in might have gone. We'd heard no noise of working telephoned through the rock, and that looked bad, for even if there was a rescue party, it must be a long way off, and our time was growing short.

"So we went on working. And another time we were all fagged out, and we sat down to pretend a meal by chewing a piece of rawhide boot-lace, and Bess asked me if I'd ever heard about the haunted drift in the Little Maggie. She said two Chinamen were killed there years ago, by a premature blast, and the other Chinamen left the bodies lying in the stope, all peppered full of pieces of rock, and wouldn't go near the place, so some of the American miners brought the stiffs up and carried them to the Chinese camp. And still the Chinks wouldn't go back to work. And then Bong sent for the manager, and made him stand at the head of the coffins, and say to the dead Chinamen: 'You're fired! Get out! You've got to travel! There's no more work for you in *this* mine. You won't be allowed round the camp, so clear out! Clear out for keeps!' Then the live Chinks went back to work.

"So Bess proposed that Winford write out discharge papers for me as his mine surveyor and for her as his housekeeper, and she his discharge as mine manager, and so we wouldn't any of us have to haunt the Little Maggie, because if she had to haunt she wanted to haunt some nice place, like the Greek Theatre, or the top of Grizzly, where Win proposed to her on a moonlight night.

"Then we went to digging again. And the next time we stopped to rest and to chew a fresh piece of boot leather, Winford said he wished he had a chance to set one thing straight—if he had it to do over again his miners would be welcome to eat six meals a day off the company, let alone four. And Bess said it must have been hard on the women and children since the strike began—did he think there were many of them who hadn't been having enough to eat? Then Bess and Win began to tell me all sorts of schemes they'd been cogitating for months for bettering the conditions of the miners and making their wages fairer, and starting some sort of profit-sharing scheme.

"'It's the old story,' said Bess—'it's always "if only we had another chance!"'

"'See here, Bess,' said Winford, 'I don't think I've much claim on another chance—you've been married to me for six months, and that means I've had a good deal more than my share of the world's stock of happiness.'

"You should have seen Bess's smile!

"Then we went to work again, but by now we couldn't work very long at a time. But there was a big trouble ahead of us. We'd used up the last of the spare timbers, and it was bad ground to work. We kept a-going, though—and then, all of a sudden, down came everything ahead of our last timbers. And the irony!—the cave-in had opened up the finest deposit of millionaire ore I ever laid eyes on—it was all streaked and flaked and speckled with free gold. I couldn't help laughing at the absurdity of it—what could we buy with it now—but Winford kept loosening up and loosening up new chunks of eye-opening stuff. Then suddenly there was a gush of air, and a black hole showing.

"'We've sure broken through into something open,' said Winford. 'What if it's the old workings!'

"Well—we crawled through, and hauled Bess up after us, and we were in a tunnel, and we followed and followed along it, through strange hopeful alternations of heat and cold and damp. We came to a trickle of water. Oh—how good that tasted! Then we waded waist-deep through a pool and crawled through a chink between fallen rock and the top of the drift, and pretty soon we came to the end of our road—the tunnel was blocked by a cave-in. So we crawled back through the hole and waded through the pool again to go back for our picks and shovels and see if we could dig through, for we'd felt a current of

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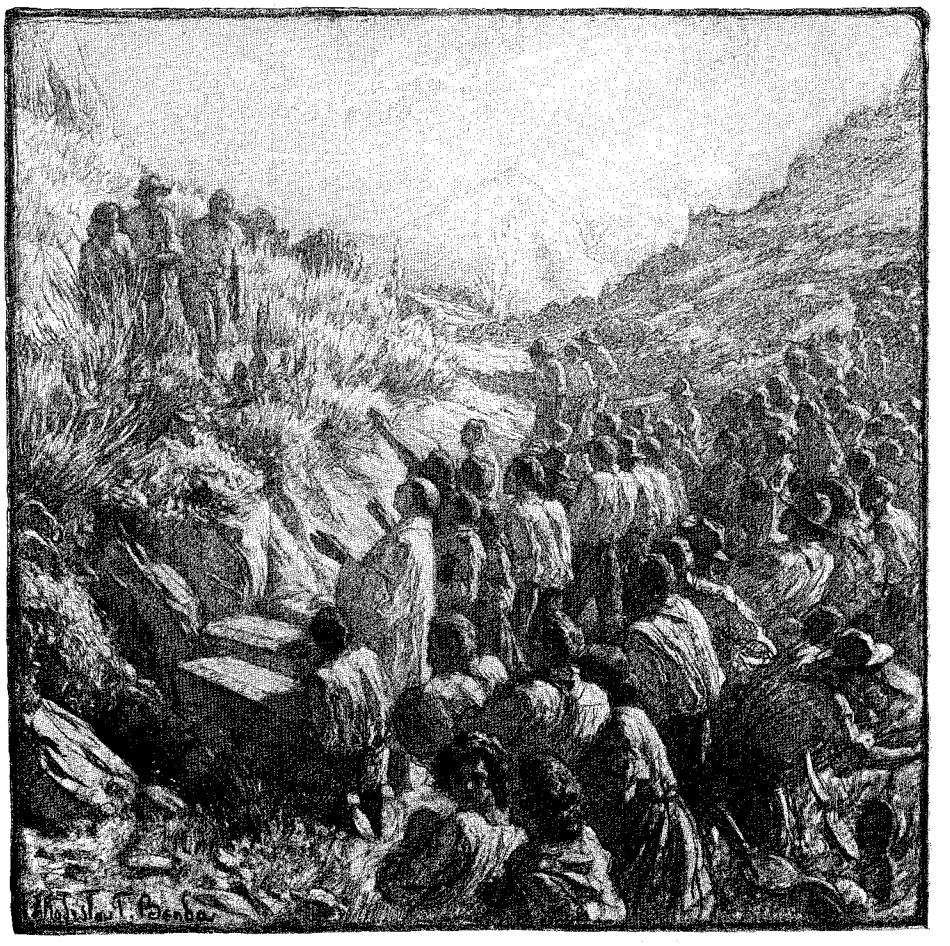

"We three walked out of the bushes and down the slope."—Page 96.

air through a crevice. But on our way back we saw a hole over our heads we hadn't noticed before, and we made handholds and footholds in the rock and climbed up, and it was a long winze and we wriggled up it to the level above. And there we found ourselves in an abandoned tunnel that probably no one had been in for upward of thirty years. We stumbled along, climbing over caved-in rock and crawling through crevices only just big enough to be squirmable. And mighty often we had to stop and rest, for we were faint from long hunger. What a look that tunnel had! The timbers were rotted and mouldered and sometimes horribly misshapen, from the weight of the whole mountain crushing down on them all those years, but mostly they'd held, and always we could get by.

"Then the air seemed to grow cooler and freshen, we saw fungi growing on the walls, and then there was a gleam of light on ahead, and through boughs we saw patches of blue sky, and a bird, nesting there, fluttered out, chittering her fear for her young.

"We heard voices, and we looked out through the boughs, and we saw a crowd of miners and their wives and their children, there in the flat below us, hard by the little shack where the priest came once a month to say mass. And there were two open graves, and two coffins beside them, and the priest was there, in his robes, and Winford's name was on his lips.

"'Our own funeral sermon!' whispered Winford. 'Listen!'

"'I came too late to save them from murder,' the old priest was saying. 'As he lay

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dying of fever the Austrian told me that he and Potter and Hines had looted the mine and then beguiled you into this insanely mistaken strike. He told me they'd plotted to kill Winford. I came to prevent this hideous crime, and I came too late. Deep in the mine, with a bullet in his head—so we found Hines. We found the tunnel blocked with a great cave-in, and from under the rock showed the hand of Cain—here Potter lies! May Heaven have mercy on their souls!

"'And Winford? He lies dead under the rock, and his wife and her brother, too, for their footsteps led on under the great cave-in. Any minute your comrades may uncover their crushed and mangled bodies, or find them behind the barrier, suffocated, or dead from thirst and hunger.

"'You've called the strike off, you say! Will that bring back the truest and kindest friends you ever had? Were you ever in your lives so fairly and generously dealt with as by Winford? And she—why, she was an angel from heaven. Now you realize it all—too late! You say the strike's off—but your leaders have done murder, and are *your* hands clean from innocent blood? Too late! too late! shall the grave give up its dead?'

"Then we three walked out of the bushes and down the slope.

"My goodness! They were scared stiff, but when they saw we were real they picked Winford and me up and carried us down on their shoulders, and the women hung to Bess and cried all over her. Then Winford made them put him down by the coffins, to speak with the old priest, and they were all deathly still to hear what he said.

"'He'll go to Heaven all right, Potter will,' said Winford; 'if to be sorry for everything mean you've ever done is what's wanted. Potter was! He told us all about it, while we were trying to dig him out, after the timbers fell. His last act was to warn us the roof was coming down, to beg us to save ourselves and leave him. And we couldn't get timbers there in time!'

"'And the other one, too,' said Bess. 'I know he'd thought better of it; he had time for that—I heard Mr. Hines groan twice after I shot him.'

"Winford looked queerly at Bess for a moment, and then he turned to a stranger who was standing there.

"'You're the coroner, aren't you?' asked Winford. 'When'll you have the inquest?'

"'Inquest!' gasped Bess, 'must I—' and she leaned up against Winford, looking pretty white in the gills.

"'See here, young feller,' answered the coroner severely, 'I've been waitin' 'round here and wastin' my time just to hold an inquest on you three, and now you've disapp'inted me. The jury's already found a verdict on Potter and Hines—"Dead by an Act of God resultin' from their own cussedness," and I ain't a-goin' to reopen the case for nobody, so you just lie down!'

"Then the funeral went on, and the two coffins were lowered into the graves, and Potter and Hines had Christian burial.

"Half an hour later the Little Maggie mine was running full blast again, as if there'd never been a strike. Winford and I grabbed up a couple of pails of lunch apiece at the miners' boarding-house and then went on down to tell the relief party there wasn't any particular hurry about digging us out. But they'd just broken through the cave-in and found nothing and nobody, to their great astonishment. We had them open up the stope where we'd been bottled, and the new pocket in there, together with the ore Potter and Hines had cached in number eleven, cleaned up something over a quarter of a million.

"Well—we went on home and had a bath and sat down to our regular Sunday chicken dinner. And from that day everything went on as peacefully as if all this had never happened, only I wonder if old Bong didn't get a few supply contracts worth having, and my old man deeded the mine to Win and Bess as a sort of thank-offering and supplementary wedding-present, and I guess there's no mine in the world where the miners are as well treated or as well fed or as carefully protected from accident as at the good old Little Maggie, blessed be her name!"

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ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

LEAVING New York on a steamer officered and manned by Englishmen your impressions may begin from the moment you put foot on board. The change from the restless volubility of the Irish cab driver to the icy servility of the Englishman of the servant class is soothing, depressing, irritating or amusing as the case may be. The chattering, waving, gesticulating high-voiced travellers, and good-byers, are apparently of no interest to the stolid stewards, who move about at slower speed, speak in lower tones, do what they have to do with as little unnecessary expenditure of nerve, and muscle, and speech power, as possible. Even before the ship moves you have moved from the exhilarating, bracing, bright air of inland and upland plains, to the heavier and more moist climate of an island. Movement, speech, feature and bulk are different. They are all, movement, speech, feature and bulk, different in a way that is easily and definitely expressed by one word: heavy. Later one finds that this word is used accurately. The English men, women, horses, vehicles, machinery, houses, furniture, food, are heavier in proportion than ours.

What will you have for breakfast, if alas, you will have any breakfast the first morning out? Something very light, perhaps. These islanders, you soon find, have little regard for lightness. A light dish of eggs in some form, a light roll, fresh butter, coffee and hot milk. Yes, of a sort, but none of them light. You soon forswear coffee for tea, and ere long the passive bulwark of resistance wearies you into eggs and bacon, and cold meat, and jams, for your first meal of the day. Little things are typical. What you want is not refused you, but what they have and like, is gradually forced upon you. Thus they govern their Colonies. No raising of voices, no useless and prolonged discussion, no heat generated, no ridicule of your habits, or eulogy of their own, none of these, but just slow-moving, unchanging, confident bulk!

The monotonous and solemn "yes, sir," "thank you, sir," of the servants may lead you to suppose that at any rate this class of English man and woman is servile, is lacking in the national trait of confidence, is perhaps amenable to suggestions of a change. On the contrary, this class less even than others. The manner and speech are merely mechanical. The unblushing demands, either frankly open, or awkwardly surreptitious, for tips are part of the day's work. They are servants, they know it, they have no objection to your knowing it, and most of them have little ambition to be anything else. They are not in that position in the meantime, but permanently; they are not serving, while waiting for something else; service is their career. The American may "sling hash" at Coney Island, or in a western frontier town, until he can escape to become something else, but as a vocation he does not recognize it. At first, therefore, these people are puzzling, we shall see later that they are a factor in the civilization we are about to explore. They have their pride, their rules of precedence, their code; they are fixed, immovable, unconcerned about other careers, undisturbed by hazy ambitions, and insistent upon their privileges, as are all other Englishmen. They will not overstep the boundary lines of your personal position, and they jealously guard the boundaries of their own.

When we come to know them better we find that, although they are of all the laboring classes completely unorganized, without unions or societies, they are the one class who have kept up and increased the standard of wages. As a class they have made no claims, they have not appealed to the public, or to the politician, but they have, none the less, increased their demands, and obtained their demands. This is rather a curious commentary upon organized

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labor. The servant class numbers something like one in forty of the total population. My only explanation is that as they are the class coming most closely in contact with the ruling class, they have absorbed and used the methods of that class. They hold themselves at a high value, assert that value, and wherever and whenever possible, take all they can get. It is done quietly, as a matter of right, and with a sort of subdued air of sanctity. This is the British way, an impressive and an eminently successful way. At any rate, so far as the servants themselves are concerned, they may well laugh in their sleeves at the troubles of the Trades Unions and other societies, which, with much noise, turmoil, strikes and boycotts, have not succeeded as well as they have in bettering their condition. The wages of servants have increased out of all proportion to the increase of wages in other occupations in the last fifteen years.

Though I have written that they are unorganized as a class in the sense in which the miners, or the spinners are organized, they maintain among themselves distinctions and gradations as sharp as those of a Court. The housekeeper, the butler, the head coachman, the master's valet, and the mistress's maid, are the nobility and gentry of the servants' hall, while footmen, grooms, maids and the like are commoners. To the average American these distinctions may be merely laughable. Let him come to England and keep house for a year and he will find them adamant. He can no more ignore them or override them than he can alter the procedure in the House of Lords. If he accepts them, well and good; if not, he will have no servants. The butler and the housekeeper are spoken of by the other servants as "Mr." Jones and "Mrs." Brown, and the mistress's maid is "Miss," and woe be to the unlucky underling who forgets these prefixes! At a large house-party, where there are many men-servants and maids, they take the precedence of their particular master and mistress. You smile at first, and then you realize that underlying the snobbishness, the petty dignities, is the national love of orderliness, the desire for a cut-and-dried routine, the British contentment in having a fixed personal status. Those who have read Thackeray's novels, and his "Yellowplush Papers," have a not inaccurate, though a brightly colored picture, of the English servant class. Above all things, do not forget the most important factor of all—they are all English, they are all of the same race as their masters. This explains, if not everything, almost everything.

But like all good Americans, let us be moving, let us get on. Here we are at last in London! That yellow ball above the horizon, seen through this bituminous haze, is the sun—the sun sadly tarnished. Those little toy coaches and engines are cars and locomotives. The noiseless gliding out, and gliding into the station, is the English way of running things. No shouting, no nervous snapping of watches, no shriek of whistle, no clanging of bell; a scarcely audible whistle, and the thing is done. These people must know their business or somebody would be left behind, somebody would get into the wrong train; they do know their business. We are soon to find that this is the country of personal freedom, and also personal responsibility. You may do as you please unmolested, uncriticised, unreported, unphotographed, unheralded, unnoticed even, as in no other country in the world, but the moment you do what you ought not to please to do, from the policeman to the court, and thence to the jail, is a shorter road here than anywhere else. So much personal liberty is only possible where justice is swift, unprejudiced, impartial and sure. The lord, the millionaire, the drunkard and the snatch thief are treated the same—within the same six months a great financial schemer, and the son of a great nobleman, were ushered behind the bars with almost as little ceremony, and as little delay, as are required for the trial of a wife-beater, or a burglar. Personal freedom has this serious responsibility, its misuse is promptly punished, and there is no escape—they even behead a king on occasion.

When we are in England we do, so far as our temperamental limitations permit, as the English do. We go to a private hotel, small, with a front door always locked and only opened on demand, and we are ushered into our own apartment. For a week now, not another guest has revealed himself. Meals are served to each in his own rooms, and though there is a coffee-room, no one, apparently, uses it. The Englishman brings his home to his hotel. It is not

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a meeting-place, but quite on the contrary, a place for personal privacy and seclusion. There are, of course, now in London, great caravansaries, but they are for the stranger, and for the modernized Englishman, the real John Bull abhors them. The rooms are damp, a small grate-fire mitigates the gloom of the sitting-room, but bed-room and dressing-room retain their damp-blanket atmosphere, throughout our stay. A tin tub is brought in in the morning and evening, and you bathe as a protection from the cold. A sound rubbing with a coarse towel takes the place of a fire, or steam heat. No doubt many people die in becoming accustomed to this method of keeping warm, but those who survive have conquered for themselves the greatest empire extant.

The first days in the streets of London bring so many impressions that it is as confusing to remember them as to recall, in their proper order, the changes of a kaleidoscope. It is apparent that the men are heavier here than with us, apparent, too, that this is a land of men, ruled by men, obedient to the ways and comforts and prejudices of men, not women. Here the male bird has the brilliant plumage. The best of them, as one sees them in Piccadilly, in Bond Street, in St. James's Street, in the clubs, in the park of a Sunday after church, are fine looking fellows, well set up, and scrupulously well groomed and turned out. But the women! What hats, what clothes, what shoes, what colors, what amorphous figures! One hears of English economies, evidently they begin with the dressmaker's bill. Who permits that nice looking girl to wear a white flannel skirt, a purple jacket, and a fur hat with a bunch of small feathers sticking out of it at right angles! Here is another with an embroidered linen coat, and a bit of ermine fur, and a straw hat with flowers on it! The grotesque costumes of the women would make one stop to stare were it not that they are so common one ceases at last to notice them. But their taste in dress is nothing new. When Queen Victoria came to the throne their tasteless vagaries of custom were noticeable. A well-dressed lady is described as wearing, in those days, "a blue satin robe, a black-violet mantlet lined with blue satin, and trimmed with black lace, and an emerald-green hat, trimmed with blonde and roses, as well as ribbon and feathers!"

The complexions of the English have often been exploited for our benefit. The damp climate and the exercise out-of-doors, produce the red, they say. But on examination it proves to be not the red of the rose, but the red of raw beef, and often streaky and fibrous at that. The features are large and the faces high-colored, but it is not a delicate pink, it is a coarse red. At a distance, the effect is charming, bright, refreshing, but close to, often rather unpleasant. Here the features of the women, even the features of the beautiful women, are moulded; while the features of our beautiful American women are chiselled.

The shops wear the colors, so to speak, of the dominant sex. Those that most attract you have in their windows the paraphernalia of the male bird. Shops with guns, and folding seats to carry about when shooting, and everything pertaining to the sport in profusion; shops with windows draped with haberdashery; shops filled with leather and silver conveniences for men; shops with all sorts of hats for all sorts of climates for men's wear; shops with harness, shops with whips, shops with saddles, shops with tobacco, endless shops with potables of all kinds from those with 47s., 64s., 84s., 89s., 99s., 1900s. for the particular imbiber; to those with the everlasting "Bitter" and "Gin," enjoyed by the nomadic drinker with only pennies on his person, and no credit. Should you take the trouble to count, you would find that the purveyors to masculine taste largely predominate. The men dress, the women are clothed, and the shops are provided accordingly.

The Englishwoman pretends that the Frenchwoman and the American woman is overdressed, inappropriately dressed. This, however, is only a salve to her feelings, and is acquiesced in by her lord, for reasons of economy. In the country, in stout boots, nondescript hats, and cheap flannel and tweed, the Englishwoman is properly clothed because such costumes are cheap; but in town she is awkwardly clothed because well-fitting clothes of fine material are expensive, and the Englishwoman is not given her appropriate share of the income for purposes of personal

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adornment. That is the truth of the matter, that, and the national all-pervasive lack of taste, which accounts for the odd, often comical, appearance of women in London.

It might imperil the faith of the reader in these impressions were one to give facts in this connection; if one, that is to say, were to give the figures of amounts allowed to certain women, wives, sisters, daughters, in certain families to dress on. Just as our women are so often wickedly and grotesquely extravagant in their expenditure, so here such matters are on a scale that can only be called mean. Very often facts, statements from real life, are flouted as isolated, exaggerated and hence untrue to life. Often enough, therefore, a general impression carries more weight, and is, in truth, more valuable. This is the case in this particular instance, as in many others. After an experience of England and the English, covering some thirty odd years, I could easily quote example after example of the pittances allowed Englishwomen for their personal expenditure. Is it not, perhaps, easier and surer, after all, to develop particular instances from general lines of civilization? This England has become the great Empire she is because she is a man's country, this fact at any rate will protrude itself, make itself unmistakable at every turn as we go on, and the expenditure of women is merely one of the minor results of this.

To those who have given some attention to gastronomics either for the stomach's or the pocket's sake, the food provided here is almost more than a first impression, it is a daily, thrice daily, bugbear. Here, again, it is surely the masculine stomach that dictates. Meat, meat, meat and no alleviation. The vegetables are few, and even they as Heine—how Heine must have suffered in England—phrased it: "are boiled in water, and then put upon the table just as God made them!" It is true that one may go to the expensive restaurants, the Ritz, the Carlton, the Savoy and others, and live daintily enough, but that is not England, that is a foreign country with which we have nothing to do. During the past two weeks, I have dined at our own private hotel—which, by the way, it is fair to the student to say, is a first-rate one in the fashionable West End district,—at the country house of a distinguished peer of the realm and at a middle-class restaurant in the Strand. At all of these meat predominated. At his lordship's, it is needless to say, there were fruits, and salads, and vegetables from his own gardens, and there was such variety that a guest might please himself, and must have been overcritical not to have dined well whatever his tastes; but the eternal round of eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue and chicken, with potatoes, and cabbage, and cheese, is the familiar diet of the Englishman. Nor does he complain. He wants nothing else. He demands just this bill-of-fare. I have heard at Julien's, in Paris, where, when Julien himself presides over your meal, you dine completely, the Englishman sighing for some good plain beef or mutton. He likes it, it agrees with him, he sighs for it when he has been separated from it, and those who survive this sanguinary flesh diet are, it must be admitted, splendid animals indeed.

> Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
> Upon the strength of water gruel?
> But who can stand his raging force,
> When first he rides then eats his horse.

This damp, cool climate, where, as King Charles said, one can be out-of-doors and enjoy being out-of-doors more days in the year than in any other country in the world, is a climate where the warmly dressed, agreeably exercising, comfortably housed male flourishes like a green bay tree. Let it be borne in mind constantly that these pages are not written in criticism—that is poor business for any man, most of all for a happy man who numbers many Englishmen among his friends—but as a study. Who is this Englishman? what is he? why is he? where and how does he live? above all, why has he conquered the world? how much longer will he be supreme? those are the questions of interest. We are noting facts not because they are pleasant or unpleasant, not because they fit in with some theory of our own, but because they are to light the road we propose to travel among these people.

It is this climate, seldom very hot, seldom very cold, rarely very bright, which lends itself better than any other to exercise out-of-doors, which makes fuel of a bulky and beefy sort necessary. No man in America, not even a coal-heaver, could live the year round on the food and drink

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which are the daily dietary of many men here; mostly men, it is true, who spend much time out-of-doors, shooting, fishing, hunting, golfing and the like. Eggs and bacon and sole with tea or coffee for breakfast. A hot dish of meat and potatoes, vegetable marrow, cabbage, celery, all boiled, or cold meat salad and cheese with beer or whiskey and soda, and a glass of port to follow for luncheon. Soup generally very poor, fish, meat, an entrée often of meat, a sweet, cheese and fruit for dinner, with champagne, whiskey and soda or a light wine according to taste, again with port to follow, this bill-of-fare is a fair average diet. Added to by the rich, subtracted from by the poor, until it is the best of good living at the table of a Rothschild, because there is nothing so difficult in all the realm of cookery as plain cooking; or the most awful unwholesome fodder at the table of the poor man, because these elements that lend themselves to the most wholesome diet, lend themselves also to the most unwholesome.

Look at the people who swarm the streets to see the Lord Mayor's Show, and where will you see a more pitiable sight? These beef-eating, port-drinking fellows in Piccadilly, exercised, scrubbed, groomed, they are well enough to be sure; but this other side of the shield is distressing to look at. Poor, stunted, bad-complexioned, shabbily dressed, ill-featured are these pork-eating, gin-drinking denizens of the East End. Crowds I have seen in America, in Mexico, and in most of the great cities of Europe—of India and China I know nothing. Nowhere is there such squalor, such pinching poverty, so many undersized, so many plainly and revoltingly diseased, so much human rottenness as here. This is what the climate, the food, and the drink, and man's rule of the weaker to the wall, accomplishes for the weak.

> The good old rule, the ancient plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can.

But more of this at another time. It is one of England's ugly problems and deserves a chapter to itself.

What an orderly crowd it is! Call it by all the bad names you will, and there remains this characteristic of law-abidingness which has been to me for many years, and is still, a ceaseless source of wonder. See them at the great race on the Epsom Downs on Derby Day. As you look from your coach top you see a black mass of people. No sign of a track, no sign of a race. A bell rings, two or three policemen on horseback, half a dozen more on foot, begin moving along the track, and this enormous crowd melts aside, makes a lane; the horses come out, dash away, the race is run, and back they swarm again. The same at the Lord Mayor's Show. A few policemen begin clearing the middle of Fleet Street—a narrow street at best. Then mounted police, four abreast, not a word said, scarcely a gesture; no clubs, no noise, a lane is made through these people packed together, without shoving, pushing, elbowing, cursing or angry words, and here comes the procession. I have walked these streets now, on and off, for many years and at all hours of the day and night, and I cannot remember being pushed, shoved, shouldered, or elbowed. It is marvellous. So, too, I have driven through these streets, one, two and four horses, many and many a time, and each time with renewed admiration, not only for the admirable driving but for the good humor, the give and take, the fair play, the intuitive and universal willingness to give every fellow his fair chance and his rights. If that crowd in the city is incomparably and uncompromisingly unpleasant to look at, it is none the less permeated with the national gift for law and order and fair play.

It is not a dull crowd. There are wags amongst them, and much appreciation of their humor. In this particular procession the various King Edwards appeared in appropriate costume, and with attendants in the trappings of their time. As Edward the Confessor appears some one says: "'Ello Eddie, you don't seem to 'ave changed much!" and there is a roar of appreciation at this chaff, and Eddie looks embarrassed enough in spite of his big horse, and his magnificent followers. "Oh, oi soi, 'is beard and 'air don't match!" greets the appearance of another Edward, and again the crowd laughs good-naturedly. But for forty minutes, while the procession passes, and for hours before and hours after, this enormous crowd manages itself. Indeed, it is to be doubted, whether, were there no policemen in the streets, these people

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would not of themselves have made way and given the new Lord Mayor fair play and a clear passage.

There is one police patrolman to every 496 inhabitants of London; one to every 547 in New York; one to every 485 in Washington; one to every 509 in Boston; one to every 449 in Liverpool; one to every 330 in Dublin; one to every 340 in Berlin; one to every 184 in St. Petersburg; one to every 175 in Lisbon. When one considers the enormous area of London, and the universally acknowledged success of their daily dealings with crowds and with the traffic, and the comparative comfort and safety of people in this town, so large that it is almost a nation in itself, one is driven to the conclusion that the people themselves have the root of orderliness and fair play in them.

How is it in quite another social sphere? At Newmarket in the members' stand, walking from the stand to the paddock, I see a short, heavily built man of sixty odd, with gray beard and moustache, a fine aquiline nose, clear eyes, a cigar in his mouth, dressed in a brown bowler hat and an amorphous brown overcoat. It is the King. The King of that crowd in Fleet Street. The King of that crowd at Epsom, the King of these quiet people here in the paddock at Newmarket. No one stares, points, whispers, no one even looks. He, too, is given fair play, a chance with other English gentlemen to enjoy himself. He does not meddle with them, they do not meddle with him. If it is necessary to have a row, as has happened when there was undue meddling on either side, it is fought out and settled. In the meantime, fair play and give every fellow a chance, from the King to the coster-monger. As an American I take off my hat. I should take off my hat to this King, anyway. He is the cheapest investment and the most valuable asset England has to-day. Whenever he has taken a part in National affairs it has been for the glory, the peace and prosperity of his country. When he meddles it is not to advertise himself, not for the humiliation and undoing of his country, but for her honor.

When one remembers that there is no written Constitution here, no infallible or inviolable body of law, but that each emergency is met by common-sense and solved by the application of a kind of working worldly wisdom, one admires the more the calm way in which each, from the highest to the lowest, submits, is satisfied, and goes his way. The House of Lords is the highest Court of Appeal, and though nowadays law lords are created who do the legal work of the House of Lords, this was not always the case. These hereditary rulers were supposed by instinct, or divine grace, or what not, to be capable of passing upon the most intricate cases of law. One sees how they have been trained for centuries to meet and settle disputes, big and little, between themselves as Englishmen, and between themselves as a nation, and other nations, along these same lines.

Sitting on the Bench at Bow Street with the Magistrate, I listened all one morning to his disposal of the cases that came before him. It seemed to me when I left that I had known beforehand what would happen. Quarrelsome women and men, mostly through drink; men and children accused of begging; a few cases of assault or resistance to the constable; all of them, hour after hour, dealt with in a good-tempered paternal sort of way, with appeals to their own sense of what was right. Only the cases where there had been resistance to the constable, the constable who represents British law and order, then hard labor and wholesome punishment. Always the same from the King to Bow Street. How can we live together amicably, with the utmost freedom for each one, that is the problem. The practical result is, you see it if you have eyes everywhere you go, a success. The machinery that brings it about seems from a theoretical point of view ill adapted to its purpose, but somehow there is a quality in the people themselves that permits a working basis.

I have never forgotten an almost grotesque example of this method of depending upon the people themselves to take care of themselves and to play fair. It was at a cricket match. My daughter and I walked round to the entrance to the reserved seats stand. I asked for two seats. "Where would you like them, sir?" asked the attendant. He saw that I hesitated, and said, "Go in and see where you would like to sit, come back and tell me the numbers of the seats you have chosen, and I will give them to you! I accordingly went in and chose

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my seats and walked back and received and paid for my tickets. This was an important cricket match. There were some thirty or forty people behind me waiting to buy tickets, there were perhaps half a dozen inside choosing their seats, and the attendant was calmly running over his book of tickets, pulling out the numbers called for by those, myself among the number, who had found the numbers of the seats they wanted. There was no excitement nor haste on the part of anybody; nobody grumbled, nobody seemed dissatisfied with this ridiculously slow and cumbersome machinery. On the contrary, because it *did work* with these law-abiding people, everybody was the better off. This incident remains fixed in my memory as unique. Imagine a crowd at a race-course in France treated in this way. Picture the preposterousness of treating an American crowd at a base-ball game in this way. In either case there would be pushing and crowding, bad language and appeals to Heaven or to other lower powers to blast and destroy a management which sanctioned such methods. There is much talk and writing these days of the danger to this Empire from Germany and other powers. Much is written of their decadence along certain lines. I hope to show in other pages that there are legitimate reasons for such statements, but if I were their enemy I should always be afraid of the English for that one reason, if for no other. They know how to take care of themselves as do no other people; and they seem to muddle along with the old stage-coach methods about as fast as do others with the latest thing in locomotive engines.

I have watched for hours at a time the crowds which come by the hundred thousand to support or to protest against the Licensing Bill. The imperturbable policeman, the docility of the people, the coming and going through the streets, the assembling in Hyde Park, all with a smoothness and lack of trouble of a trained army. Coming from Mars—or from Paris, the spectator would say: these people have been trained for months to march in procession, to assemble, to disperse, to re-assemble and depart. But they have not been so trained. It is the outstanding peculiarity of the race. No wonder the average Englishman cannot be terrified, or even aroused to take decent precautions against invasion. They do not need the training of other peoples. They are already trained. When I see this quality of the race I smile to think what would become of a hundred or two hundred thousand Germans landed on these shores, with their machine-like methods, their lack of initiative, and their dependence upon a bureaucracy. They would be swallowed up, or dispersed like chaff. These Saxons would dispose of them as they disposed of the Danes. The old street song of the Jingo days was not mere bluster. It had the heart of the philosophy of the race in it.

> "We don't want to fight
> But, by Jingo, if we do!"

etc., etc. This is true. They are not quarrelsome, not oversensitive, not inclined to carry chips on their shoulders, or to call attention to the length of their coat tails as offering an opportunity to any who dare to tread upon them, but they are a nasty lot to deal with once the row is on. Perhaps it is because they realize, as Hobbes has said, that the people do not flourish in a monarchy because one man has a right to rule them, but because they obey him; or perhaps it is because they are not a mixed race, but of that at another time.

The newspapers, being the eyes and ears of the nation, are apparently unduly impressed by disorderliness in other countries, particularly in America. Each morning and evening the American news consists largely of the chronicling of murders, railway disasters, divorces, fires, strikes, suicides, trials in the law courts, and the like. No doubt there are still people in provincial English towns who look upon the American as half horse, half alligator, with a dash of earthquake. But in the last two weeks in England, I note a bad railway accident, eighteen killed and injured; a disaster in a mine, seven men killed; two women kidnapped right here in London; three murders in broad daylight; a noble lord killed in the hunting field; a noble lord throws himself out of a window and kills himself; another noble lord appears as co-respondent in the divorce court, and is found guilty; fog so dense one evening that there are several accidents to the traffic; a distinguished naval officer signals a humorous but none the less discourteous message to one of his ships which brings down upon him a se-

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vere reprimand from the admiral of the fleet, and so on, and so on. I note these merely to reassure myself. Evidently things go wrong here sometimes as elsewhere in the world, but less is made of them. The newspapers pass over these incidents lightly, and with little comment. They are not even a nine days' wonder as with us. The profound sense of personal freedom, and the jealousy with which it is guarded and protected, does not permit the interference of newspaper reporters in private affairs. Hence these matters cannot be exploited, and dramatized, in epigrammatic paragraphs. There are fewer journals dedicated to the putrid of the upper circles, wherein, as Meredith says: "initials raise sewer lamps, and Asmodeus lifts a roof, leering hideously." There would be too much horse-whipping here to make blackmail journalism profitable. There is, too, among the best people, an almost morbid dislike of publicity. This is due to the fact that for centuries, only mountebanks, quacks, people with something to sell, public mummers, and the like, advertised themselves, or for that matter, do so now. Much of our advertising of people, putting their photographs in the papers and the like, is bought and paid for in more or less roundabout ways, by the people themselves. We deem it necessary to be known, to keep ourselves before the public; the men think it good business and pay for it as for any other advertising; the women from Eve-old vanity think the same, and we are only just beginning to realize that this is letting Asmodeus in at the front door.

But this ample protection of each one in his personal liberty of action and speech has its dark side. Where a sense of propriety on the one hand; and the punishment, ready to hand, of social ostracism on the other, prevail, things go well enough. There are, however, millions who care nothing for propriety, and who already have no social status, and consequently the traffic in women and drink goes on in London in an unblushing, embarrassing, and revolting manner. Only here in London does one see, or rather is it held under your nose, the most shameless parading of harlotry. The streets of the West End after dusk, and some of the restaurants at supper time, are simply overrun with hawkers of their own daubed but tarnished charms. New York, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, City of Mexico, I know them all. In them all vice is more or less secluded, abashed, kept to one side by the police. Not so here. It may parade itself, walk the streets, flaunt itself, to receive the same protection as any other pedestrian. So, too, may one drink—men, women, and even children—at almost every corner. What the rich man does, the poor man may do as well; what the virtuous woman does, the strumpet may do too, so long as the law is not violated. Protection for all alike, liberty for all alike, and, be it said, punishment and the cold neutrality of impartial justice, for all alike.

In this damp, chill climate, in these gloomy streets, the poor and the vicious, seem more sodden and more brutal, and vice more unappetizing than elsewhere. The gloom and ponderousness of this huge grimy city of London are reflected in the faces and the manners of the submerged and semi-submerged part of the population. One gets here, more than elsewhere, an early and indelible impression of the fearful struggle to survive. It would seem that one must be more fit here to keep out the damp and the cold, to eat the heavy food, to struggle against, and to keep oneself against, the huge mass of people centred here. The very bulk of the place looms the larger, and is the more terrifying because it is so much of the time in semi-darkness; and to the weak and unarmed it must appeal as a great crushing, dark, amorphous monster.

Nor am I altogether wrong in supposing that these people merely look weak and uncared for. They are, as a matter of fact, of anything but a robust type. During the twelvemonth ended September 30, 1907, the following table gives us a commentary upon the physical condition of the men offering themselves as recruits for the regular army:

Town.	Offered for enlistment.	Rejected for physical reasons.
London	20,975	8,806
Birmingham	1,858	1,084
Manchester	2,523	1,821
Sheffield	1,031	363
Leeds	791	452
Newcastle	1,493	1,046
Sunderland	776	282
Glasgow	2,905	1,135
Dundee	956	680
Edinburgh	1,500	628

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These men were young men, and men with a taste for outdoor life. Nor is the standard itself very high which they are called upon to pass.

On the other hand, those who survive, those who are well armed and in control, are the more confident and proud. Those who are in the saddle in England ride a very fine horse, there is no doubt of that. England and the English have been dominant in the affairs of men for just about a century, or since the Napoleonic wars. It is hardly to be expected that, having been so long dominant, they should not be domineering. This expresses itself in the best Englishman by an easy and natural attitude of confidence and repose; but in the second and third rate Englishman, by an attitude of provincial bumptiousness and impudence unequalled in the world. This is what has made the Englishman the most unpopular, one may say the most generally disliked, of men. The Germans and the Irish hate him; the French ridicule and distrust him; the average American takes his awkwardness, or what Carlyle once called "his pot-bellied equanimity," for patronage, and is forever irritated by him, now that he is too big to be bothered by him as a bully. His power, his stability, his honesty have won him allies and make allies for him to-day, but he has no friends. It would be a sad day for the lion if he lost his teeth and claws. The real attitude of other nations toward him would surprise him. It is hard to be dominant and not to be domineering, and only the very first-rate Englishmen escape the temptation; and here, as everywhere else, the first rate are in a large minority. It is the mass of men who make the composite photograph's main lineaments for the English nation's likeness, as must be the case with other peoples. And the mass of English people do not make themselves agreeable to other people; oftener than not they seem to pride themselves upon a studied erinaceus attitude toward all the world. The result of such behavior needs no chronicling by me. It is evident enough. It is noted here as an impression, deserving a place amongst first impressions, because it is accountable for much that is to follow.

It is fair, however, to add in this connection, that there are two reasons for this fish-like social attitude of the Englishman. In the first place, his nerves are not on the surface, as with us, and as is the case with all the Latin races. He is not intentionally, but constitutionally, stolid. His food and his climate have much to do with this. He is not effusive, not sympathetic, because he is not made that way. Here the mind frets not the body. He is not easily disturbed or moved. This is not a pose, it is a fact. He does not shrink from display or warmth of manner, so much as that they are lacking in his composition. I dined on one occasion with a party of gentlemen met to say good-by to a friend of all of them, who was off for a long journey in the East. His health was drunk, each one shook him by the hand, and wished him a pleasant journey; they were not to see him for a year or two, but had I not known, I should not have guessed that he was leaving these dozen friends for a long absence. Doubtless his friends were as hearty in their good wishes and as loath to lose him as other men in other climes would have been, but there was little evidence of it. That is their way.

Another reason for the seeming lack of spontaneity in their manner is their grounded horror of interfering in other people's business. This is carried to a point almost beyond belief. Men who have belonged to the same club for years know nothing of one another's private affairs.

"I didn't know he was married!" said a friend to me one night at dinner, of a common friend, whom we had both known for years. A man's intimate friends for years, men he has known at school, at the club, in the army, are often quite unknown to, or by, his wife. Not that any man, anywhere, cares to introduce all his acquaintances into his home; but here the arrangement of a man's life, quite apart from his home-life, is often carried to an extreme.

They avoid the smallest suspicion of even curiosity about one another's affairs or private concerns. It is considered a monstrous indiscretion even to show any interest in the affairs of a man who has not first invited you to an interest therein. The result is a delightful freedom from prying, or questioning, but at the same time there is, in consequence, an entire lack of ease and vivacity. It is necessarily only the bare surface of things that

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one may touch upon, where each one is wrapping himself in a mantle of mental aloofness. Hence the English are much given to the *axiomata media* in conversation, and much given to talking not at all when they do not feel like it. They feel under no obligation to be entertainers or entertaining.

England, as a whole, has little patience with the virtues not easily recognized by the community as a whole. Originality is neither sought nor commended. The man who expresses and represents the community is the valued man. The Mills and Spencers, and Byrons and Shelleys, they willingly let die. England treats her men of wayward genius, as a hen treats the unexpectedly hatched duckling. She is amazed to find herself responsible for an animal which prefers the water to the land; but once it actually takes to the water her responsibility ceases. If the hen were English, and could talk it would say: "Well, that fellow is an awful ass, and too clever by half!" When, therefore, they come in contact with French, Germans, Americans, Italians, Irish, or even their own breed from Canada or Australia, they have nothing to say to them, no sympathy with them, no comprehension of them, and not the least wish in the world to understand them, unless there is something tangible and valuable to be got out of it.

If I have heard it once from my compatriots, I have heard it an hundred times, this dissatisfaction and even irritation at the Englishman's indifference. The American cannot understand that this chilliness is not in the least assumed. It is just as much a part of the Englishman as his speech. He does not care for strangers, particularly foreigners, and he very seldom pretends to. Our enthusiastic and indiscriminating hospitality to foreigners, especially to Englishmen and Englishwomen, is simply looked upon by them as an acknowledgment of their superiority. Some day we shall realize this, and become more careful, but it is wonderful that an intelligent race like the Americans should take the cuffing and snubbing they get for their pains, not even now realizing that the Englishmen care nothing about them unless they come bearing gifts. But there is no hypocrisy about it. The Englishman does not treat foreigners that way, and he does not in the least understand why we do so.

There is never an international boat-race or affair of any kind but what there are heart-burnings on the part of the Americans; while the Englishman, who has been hospitable in his fashion, remains serenely unconscious that he has not done all that was expected of him. He simply does not understand our enthusiastic hospitality—and be it said, if he is a "bounder," laughs at us for it behind our backs—and would not dream of practising it if he did. In the case of the Englishman it is not a theory, it is a condition of mind and body, a heritage of social training, for which he is in no sense to be blamed. If we do not like it we can leave it alone, but it is absurd to be irritated. Americans who have become domiciled in England, who give lavishly to charities, who entertain luxuriously, would be surprised to know the attitude of mind of the average Englishman in regard to them. He looks upon them first as people who have recognized his superiority and therefore prefer his society; but secondly, and always, as renegades, as people who have shirked their duty as Americans. This is typical of the Englishman's make-up; he is complacently sure of himself, but he believes religiously in doing one's duty, and he knows very well that runaways cannot be doing their duty. I should be sorry in closing this paper if I have not made it clear that I am offering explanations not criticisms. Few criticisms, and no superficial criticisms, are of the least value; while, perhaps, an explanation, especially if it is by way of being a discovery, may soothe, even if it does not entirely satisfy. Nor should the last word on this particular subject go without the personal testimony of the writer, which, no doubt, is shared by many others, that there is no kindlier, no more hospitable and no pleasanter comrade than the Englishman, once one is upon a footing of intimacy with him. Then he accepts you just as naturally as he does not accept the stranger.

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WEDDING OR FUNERAL

By Minnie Barbour Adams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"OH, Tom!" cried Mildred, seizing my arm at some sudden thought.

"Now, see here!" I expostulated, as I ran the car back into the road; "that's the third time you've done that to-day. We tried to climb that big cotton-wood the other side of Salem when you remembered something you hadn't told Jason——"

"It was about forwarding your goggles when they came," Mildred interposed meekly.

"—and we came within an ace of running down that old woman with the basket of eggs when you thought you saw——"

"I *did* think it was a two-headed calf, Tom!" she interrupted excitedly. "There were two cunning little heads through the fence, and I couldn't see but one calf, and——"

"Well, if it's a dime-museum freak you want, Mildred, I'll advertise for one," I observed, rather coldly. "It would be cheaper than wrecking the machine." I saw her sweet mouth droop at the corners, and relented.

"You were about to remark this time?" I asked resignedly. Instantly the pensive look was gone, and she turned a bright, animated face toward me, the eager hand again outstretched.

"Oh!" she murmured contritely; and I had much ado to keep my face straight when, after a furtive contortion of her shoulder, an empty sleeve dangled at my side.

"If your hand offend you, cut it off," I quoted soberly.

"Well, if I 'd plucked out an eye every time *it* offended me, I'd 'a' been blind long before this, Tom Marsden!" she returned shortly, with a pointed glance at me. I shrivelled and again reminded:

"You were about to say when you ran us into the ditch, madam?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed brightly, "I was going to say that I'd lots rather stay overnight at a farm than at that stuffy little inn at Berne; and I was thinking about that lovely old stone house we saw along here last fall, and wondering if they wouldn't take us in."

"Undoubtedly," I agreed, with sinister meaning; but she ignored the sarcasm, and went on dreamily:

"I just know by the looks of the place that they have lots of pigs, 'n puppies, 'n kittens, 'n—" gathering fervor as she progressed.

"—'n slat beds, 'n salt pork, 'n frowy butter, 'n——"

"—'n an old crow a-croaking when you get there—" she retorted witheringly.

"With a dear little scarlet tanager to keep him company?" I asked tenderly, looking with great admiration at her new red coat, the pride of her heart.

"It is pretty, isn't it?" she agreed, flicking a bit of dust from its glistening surface.

"Very; and wonderfully becoming," I returned warmly; and the Dove of Peace, who had found no resting-place near us for some time, folded her wings and settled between us.

We spun along in silence for a while, and I was trying to decide whether to let Cunningham have the block of stock he was pestering me about when Mildred began, in a plaintive monotone, just where she had paused in her inventory of the possible attractions of the farm ahead:

"—'n strawberries, 'n dutch cheese, 'n fried chicken, 'n——"

"Heavens, woman!" I exclaimed, "you'd make a good prospectus; but ask Jimmie and Elsie, and if they are agreeable, I'll let her out a notch."

"Oh, you — — —!" The epithets that Mildred uses on such occasions do not lend themselves readily to transcription, for, though they are words everybody is familiar with—Heaven pity the fellow who is not!—they are so changed by additions and contractions of her own, and depend

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so much on the use of eyes and inflection—But, hang it all! I'm not writing a glossary for the use of like imbeciles. Anyway, I experienced a thrill of great joy and content marred only by the thought that Mildred applies them indiscriminately to every living thing from her beautiful horse to the fat, blinking toad that lives an honored, pampered life under the laundry steps.

She rounded me off; then, looking straight ahead, called loudly:

"Sa-ay! Say, Jimmies, I'm going to look around!"

In the instant's glance that I involuntarily turned toward the back seat, I saw Jimmie's arm assume—I nearly said normal position, forgetting that the one in which Mildred's warning had found it was its usual posture. At least, he now clasped his hands in his lap and seemed to be expostulating with an excrescence of tan silk and chiffon-veiling on his shoulder.

"All right," he returned resignedly; and Mildred turned around.

"And right on the public highway, too!" she cried severely.

"Well, it's a private car, isn't it?" I heard Elsie say sleepily.

"And you two married a year!" continued Mildred. "Well, don't let it happen again. Now, wouldn't you spoonies like to stay overnight at a beautiful old farmhouse, where they have lots of pigs and kittens and things; and strawberries and fried chicken for supper," I gasped, "instead of going to that horrid little inn?"

"Uh huh!" agreed Elsie with alacrity, sitting up.

"You bet!" supplemented Jimmie; and I let her out a notch.

Shortly afterward, we came out on a hill overlooking the river; and showing faintly through the woods on the other side was the stone house. Mildred sprang to her feet and, ecstatically waving her long scarf, began singing at the top of her voice in an exaggerated school-girl manner:

"Over the river and through the woods the old stone house I spy, Hurrah for the fun—" She hesitated an instant for inspiration, and Jimmie, who cannot raise a tune, let alone carry one, joined in lustily:

"—the chicken's done—Hurrah for the—" He, too, paused.

"—straw-berri-i-is!" finished Elsie.

"Hush! *Will* you hush?" I implored; for, over the top of the hedge, I had seen a pair of pointed, white ears; and now, from the lane that opened onto the highway, a head, and a pair of terrified equine eyes protruded, topped by the aforementioned ears. An old man and a road-cart were attached to the mare, who, at the sight and sound of us, rose stiffly on her hind legs and pirouetted blithely about, deaf to the expostulations of her scandalized driver.

"Whoa, you gol-darned old—old—balley dancer!" I heard him shout as I withdrew the offending singers and car out of sight and hearing as quickly as possible.

"Did you ever?" cried the startled Mildred, looking back.

"No, I never! But I might if I heard you three for the first time, as she did!" I snapped, slowing down for the bridge.

"Do you hear that, James?" asked Mildred sadly.

"I do. It seems we are not to express our feelings naturally."

"Spontaneously," she corrected.

"Our audience had no such scruples," returned James, sighing mournfully.

I ran them, a quiet and seemingly chastened trio, up to the big farm gate which James, with but half his usual grumbling, was induced to open. From there our progress was necessarily slow, for the farmyard was a regular archipelago of live stock. Here, we made a détour to avoid waking a portly Berkshire stretched in the middle of the road, wearied by the care of nine perfect loves, Mildred called them; there, nearly coming to a standstill before the onslaught of an old gander who voiced his wrath in hisses like the exhaust of a locomotive.

"Oh, Mildred!" cried Elsie rapturously. "Do look at those cute little ducklets there by the trough——"

"And that calm-eyed calflet chewing the sunbonnet," I urged.

"And that vicious bullet with a ring in his nose," supplemented Jimmie.

But Mildred turned up her nose at us, and then cried disappointedly:

"Why, look! The doors and windows are all closed. I don't believe there's anyone at home——"

"Dutch," observed Jimmie laconically.

"Dutch?" cried the girls in unison.

"Yes, Dutch; there are a lot of them

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"Vat?" said the woman blankly.

along here, and they usually keep the house proper for weddings and funerals, while the family is tucked away in the kitchen and a bedroom or two at the back."

Sure enough, after passing the rather imposing front, we came to a long, low ell with hospitably open windows and doors; and a pleasant-faced woman, unmistakebly German, knitted industriously on the stoop.

"But, Mildred, do we want to stay?" expostulated Elsie. "Remember, we are neither a wedding nor a funeral."

"We'll make 'em think we're one, according to the way they treat us!" said Mildred decidedly; then very sweetly asked the woman, who had come to the little gate by which we had stopped:

"Could you accommodate us for the night?"

"Vat?" said the woman blankly.

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"A fine room, yes,"—Page 111.

"Talk United States!" hissed Jimmie.

"Can we stay all night?" simplified Mildred, raising her voice and speaking distinctly. "Sleep here?" Then, as an afterthought: "Eat here?"

We began to recount her chosen menu in a monotonous undertone, and she turned a withering look on us.

"Oh, ya, ya!" the woman exclaimed, brightening. "Karl!" she called shrilly.

A boy popped up from a bit of garden near the house where, judging from his looks, he had been asleep at his weeding.

"Did she press a button, Tommy?" asked Mildred in an awestruck voice.

"You, Karl!" cried the woman; "run mit the barn and ask your pop if four can stay." Then to us, as the boy departed on the run:

"You get out of your vagon and valk mit the yard, yes?"

We complied with alacrity, glad to stretch our cramped legs; and the girls fell on the necks of the live stock, as it were, with great impartiality, slighting only the gander and the gentleman with the barbaric adornment.

"I smell fried chicken!" cried Elsie with solemn conviction.

"Fried nothing!" snorted the elegant Mildred contemptuously. "He ain't even caught yet." And she pointed to a bewildered young Plymouth Rock who was vainly trying to get through the fence to escape the great panting red dragon that had invaded the farmyard.

"They iss to stay at a dollar a head," the boy suddenly announced in our midst. Mildred heaved a sigh of relief, and glanced with calm superiority at the three of us as the woman called, all excitement and animation now:

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"Here you, Karl; catch me the young rooster—" She trailed off into voluble German, and we into the orchard, hand in hand.

We soon lost Jim and Elsie, or they lost us; and, at length, after being dragged about from pen to pasture, exhausting every available adjective meanwhile, I was allowed to collapse on the lounge in the kitchen, for which I was properly grateful, not having been very strong since the round-up I had with that bucking, charging Pullman some time before, in which I was not only thrown, but suffered the indignity of being sat on also, so to speak.

Mildred drew up a big wooden chair and violently rocked herself and a much astonished kitten, while she chatted joyfully of all she had seen, and all that she expected to see before she left the farm. We had been offered the parlor, "a fine room, yes," but after one glance at its dim interior, which was funeral to-night, whatever it might be coaxed into at other times, we had preferred the bright, cosey kitchen. Our hostess and Karl bustled in and out; a great sizzling and many odors from the stove increased our appetites, already ravenous; the table was laid; and Karl had just shyly passed us with a pitcher on his way to the well, when, hearing a startled exclamation, we turned to the opposite door.

On the threshold stood a girl in a faded, shapeless rag of a dress, collarless and nearly sleeveless. A slat bonnet, as characterless as the rest of the outfit, dangled down her back, which, with her disreputable old shoes, completed about the most unattractive get-up it was ever my lot to behold. The swift color flooded her face and neck as she stared at us in dismay,

"Jenks's forty we'll buy, alretty."—Page 114.

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I grew sort of dazed and giddy, and had to lean against a porch pillar.—Page 115.

and she turned as though to go back; but, changing her mind, hurried across the room without a word to us, and disappeared in the pantry. I thought I knew the reason of her distress, and the look of pity in Mildred's eyes confirmed my suspicion.

"Oh, Tom! *Why* did you look at her?" asked Mildred reproachfully.

I stared at her in astonishment.

"Heavens, Mildred! You don't think—" I began.

"No, you old —— duck!" The last is the only printable word. "I don't *think;* but didn't you see how embarrassed she was? and she was real pretty in spite of that awful rig."

"I didn't notice it: I never do when you are around," I returned virtuously; and was rewarded by a beaming, tender look

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that merged into one of puzzled doubt, making me very thankful for the precipitous entrance of Jim and Elsie.

. . . . . .

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mildred came out on the porch where Jimmie and I were learnedly discussing farm matters with our host, and consuming some of the fiercest "home grown" it was ever my lot to convert into smoke.

"It is time you were in bed, Tom," she announced decidedly; and I immediately rose and picked up my hat. Ever since the accident it has been a pleasing fiction between us that she leads me about by the nose, and bullies me scandalously for my own good.

I saw the under jaw of the lordly Schneider sag until it endangered his long china pipe; and heard him mutter "Mein Gott!" in amazement as I followed Mildred into the house like a well-trained poodle; for I had been somewhat assertive in my opinions that night, with no trace of the hen-pecked husband about me. The perfidious James sighed heavily as I left them; and I have often wondered what he told the old Dutchman to cause him to eye me the next morning as though I belonged to another species.

I followed Mildred to a great, bare, immaculate chamber at the front of the house proper.

"Have you decided yet which we are?" I asked as I removed my coat, and hung it on a kitchen chair that had been painted white and had a pieced cushion in the seat.

"Why, we're wedding, of course," she replied abstractedly, looking intently at the floor; the dry-goods box, tricked out like a skirt-dancer, that did duty as a dressing-table; then at the walls and windows.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Did you ever see anything like it, Tommy?" she cried breathlessly. "Everything is hand-made. See! The spread is knitted; the pillow-cases and curtains have hand-made lace on them; they've painted the furniture, and braided the rugs, and tinted the walls, and——"

"And even the floor is hand-painted," I put in.

"Yes," she agreed soberly. "And it is all the work of those two poor women. All this labor to save a few dollars; miserly old beast!"

I looked at her in surprise. She had dropped into a chair, and, holding a trim little stockinged foot in both hands, was rocking herself to and fro.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she continued mournfully, shaking her head.

"Mildred, is that tooth aching again?" I asked in alarm.

"No, but my heart is. Tom, I feel wicked for being so happy when even now she's crying her pretty eyes out in that scrap of a closet she sleeps in off the kitchen." She dropped the foot and replaced it with her face.

I supposed she was speaking of the shabby female with the basket of strawberries; and, while I was not discommoded by the stirrings of sympathy, dear, tender-hearted Mildred was incoherent with it; and that was enough for me: I took her in my arms.

"And she thinks she loves him just as well as I do you, Tommy," she whispered fondly in my neck. "And he's so near, but every stitch is locked up—and he's watching her all the time, and—and those old rags most falling off of her—and her feet on the ground." She kissed me back of the ear, and sighed.

"Why don't he look the other way, then?" I ventured.

"Who?—Why?" asked Mildred blankly. Then, seeing that she had not made herself sufficiently clear, endeavored to "a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver"; and, though it was all corners and trailing ends, I got the gist of it in time. Robbed of all ejaculations, speculations and—osculations—the story ran thus:

Elsie had retired early, pleading indigestion—or did she say indisposition, wondered Mildred, wishing to be quite accurate—and she, being very lonely, wandered out back of the house in search of the kitten, and found Bertha on a bench in the midst of the milk pails and pans, weeping like— Oh! well, like some one she had read about weeping in the midst of— Oh! well, something; she couldn't just remember what. The poor girl was desperate, and was soon induced to tell Mildred her trouble.

It seemed that the gentle Bertha had aspirations beyond spatting around in the mud slopping pigs, and slopping about in the wet feeding chickens. She wanted an

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education; and the old grandmother, who could neither read nor write, sympathized with her; and when she, the grandmother, departed this life, left a considerable sum of money for that purpose.

"Jenks's forty we'll buy, alretty," announced Schneider calmly.

"I go mit the school, alretty," announced the fair Bertha.

Then there was—well, say the doctor to pay; for Bertha fell ill of worry and anger—and possibly starvation—for she hinted darkly of bread and water, and barred doors. But, one night, when she intentionally appeared much sicker than she was, the ogre relaxed his vigilance and she escaped.

For four long years she imbibed knowledge at a great seat of learning, returning therefrom, her patrimony spent—Mildred paused here to wonder why it should not be called matrimony, as it was bequeathed by her grandmother—and with an even greater distaste for the afore-mentioned mud and wet and the family's manner of living, generally.

With her knowledge and her distaste, she also brought home a modest diamond, the gift of the very nicest man ever—again Mildred digressed to assure me that she disagreed with Bertha, and to explain the girl's seeming blindness—but, coupled with the niceness was the fact that he was an American, and again her "Paw" balked. She should wed a Jenks, "Py Himmel!" and thereby gain the forty she had lost by her "tam-foolishness, yes!"

She wrote the "nicest ever" that there was no use to try to placate, and then she prepared to vacate. With this end in view, she had donned the rig she now wore on last wash-day, wishing to have her own limited wardrobe clean and fresh when the expected summons came. Unfortunately, it came right in the midst of the "wash"; and her "Paw," with tender, parental interest in her welfare, read it first; locked up every stitch but the one in her back, engendered by the heavy "wash"; then gave her the letter and much profanity.

He, "the nicest ever," read the letter, was camping near Berne, three miles away. Would she not come to him as it would probably save a fight; and before Thursday, as that was the day of departure.

"And, Tommy, to-morrow is Thursday!" concluded Mildred tragically. "Whatever is she to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I returned. "But I do know what we must do; we must get to bed right away. It is nearly midnight; and I must be in Berne by seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Why, Tom!"

"Yes, Karl brought out a telegram from Cunningham to-night, saying that he was going through and would stop off between trains; and I must see him."

"But, Bertha—" began Mildred.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Karl will take me in early, and the rest of you can come later. In the meantime, find out where the 'best ever' is camping, we'll see him, and all will be well."

At 8:30 the next morning I had completed a very fair day's work; and, with Cunningham gone, settled myself on the hotel piazza with the morning papers, till, becoming vaguely annoyed by the nervous pacing to and fro of a man on the walk in front of me, I laid down my paper and looked him over. He was a handsome fellow in kahki, tall and well set up; and I wondered what he was doing there till I remembered that it was the time of the annual encampment; and decided that he must be waiting for a train. At length he took himself and his perturbation, whatever it was, to a little park across the street; and I read on till interrupted by the welcome "honk" of the car.

She certainly *was* a beauty as she swung into view around a curve in the road, the green of the trees along the river accentuating her polished crimson surface, the sunlight reflected from every bit of shining metal. Jim and Elsie were in front; and Mildred, in her red coat, veiled, hooded and goggled—much to my surprise, for I knew how she hated it—sat alone in the tonneau. Dear little girl-woman! Was ever a man blessed with such a wife? so true, so loving, and—as I thought of Bertha—so impulsively tender-hearted.

Jimmie, with a great flourish, brought the car to a standstill before the hotel. I rose and began folding my papers. Elsie turned and solicitously asked Mildred something, and I caught the disquieting word "Tooth"; Jimmie was preparing to alight; when, suddenly we were all struck

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dumb and motionless by the action of Mildred. With a muffled cry she sprang from the car and ran madly across the road into the little park, and literally fell into the arms of the perturbed one, who had been giving a continuous performance since 8:30.

With a great cry of surprise and joy, his arms closed about the red cloak; hers about the kahki coat; and they kissed each other wildly, over and over again, as though such a thing as a husband and a pair of staring petrifactions did not exist.

Merciful heavens! Was I dreaming? Was I astride a steed conjured up by "fried chicken 'n strawberries 'n—?" No, it was all too real. Elsie gave me a furtive, frightened glance; and Jim's face was bewildered and pale.

He, the man who had my wife locked in his arms, suddenly held her off at arm's length, and seemed to be looking her over. I could hear his tender, excited ejaculations, though not the words. Then I grew sort of dazed and giddy, and had to lean against a porch pillar as he snatched her madly to him, and kissed her again and again.

She had no brothers. I knew her half-dozen cousins intimately— Of course it was all right somehow; but, how? I decided to go to her, but found I was very tired; so sat down on the railing instead, and put *my* arm about the pillar. Jim had not moved, nor had Elsie, except to turn her head toward me. They still stared rigidly. My eyes had involuntarily turned away when I heard a sudden: "Well, I'll be damned!" from Jimmie, and, even then, wondered dully why Elsie did not expostulate.

I looked up. The red coat and the kahki were arm in arm now, as though they'd never be parted more; they were advancing toward us, and—the face, from which the veil and goggles had fallen, was not Mildred's, but Bertha's.

"Quick!" called Elsie shrilly as the landlady appeared in the door. "Oh! bring us some water, quick; we're choking with thirst." But I seemed to be the only one that drank any when it came. Jim stood by with his hands in his pockets, swearing unrebuked, and Elsie fluttered about me, neither asking a question, which shows what thoroughbreds they are; but they looked mighty puzzled.

"I tell you, old man," Jim complained; "you can't stand being up till twelve, and getting up at five."

Then the couple arrived, and introductions and explanations were as plentiful as kisses had been a moment before. I never saw a more surprised pair than were Jim and Elsie, who had not known till then that so sweet a creature as Bertha Schneider graced the earth.

"Oh, Mr. Marsden!" cried Bertha tremulously; "your wife is an angel!"

"So would I have been in another minute," I returned ruefully.

"And I thought that veil hid a toothache," declared Elsie, squeezing Bertha's arm.

"Something I've always dreaded, but wouldn't mind having right now," interpolated James, looking intently into the cloudless sky. Elsie frowned; and I, strangely weak as to knees and shaky as to hands; but determined, clambered into the car. Bertha shed the red cloak and laid it across my lap; and a look of even greater admiration—if that were possible—leaped into the "nicest's" eyes as they rested on the trim, gray-clad figure.

"There's your train!" I called as I started. "Jimmies, you had better go on to the city with them, and help them get properly yoked." Then I let her out; and the way I wove a crimson streak into that landscape was a caution. I grew more uneasy about my blessed girl every minute. What might not old Schneider have done to her if he had discovered the ruse?

"Mil—Bertha?" I gasped as I ran across Mrs. Schneider placidly churning on the back porch.

"Mit the strawberry patch, alretty. But, mein Gott! her Pop——"

I heard no more, for I was already halfway down the hill. It was fearfully hot and the sun beat mercilessly down on the "patch." She was not used to such labor and exposure. What if— Then I saw her; a faded, ragged, drooping blot against the vivid green.

"Mildred!" I cried as I paused, panting and breathless, beside her. She threw back the old bonnet with a startled cry and raised a pitiful face, the color of her stained fingers from heat and weariness. I drew her stiffly to her feet, and she clung to me in a perfect abandonment of joy and relief; and, be it said in passing, that not once did

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I shrink when her sweet and juicy fingers clasped upon my immaculate collar, or when she seized the lapels of my white flannel coat to better perform a rite that, Heaven knows! I had just been surfeited with, though not as a principal.

"Oh, Tommy dear! I thought you would never, *never* come; and I was most scared stiff all the time," she said pitifully.

"Poor little woman," I consoled.

"Did Bertha find her soldier?"

"I am convinced she did!" I returned grimly.

"Oh, I am so glad! Were you surprised, Tommy dear?"

Was I? My mind ran back over the past to our starting point, three years before.

"N-no, not exactly surprised," I returned with a sigh as I tenderly wrapped the red cloak about my versatile little scarecrow.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AND HIS PLAYERS

By. Brander Matthews

THE critic nowadays who looks upon the drama as lying wholly within the circle of literature and who fails to perceive its close and necessary connection with the actual theatre, is often moved to make it a matter of reproach to certain contemporary playwrights that they are wont to write plays to fit a special actor or a special actress. In thus finding fault the critic reveals not only his misunderstanding of the needful relation between the dramatist and the performers who are to personate his characters, but also an inability to appreciate the way in which the mind of the artist is often set in motion by accidents that seem casual and trifling.

In every art there is often a startling disproportion between the exciting cause and the ultimate result; and we might almost liken the artist to the oyster which is moved by a grain of sand to produce a pearl of great price. More than one of the most triumphant artistic feats of the Italian Renascence is what it is because the painter had to make the best of a certain particular wall-space over an altar or between two doors, or because the sculptor had to get his statue out of a given block of marble of unusual shape and size. The painter and the sculptor accepted the limitations of the wall-space and of the marble-block and found their profit in so doing; they made a stepping-stone out of that which would have seemed an obstacle to the less inventive and the less imaginative.

So the artist in play-making sees his opportunity and finds his profit in the special accomplishments of the actors of his own time. It is on these performers that he has to depend for the proper presentation of what he has imagined. They and they alone can bring his work before the public. Without them, all he may do must go for nought. Plainly enough, therefore, he would be lacking in common sense if he did not study their capabilities, and if he did not so compose his plays as to give them the utmost occasion for the full exercise of their ancillary art. Of course, the dramatist ought not to subject himself to the actors, nor ought he to limit what he is conceiving to the capacity of the special performers he may have in view. But he must always take account of them and keep them in mind, because the art of the drama is a two-fold art and because the playwright and the players must work in unison, ever aiding each other, since they always depend on each other. The dramatist is quite as helpless without the actors as the actors are without the dramatist. Without them the playwright has only that barren appeal to posterity, which is certain never to reach its ears. Without him the performers can be seen only in old plays, which the public is sure to tire of, sooner or later.

This ideal harmony of these partners in art has not always been obtained, since both parties to the alliance are likely to be endowed with the occasional irritability and with the swift susceptibility of the artistic temperament. But the best results have

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been achieved by both when they have labored together loyally. It is without surprise, therefore, that we find it recorded that Sophocles, the foremost of Greek tragic poets, the supreme artist who "saw life steadily and saw it whole," was believed to have composed his chief characters for the acting of one particular actor, although we do not now know the name of this special performer, whose histrionic gifts stimulated the dramaturgic skill of the noble and austere poet. More than one of the surviving plays of Sophocles contains what would be called to-day a star-part, a character who has the centre of the action continually and in whose fate the interest of the story culminates. Molière, of course, devised a leading character in all his comedies for his own acting; and he was the most accomplished actor of his time. To certain of these characters he gave his own physical characteristics, his cough, for example, just as he gave lameness to other characters intended for the acting of his lame brother-in-law, Béjart. And the tragic heroines of Molière's younger contemporary, Racine, were the result of his intimate knowledge of the histrionic powers of Mlle. Champsmeslé.

It is a matter of inference rather than of actual record that Shakespeare considered as carefully as Sophocles and Molière the individuality of the several actors in the company of which he was a member. Apparently he was not himself a performer of large native endowment, however keen might be his insight into the principles of the histrionic art. So far as we know he confined his efforts to parts for which intelligence, dignity and delivery were sufficient equipment—the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," old *Adam* in "As You Like It," and the elder *Knowell* in "Every Man in his Humor." In other words, the greatest of dramatic poets was as an actor only respectable; and he seems to have yielded the chief characters even in his own plays to the more gifted of his fellow-players. It was not for his own acting that he wrote *Hamlet* but for Burbage's; and Burbage created the most of the star-parts in Shakespeare's tragedies. Perhaps this is the sole reason why we now find *Hamlet* "fat and scant of breath," although he is also "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

A close scrutiny of Shakespeare's texts will reveal more than one fact about the actors with whom he was associated and for whom he wrote his comedies and his tragedies. One of his recent biographers has pointed out how the gauntness of *Holofernes* is evidence that there was a lean actor in the company—the same performer probably who was later to play the envious *Casca*. Sir Leslie Stephen made the striking suggestion that the group of gloomy plays, which followed fast in the middle of Shakespeare's career as a dramatist and which have been explained as due to his being then in the depths himself, may be explained perhaps rather as the result of the willing playwright's desire to supply certain of his professional colleagues with the sombre characters to which they could then best do justice. In like manner we might ascribe the swift succession of gay and joyous comedies which preceded only by a little space of time the gloomy group as due to Shakespeare's appreciation of the unusual gifts of some shaven boy-actor, in whom he perceived a marvellous ability to personate his sparkling and yet tender comedy heroines, *Rosalind* and *Viola* and *Beatrice*.

Many critics have expressed wonder at the violence and coarseness of "Titus Andronicus," and they have been unable to reconcile these crudities with the gentler spirit and the loftier view of life revealed in the later tragedies. Here again an explanation may be found in a consideration of the playwright's relation to the players. The "Titus Andronicus" which we have in Shakespeare's works is now believed to be his revision or amalgamation of two earlier dramas dealing with the same subject, both of which had been often performed and both of which had just then come into the control of the company of actors to which Shakespeare belonged. He was at that time only a beginner, with none of the authority which is the result of a series of successes. He was but a 'prentice playwright whose task it was to patch up old pieces and to make them more worthy of performance by his comrades. Even if he had revolted against the inartistic vulgarity of the earlier tragedies-of-blood which he had to make over, even if he had wished to modify and to soften their harsh and repellent features to accord with his own finer taste, he would not have been permitted to do so, because

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the associated actors who were his employers would not have accepted his new version if they found it shorn of the bombast and of the rant and of the brutal extravagance which characterized the two old plays and which gave the performers occasions for overacting, the effect of which had been tested by long usage.

Accepting the fact that Sophocles and Shakespeare, Molière and Racine, and all the chief dramatists in the long history of the theatre, have always composed their plays with a keen appreciation of the histrionic ability of the actors by whom their pieces were to be performed, there is interest and profit in an inquiry as to the exact measure of the influence which the actors may have exerted upon the authors. And here we can find help in considering the performers of our own time, since the histrionic temperament as such probably varies very little with the lapse of centuries. The actor is apparently to-day the same kind of human being that he was yesterday and the day before yesterday. In his attitude toward his own calling, toward the exercise of his own art, Roscius probably was not unlike Garrick. What they wanted, each of them, was a play in which he had a good part; and in his eyes a good part was one in which he could act to his heart's content. A good part is one in which the actor has something to do or somebody to personate.

Therefore the influence of the performers on the playwright has been wholesome in so far as their demand for good parts has tended to stiffen the dramatic action, to intensify the passionate climax of the play, to present boldly the essential struggle or conflict of wills which is ever at the core of a fine play. And this pressure of the actors on the author has tended also to persuade the poet to a larger and a deeper reproduction of human nature, so that he could provide the performers with characters that richly rewarded their faculty of impersonating creatures wholly unlike themselves. No doubt the playwright has not infrequently yielded too much to the desires of the players and has been satisfied merely to compose a vehicle for the self-exhibition of the actors. Of course, the author can claim no mercy if he is willing to subordinate himself wholly to the actor and to put together what is but little better than a framework for the display of some special actor's tricks. This is what M. Sardou has not disdained to do more than once for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, surrendering the proper independence of his art so that she could show off all the artificialities of hers. "Fédora," for example, was so tightly adjusted to the cleverness of the French actress that it lost the most of its effect when acted by Signora Duse, because she found in its tricky ingenuity no opportunity for the poignant veracity she revealed in a simpler and sincerer study from life like "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Yet an adroit and self-respecting dramatic poet can get the utmost out of the varied powers of an actor of versatile genius without any enfeebling complaisance and without any unworthy self-surrender. And if proof of this assertion were needed, it could be found in "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is not too much to say that if the masterpiece of M. Rostand had never been acted or published, and if it were suddenly to be discovered after its author's death, the general opinion would then be that it was a most ingenious specimen of the poetic drama, probably composed without any expectation that it could ever be performed, since the central figure was so various and so many-sided, now grotesque, and then lyric, now broadly humorous and then loftily heroic, that the author could never have hoped to find any actor multifarious enough to impersonate the character and to reveal its contrasting aspects.

But we happen to know that this brilliant play was written especially for a brilliant actor and that it was put together with an eye single to his extraordinary range of personation. M. Coquelin is an incomparable comedian who has played countless parts, some lyric and heroic, some humorous and grotesque. He has a variety so marvellous that "he seemed to be not one, but all mankind's epitome." There was in "Cyrano de Bergerac" no demand made on the actor that M. Coquelin had not already met in some one of the hundred dramas he had appeared in earlier; and almost all of the separate effects he had achieved in his best parts were carefully combined in this one character. There was never a more skilful example of theatrical tailoring than M. Rostand's cutting and fitting of his poetic fabric to the exact size and shape of M. Coquelin's histrionic accomplishments, yet

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this did not in any way detract from the originality and the charm of the play itself. Although it is a fact that "Cyrano de Bergerac" is what it is solely because M. Coquelin is what he is, nevertheless the part was performed by many other actors; it was translated into half a dozen different languages; it was read with delight by all who appreciate pointed and polished verse; it lost nothing of its literary value from the circumstance that it had its origin in the poet's desire to write a great part for a great actor.

The knowledge we chance to possess that M. Rostand composed this play specially for M. Coquelin will explain the final act, which has puzzled not a few critics. Why does the hero die at the end of the play? Why should he die? The piece is called a "heroic comedy," and we do not expect to have a comedy end with a death scene. On the other hand, there is no real reason why *Cyrano* should not die—that is to say, there is no logical and necessary conclusion of the highly artificial story which would require the hero either to pass away in the fifth act or to survive to fight again some other day. This being the case, it is easy to see why M. Rostand chose to let the spectators behold the last moments of his hero. It gave him as fine a finish as any other possible termination; it enabled him to touch lightly the chords of pathos; and—above all—it supplied M. Coquelin with a death scene, more or less of a novelty even for that multifarious comedian who may often have envied Mme. Sarah Bernhardt the number of deaths which she has presented and which permitted her to draw easily upon the tears of all who heard her last speech and confession.

Perhaps a few of those who have been surprised that this heroic comedy should end as sadly as a tragedy may have wondered also why the old soldier *Flambeau* was allowed to occupy a disproportionate place in M. Rostand's other poetic drama, the "Aiglon," wherein he was not the chief figure—with the chief figure of which, indeed, his connection seems almost episodic. Could not the story of the masterful Napoleon's weakling son have been set forth without dragging in this ancient and loquacious warrior? Here, again, the explanation is easy when we are aware that *Flambeau*, although not originally acted in Paris by M. Coquelin, was actually written for him; and that the origin of the play is to be found in the fact that the actor had expressed to the poet his desire to appear as one of the faithful old guard of the great Emperor. The stalwart figure of the veteran, loyal to his master's memory as suggested by M. Coquelin, fascinated M. Rostand; but when the poet sought for a plot in which to set this character to work he was led irresistibly to the feebler form of the puny King of Rome, the impotent heir of a mighty name. As the playwright worked out his story in scenes and acts, he found the princeling taking the centre of the stage and the old soldier becoming inevitably a subordinate character, full of color, no doubt, and very useful in building up the situations of the play, but no longer the focus of interest.

When we read Legouvé's "Memories of Sixty Years," we learn how "Adrienne Lecouvreur" came to be composed especially for Rachel, and we see why the heroine does not appear in the opening act of the play to which she gives her name and why she first comes in view clad in the costume of one of Racine's characters. And in the same interesting and instructive reminiscences M. Legouvé also records how he wrote a certain speech in his earlier piece, "Louise de Lignerolles," half a dozen times because Mlle. Mars insisted that it was not what it ought to be, until finally she told him that what she wanted was something like "la-la-la—là." That is to say, her histrionic instinct made her feel the emotional rhythm of the proper speech for the character at that moment in the play; and Legouvé, having full confidence in her judgment, promptly set fit words to the tune she had indicated. Many another dramatist could recall instances of the unpremeditated effects he has achieved now and again by thus accepting the hints of his actors.

For example, we may read in the life of Bulwer Lytton how he listened to the advice of Macready and made over both the "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" in accordance with the valuable advice which the actor gave him. So Mr. Bram Stoker has informed us how Henry Irving felt that Tennyson's "Becket," in the form in which the poet had published it, was not likely to succeed as a play, although it contained the superb figure of the martyred Cardinal which the actor-manager was longing to

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personate. Finally, Irving saw the practicability of a few rather radical alterations, the suppression of a scene here and the writing of a new speech or two there. With fear and trembling, he took these suggestions to Tennyson; and the poet, longing for success on the stage, accepted them gladly, writing at once the added lines that the actor wanted and giving permission for the omissions and transpositions that Irving believed to be necessary. Here we find the actor rising almost to the level of the poet's collaborator; and it would be easy to collect many another illustration of this harmonious partnership between the creative and the interpretative artists. At least one more example may be noted here. The plot of "Gringoire," Banville's charming little play, was changed for the better by the author in consequence of suggestions from M. Coquelin, who first acted the part of the starving poet. The ingenious turn of the story toward the end of the piece was the suggestion of the comedian; and when he proposed this to the author, Banville asked scornfully, "Do you want me to write a play like Scribe?" M. Coquelin laughed and replied that this was just what he did want. "Oh, very well," said Banville, smiling in his turn, "that is just what I will do, then."

Not only does the ingenious dramatist profit by every available suggestion of the actors, and not only does he take advantage of the special capabilities of the performers he may have in mind for this part or that; he is also moved sometimes to refrain from putting into his play scenes which are not likely to be properly acted by the special comedians whom he expects to personate certain characters. Sheridan was the manager of Drury Lane when he brought out his own "School for Scandal"; and every part in that glittering comedy was written particularly for the performers who first played it, and so clearly were they fitted that when a friend asked the author-manager why his comedy did not contain a love scene for the two characters whose marriage brings it to an end, Sheridan was ready with the obvious answer that Smith and Miss Hopkins could not make love. Now, Smith was the original *Charles Surface* and *Maria* was first acted by Miss Priscilla Hopkins (afterward the wife of John Kemble).

Evidence of this adjustment of the story of a play to the limitations of the performers for whom it was intended can be found abundantly in certain of the comedies of John Lyly, written for the "Children of Paul's," one of the companies of boy-actors in vogue in the earlier days of Queen Elizabeth. In these polished pieces of suave rhetoric and artificial sentiment there is nothing of the terror and of the horror which characterized many of the contemporary plays written for the full grown performers of the regular theatres. There is no rude power, no rant, no bombast; all was decorous and pretty, not to say petty. There were no violent emotions to be expressed, likely to be too exacting for youthful inexperience of life. And this same artful adjustment of the story to the performers for whose use it was devised can be seen in the earliest English comedy that has come down to us, "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Udall, the master of Eton, for performance by his own pupils. For all its imitation of Plautus, this English comic play smacks of the soil; and it has an obvious likeness—in its robust fun, in its frequent horse-play, and in its occasional snatches of song—to the nondescript pieces which undergraduates undertake for their own pleasure to-day.

In fact, the more closely we study the history of dramatic literature, and the more sharply we analyze the structure of the masterpieces of the drama, the more firmly we become convinced that the dramatic poets of every age and of every race have never failed to weigh scrupulously the gifts, the deficiencies and the special qualities of the several performers upon whom they had to rely for the proper presentation of their plays to the public. And they found their profit in so doing. Mme. de Sévigné accused Racine of "writing plays for La Champsmeslé and not for posterity." No doubt Racine was guilty of the charge; but, as it has happened, the plays that fitted Mlle. de Champsmeslé have succeeded also in retaining the admiration of posterity.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

I HAVE often wondered why, in household journals, the *Suggestions for House-keepers* are not put into the same column with the jokes. Surely they belong there, unless, indeed, they should have a specific title of their own, as, for instance, *Practical Jokes.* Practical jokes they certainly are, and that of a low order; for a maximum of diabolic suggestion set forth in cozening terms that hide their real intent, they know no equal. I recall a specific for cleaning straw hats, warranted to make them in late August more beautiful than in early June, and I recall the sailor upon which I tried it,—a straw so fine that it had wound itself into my inmost being with its suggestion of the heart of Italy, of women and young girls, in skirts of red or skirts of blue, wandering down the cypress-bordered roads with busy fingers, braiding, braiding.

Suggestions for House-keepers

The mixture recommended did bleach the hat and I proudly wore it in a public place. It was not until, in some swift motion, the soft braids began to drop about my neck, that I grasped the real meaning of those specious suggestions. The drastic fluid, as it was probably intended to do, had eaten away all the thread wherewith the straw was bound.

I recall too, with emotions somewhat softened from their earlier rage by the passage of time, those lucid directions in regard to mending rent gowns with court plaster; that demure statement that pure ammonia will remove dirt from picture frames: it will, and afterward you remove the frames; those subtle hints that black silk can be treated with a solution of gum-arabic. It can, but I earnestly beg that no one will try it because it is mentioned here. Thank heaven for the rag man in a world so rife with household suggestions! Then there was that plausible recipe for taking out ink stains, which I tried in all innocence. Fluff had inadvertently dipped her tail into my ink-well, and then had seated herself with an air of conscious virtue upon the prettiest bedspread. Perhaps this was for me but fitting punishment, for it was *Higgins's Eternal Ink*, a blatantly presumptuous name, worthy of swift nemesis. It came. The eradicator slowly but surely eradicated so much of the bedspread as the cat had blackened, and the hand of the law could not reach the anonymous suggestor, whose evil communication had ruined one of our treasures. They are cowardly, one and all, these disturbers of the peace of homes; their paragraphs are rarely signed, even with initials, and so they go uncaught and unpunished.

Speaking of Fluff reminds me of another wheedling, treacherous article: "How to Make an Inexpensive Home for Kitty." It was intended to mislead just such foolish dwellers in suburban houses as I am, people with pastoral tastes, caught half-way between brick walls and green fields, who have no shelter but the doorstep to offer their small flocks. Following the directions to the letter, I made a home for Kitty; as for its being inexpensive, that depends on what you call expensive. At the end of the day the account stood as follows:

Wasted:	One huge wooden box.
	5 yards waterproof cloth.
	1 package of nails.
	4 hours of good time.
Broken:	One saw.
	1 gimlet.
	1 commandment.
Lost:	One hammer.
	1 temper.

In regard to the effect on Kitty, it was the one thing of which I ever saw her afraid. She shunned it with a wary eye, and tiptoed past it with hair starting slightly on tail and back. It was evidently to her the lair of some mysterious enemy, worse than a dog or her dream of a dog; one could almost have written an article on pre-human superstitions from watching her at these times. The one occasion when, with certain remarks about the serpent's tooth, which I have faith to think she did not understand, I put her inside, her terror was so pitiable that I never repeated the experiment. A Home for Kitty, forsooth! As if any one who thought for a moment would not realize that as sensible a

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creature as a cat would never betake herself to a habitation with only one door.

The worst of it is, you do not think. If the foregoing instances do not suggest some subtle, undermining influence at work on the mind, they have been recounted in vain. There is something so pointed, so plausible in the way in which these hints are given, that you are immediately deprived of will. Talk of auto-suggestion and of hypnotism! The hints to house-keepers are as cogent as the former, as fertile in criminal possibilities as the latter. As for me, who am only too inventive in thinking up suggestions of my own, they reinforce my worst weakness, win me where I am already lost. The domestic life is not my profession; it is my play, my avocation, a sheltered pasture land where my mind unharnesses and frisks. In our household we have neither old people to be considered, nor young for whom an example must be set; our old-fashioned cottage is full of opportunities, so, as if there were not freaks enough in our antic house-keeping without help from outside, we become the peculiar prey of those who lead captive silly women.

As proof that temporary mental aberration is caused by this foul means I cite the case of the matting. I am a person of common sense; "my pulse as yours doth temperately beat time." Would not any sane human being know better than to believe a mendacious article in which an unknown author asserted that a worn matting could be freshened and made beautiful by varnish, varnish in which burnt umber had been stirred in order to give a richness of color? Fired by a vision of a floor artistic beyond the reach of the mere decorator, with subdued brown tints that would bring out the rich colors of the rug, I fell. The toil involved no one could understand save Tantalus, or a college professor, or any other whose life work is to fill up emptiness.

> "Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve
> And be liege lord of all the elves and fays"

to do what that nameless and shameless woman said. Quart after quart of varnish the hungry matting ate; no Spenser dragon ever swallowed half so much of anything; the leech's daughter never cried so loudly for more, and then—

I have told of the dream; I lack speech to tell of the result—an orange-colored horror of shiny surface, hard, gleaming, impenetrable, making a floor as of corn-ears tightly pressed together. It might do for a granary floor; it would make an admirable background for Ceres; it would be suitable in an allegory,—it was impossible in a house. The room had to be carpeted, at great trouble and large expense, and I could not send the bill to the lady that caused the mishap.

Why do I not resist, you say? Alack and well-a-day, I cannot! The only suggestion I ever resisted was that in regard to staining a lace waist brown by dipping it into coffee—a base use for a noble beverage. These people play upon something so deep down in my nature that I cannot get at it to discipline it. There is no need of these economies. I earn in another fashion, I was about to say, an honest living, but that is perhaps a strong term to apply to an occupation which means the working of one mind upon others. It is, I know not what, some primitive feminine instinct, a far-off inheritance from the stage of web-weaving spiders, of nest-building birds, a desire to create, to make something of nothing. Pre-human, I think the impulse is, pre-animal, for all I know, the old, old stir of life facing "chaos and old night," to do, to act, to meet the emergency. Through how many generations of contriving mothers does it reach back to Mother Nature herself, with her untiring enthusiasm for making new things out of old?

It comes upon me unawares, when my mind is tired of trying to create out of the abstract, when my fingers long for the tangible. For months, perhaps, I resist, I ignore, thinking the longing dead. Then an idle day, the note of a bird, and I am off, like a leaf driven before the wind. When the fit comes on, I feign sanity, am businesslike in manner, hear all that is said to me, and reply promptly. My mind is remote, however, brooding over the yet-to-be, the old made new. I, who dislike new things, new faces, new clothes, even latterly I fear, new ideas, see a way to keep the old, yet have it forever fresh. With a cunning which does not belong to me I conceal my materials and my intentions, for my family early frowned upon these tendencies; then, as soon as all eyes are turned, I am away. While I work my spirit is free; I have finger-tips of unimaginable skill; habitations fit for the gods arise from scattered chips at my feet. I am ashamed to think how much

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inspiration I can get out of a small can of white paint. I doubt if Apollo himself had more rapture in tinting the roseate dawn. Worn cloth becomes new; broken wood becomes alive again; the world is fresh and young in these moments of passionate recreation, which last until the task is done, and I see the results. Of these, the less said the better. Waking from inspiration is never pleasant I fancy, whether it is an immortal poem, or an aged waste-basket that is being done over. Tired, ashamed, I fall to earth,—I who was but a few minutes ago a winged creature, and patiently pack into our Salvation Army box the remains of the garments I have ripped into bits in my moments of creative fury.

Now, this is an arraignment as well as a confession, and there are larger aspects of the matter than the merely personal. If I choose to impoverish myself with economies it is no matter, for I have no heirs. But there are doubtless many others, as weak before suggestion as I, women whose follies may have more serious consequences than do my own. Is there no remedy? Women are proverbially without sense of humor, and we shall never know that these things are jokes until they are so labelled. Perpetual victims of a comedy of intrigue, where each trick is as vicious and as unconnected with the others as an episode in a comedy by Ben Jonson, we cry out for protection. As there are forms of hazing which rightly bring their perpetrators within jurisdiction of the courts, so there are forms of household suggestion which should lead to imprisonment and fine. 'Tis ignoble to trade on human weakness; moreover, it is an Iago-like and causeless villainy, done in mere wantonness. What satisfaction can it bring them, who never see the desecrated hearths, the materials they despoil, the homes they deface? Would that I could assign our tormentors to their proper circles in a new Inferno—the malicious tricksters in paints and stains in the innermost circle; the spoilers of good dress stuffs in the next.

At this moment I see my weakness and know how many good golden coins have gone the path of folly, and yet, and yet, the impulse is ever at work in my mind. Tucked in between inquiries as to the influence of Rousseau on Thoreau goes on the old ceaseless questioning: *How to repair the Persian saddle-bag myself.* I storm the gates of the impossible in practical matters, and no matter how many times I leave my body by the wall, it always rises and acts again. I am sane at this moment, but, when next spring comes, and the hylas peep, I shall arise and follow my folly. Who knows what? Not I! Perhaps some glib writer will have suggested how to make beautiful shrubbery out of feather dusters, or lasting sunshades out of colored tissue paper. I shall fail, but while I try I shall know the rapture of creation.

Of "Authority"

ONE of the best essays of the admirable Emerson is that which begins with a list of the acknowledged great who have done nothing to which their admirers can point as requiring the acknowledgment. "Somewhat resided in these men," concludes the good Ralph Waldo, "which begot an expectation which outran all their performance." So Joubert and Matthew Arnold of the French "authorities." "That weight in the speaker (*auctoritas*), which the ancients talk of, is to be found in Bossuet more than in any other French author; Pascal, too, has it, and La Bruyere; even Rousseau has something of it, but Voltaire not a particle." And, in quite a different sphere, take the essay of the late Lord Salisbury on the younger Pitt, one of the essays which filial piety has of late rescued from the limbo of the "irresponsible, indolent reviewers" and enabled us to identify, and of which Carlyle expressed his envious admiration by saying they were "so quietly worded," quietness of wording not being the mark of the political deliverances of the sage of Chelsea himself. It was of these latter deliverances, in fact, that Taine observed that their author "has the superior smile, the resigned condescension of a hero who feels himself a martyr, and he only quits it to shout at the top of his voice, like an ill-taught plebeian." Perhaps the aristocratic "quietness of wording" gave some tincture of the "auctoritas" of the ancients to the noble marquis himself. At any rate, when an American, disappointed of hearing him in the House of Lords, asked an English acquaintance whether Lord Salisbury was "a good speaker," the Englishman's answer was pertinent to our present theme. "No, a bad speaker, but a weighty speaker. It always seems as if he were saying, 'This, me luds, is the kind of statement which, for

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the last fifteen or sixteen generations, we in my family have been in the habit of addressing to your ludships' House.'" When he comes to account for the younger Pitt's prevalence in British confidence over so many more accomplished men and more eloquent orators, Lord Salisbury does it by requesting you to remark that Pitt had "a better character," or perhaps we should say "more character" than the others.

There are men who contrive to convey this sense of "auctoritas" by the mere weight of their personal presence. There are others, like the Frenchmen just noted, who manage it by their mere manner of putting spoken or written words together, by their "style." When you are listening to or reading these, you feel yourself confronted with an "important" person, in the presence of "a man of light and leading." Burke, by the way, whose happy phrase that is, had himself the fate of conveying the sense more to posterity from the printed page than to his contemporaries by means of the spoken word. It was a grievance to him that, in the settled and complex scene of British politics, like Disraeli in the following century, he could not really make good his footing, but remained "an adventurer." It was his pathetic reflection in his later days, when for a generation he had been the intellectual leader of the House of Commons, "that at his time of life, if he could not do something by some sort of weight of opinion, natural or acquired, it was useless and indecorous to attempt anything by mere struggle—*Turpe senex miles.*" On the other hand, Daniel Webster conveyed his "auctoritas" through both media. Lowell happily remarks of the godlike Daniel's inquiry, in the event of the dissolution of the Whig party, "Where am I to go?" that if he had been only five feet high the instinctive response of his audience would have been: Who cared where he went to. And he even conveyed the sense of a physical "presence" which he did not possess, seeing that the majestic personal impression was made by a weight of only 148 pounds!

We have lately had a loss which raises again the question, In what does this strange "authority" consist? By common consent, Charles Eliot Norton was "the best we bred," the flower of American culture, the crown of American character. He consorted on terms of equality with the most famous of English-speaking persons in his time, and their attitude to him had more of deference than of condescension. His students were apt to be his disciples. And yet, when one not of his acquaintance comes to examine the "performance" on which this high standing was established and by which this unique influence was propagated, he seeks in vain for the justification of the distinction, and is compelled to own that "somewhat resided in the man which begot an expectation that outran his performance." Nobody, indeed, who even looked upon the man from afar, or heard him in casual post-prandial speech, can have failed to be conscious of a dignified and attractive personality. But it is not in his "bibliography" that one finds the evidence of his eminence. The slight Dantean studies are for specialists. Happy is the student who can get much to his purpose out of the studies in the "Church Building in the Middle Ages," which one of Professor Norton's obituarists described as "his chief original book." Certainly that would not suffice to explain an "important" man, as its author so unquestionably was. And neither would suffice for that purpose the editing, how pious and tactful soever, of three or four sets of "Lives and Letters." The man's importance, as known to those who came into contact with him, transcended all that, was more inherent and intrinsic than all that, and they would deprecate and resent the project of judging him by what he "did." This feeling is of itself a tribute, the highest of which the case admits. It shows that "specific performance" is not necessary, even "now and here," for the established vindication of "importance." To quote Emerson again, "you cannot hide light." The corollary of the saying seems to be, in such a case as that of Professor Norton, that you need not be too solicitous to "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works." If you have it, it will shine of itself. And if Charles Eliot Norton should survive only in the praises of his friends, as Falkland has for two centuries defied oblivion in right of a paragraph of Clarendon's, what more congenial survival could there be for a modest and high-minded patriot and scholar?

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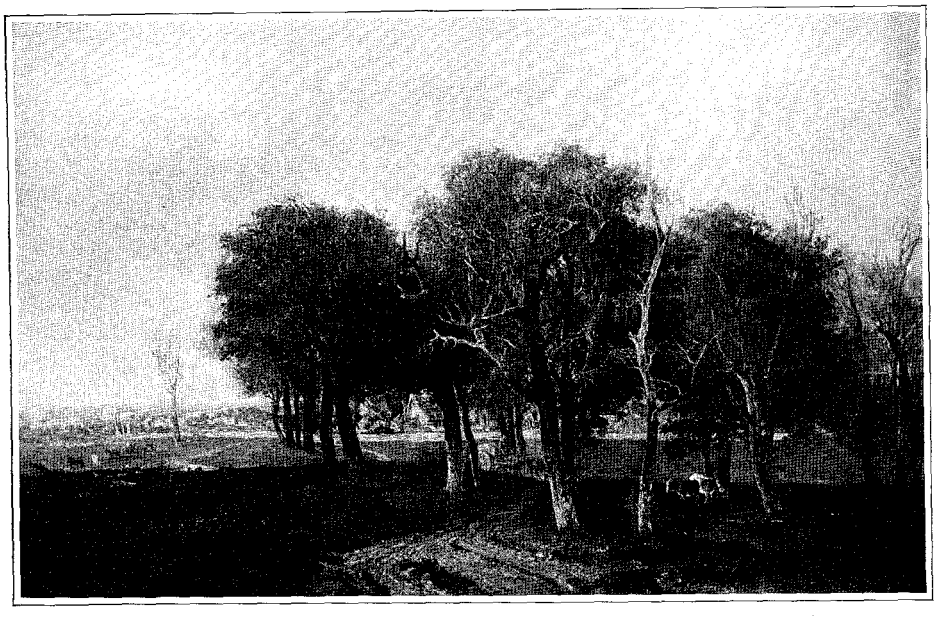
THE FIELD OF ART



Hautbois Common.

From a painting by John Crome. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

TO one who is observant of such matters, a sense of satisfaction must be felt in noting the order that is being evolved, quietly but intelligently at the Metropolitan Museum.

A conservatory of the results of civilization and high accomplishment in art, it is rapidly becoming a factor of great significance in the midst of our material life—indeed it has become so; and it is only in its infancy. There is a controlling purpose here which is carried out by a corps of competent and enthusiastic lieutenants that speaks highly for the administrative head. It is no mere whimsey to say that while at the Wall Street end of the town men are busy accumulating the transient and material, at the Museum extremity they are transmuting this into the spiritual and enduring—and the portion of material treasure thus expended will give greater and more constant returns than may ever be derived from financial values alone.

In continuing this review of the paintings at the Museum we have remarked an increasing effort to group the pictures by schools, segregating as much as practicable, under existing conditions, the works of a particular country in a room or rooms devoted solely to the art of that nation. This, however, has not been completely achieved in any one case; but it is encouraging to note the disposition on the part of the authorities to attain this end after the years of heterogeneous hanging that have alike confused the visitor and sacrificed the effectiveness of many of the exhibits. A result of this new effort is seen in gallery 20, which is entirely hung with works of the English school; and although there are placed here, at present, many loans and valuable ones, we may speak only of the canvases which are the property

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of the Museum itself, hoping that the future may include most, if not all, of those thus generously permitted to be enjoyed, temporarily. It should be a source of satisfaction also to the owners that they can contribute in this way to the pleasure of the public and the actual usefulness of the institution.

There is in English art something that appeals directly to the American, and indeed our early painters were more of England's artistic kin than are those of to-day. In landscape and in portraiture we at first followed closely English footsteps, and if our ways since have parted it is perhaps because we are more restless, less conservative by nature, and have become in many ways experimental. These differences are largely racial, and may be remarked in the canvases of the respective schools. There is much in English art that might well be considered by us —a certain robustness of sight and amplitude of treatment—as well in area as in touch.

We rarely find in America to-day portrait groups conceived and carried out with the sweep of observation, vigor of painting, or the dimension of canvas that Sir Joshua has given in the work entitled, "Portraits of Sir Henry Fane and his Guardians, Inigo Jones and Charles Blair." The very conception of this picture conveys the sense of a large and unhurried existence, a secure and leisurely outlook on life, indicated by the place and its surroundings. There are many such conditions in our life of to-day which might be made use of in like manner, if only the painter and the painted would appreciate the fact when considering the production of a portrait.

In breadth of conception, although not so frankly painted, the "English Landscape" by Thomas Gainsborough is an example of generous vision and largeness of aspect. There is here a picturesque sentiment in the management, the disposition of the masses of light and shade so controlled that the absence of solid, corporeal forms in the composition of the foreground is not felt. From a technical standpoint, also, the painting of this picture is of interest—it is apparently a monochrome, presumably gray, glazed in every part, the pigment so laid on that the construction of the land, the texture of the rocks and trees and roadway are given, underneath this glaze, with surprising fidelity of resemblance. This method was much resorted to, and with more or less success, until Constable and Bonington came to the rescue of landscape with franker means and greater range of truthful observation.

There is a picture here by John Crome, who antedated Gainsborough, that for handling, and a sense of "seeing" seems anticipatory of those fresh and still more modern men. This is "Hautbois Common," well-balanced, with interesting qualities of paint—a work that would command attention anywhere as a charming instance of the English school of that period.

The portraits by Sir William Beechey might almost be taken as exponents of the effect the personality of a sitter may have on the actual touch and color of the painter. These are respectively, "The Duke of York" and "Portrait of a Lady." The first is turgid both in person and painting; the head characterful and well lighted, and there is a sumptuous swing to the blue-black military cloak, but the red uniform and decorations are heavy in painting and color. "The Portrait of a Lady" is, on the contrary, so delicately lighted and so sweet in color as to be weak in its almost feminine insipidity.

Turning from these to the Sir Henry Raeburn portrait of William Forsyth, Esqre., in another room, one finds himself before a competent, workman-like canvas where the planes of the head are established with an unhesitating cleanness and precision that one misses in the two foregoing pictures. The color, however, lacks fineness, it is too readily done, too facile, too fluent to be distinguished in its perception of the intermediate tones which make so often the charm of flesh, and the background is a foxy brown that has not been seriously sought for its happiest harmony. The white stock is freshly and crisply touched in, while the blue coat and gilt buttons are broadly and dexterously painted. This is a good, but perhaps not remarkably fine example of this master of the painted head.

"The Portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert" by Romney, is perhaps the better of the two now possessed by the Museum. It is more frankly painted, is better in construction, and is of a tonal charm most captivating—altogether a delightful canvas by this fascinating and uneven painter.

"The Rev. William Pennicott" by Sir Thomas Lawrence, might be a portrait not yet completed, left in that fluid and approximate state all the more interesting because nothing is terminated, nothing arrested.

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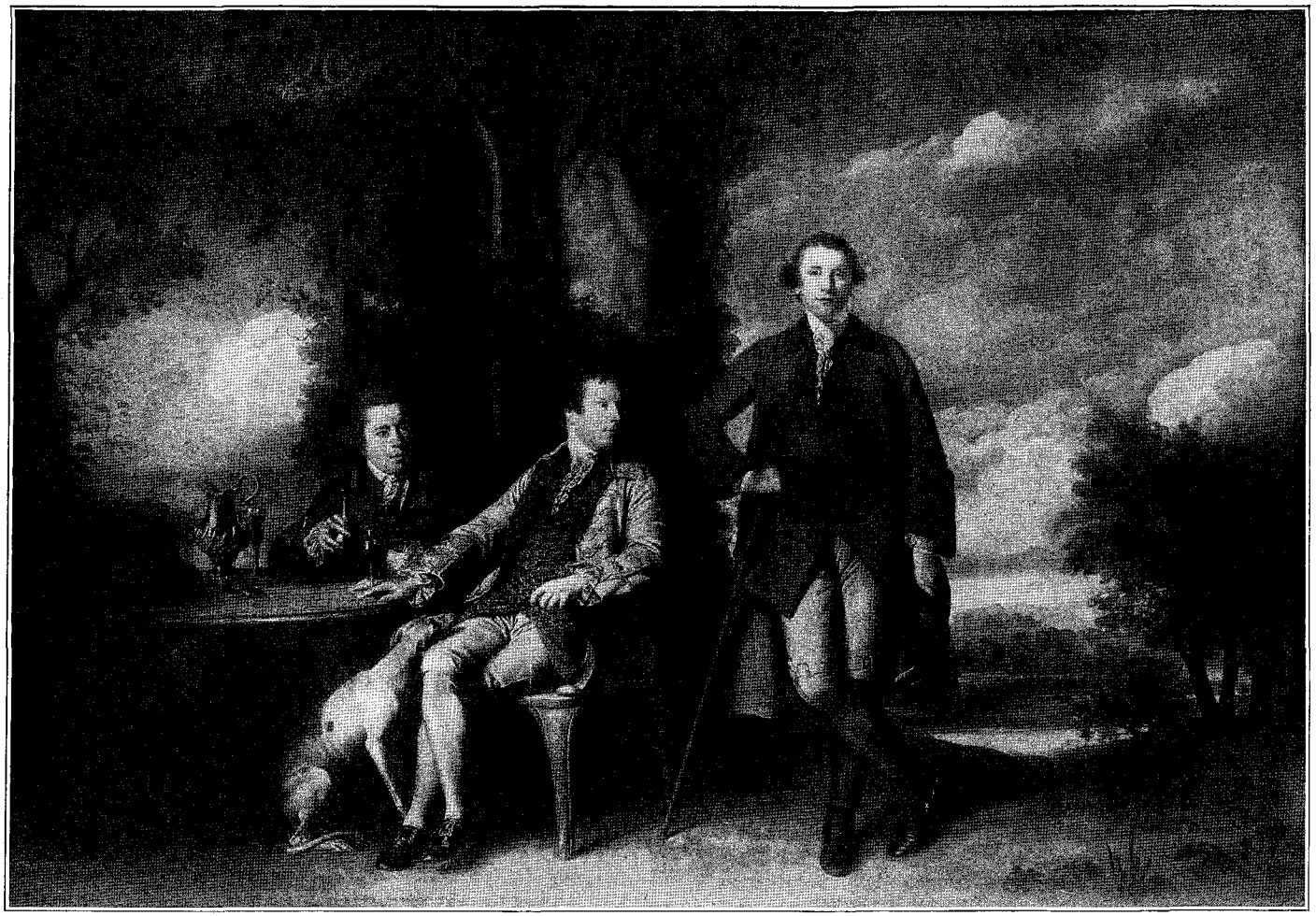

Sir Henry Fane and his guardians, Inigo Jones and Charles Blair.

From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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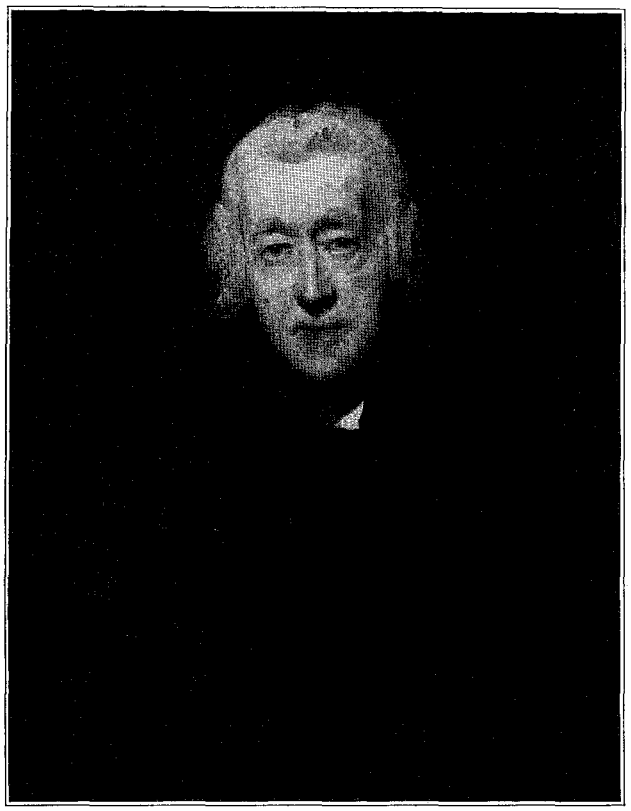

The Rev. William Pennicott.
From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

There is a background of a rich warm tone, almost black, which may have been developed into a stormy sky—the cloak is black, relieved only by a touch of white at the throat. It is the lovely painting of the flesh, the mellow gray of the wig, and the benignant expression of declining years that make this work so direct in its appeal.

"The Portrait of Mrs. Black," a sister of Benjamin Franklin, by John Hoppner, is less supple in touch than the above, but it is no less living in aspect, while pleasant and satisfactory in its unity of color.

Sir Augustus Wall Callcott was a pupil of Hoppner and began as a portrait painter; but one readily appreciates his transferring his practice to landscape when the picture, so named, is examined. Callcott's "Landscape" is replete with truthful observance of nature in her intimate and rustic aspects—here are charming differentiations of lighted foliage, and varied textures of surfaces, be they of roadway, herbage, cottage wall or sailing cloud. Truly the English stimulated French landscape art even though they themselves might first have received impetus from the Dutch. If lacking in great breadth, this picture at least reveals an intelligent and loving record of natural effects.

"The Whale Ship," by Turner, demands another attitude of mind for its full enjoyment. Here we may not applaud the painter for fidelity to fact as in the case of Callcott, we may not intimate his indebtedness to some former school, or hint that his art has influenced in one way or another an alien country. Turner exists of himself and by himself—the natural world furnished him material by which he realized his wonderful imaginings—this world was for him a marvellous vision, not a beautiful reality; and in his art we are conscious of the great emotions it evoked, and see in his painting something of the splendor of his dreams. These dreams, this splendor are, however, so controlled by a knowledge of his medium that he never transgresses its limitations—he so obeys the rules of composition, construction and graphic presentation that one is impressed by the magic of the scene which is true to laws other than those of mere physical sight and technical performance. In this canvas we are impressed by the sense of splendid space and harmonious color of a rather silvery key, the sails of the vessel recalling in their delicate shadows the tender and opalescent tones of some huge white flower. In strong contrast to this gay lightsomeness is the tragical lunging of the writhing mammoth pierced by the captors on the ship, its very wounds adding an accent of color to the sea. There is in the canvas a beauty of spaciousness and light, peculiarly Turner's own.

The study of the English pictures will be continued.

FRANK FOWLER.

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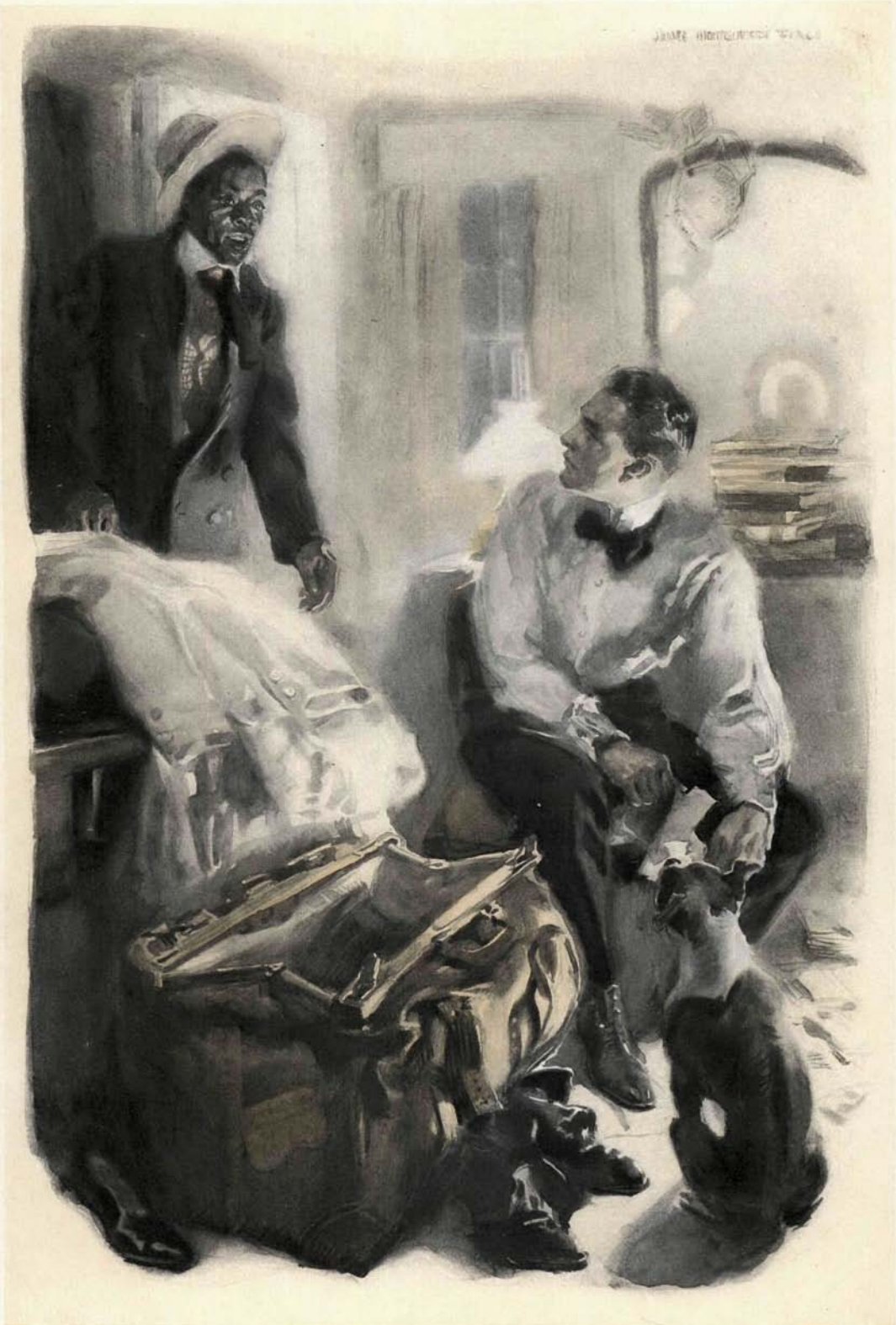

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"HI! WHAT YOU DOIN'?" HE STAMMERED.

—"John Marvel, Assistant," page 211.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Navajo herder in the foothills.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The Mexican Greaser.

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